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THE Third Part OF King *HENRY* VI,

With the Death of the

DUKE of *YORK*.

9.2021.2

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Edward, *Son to the King, and Prince of* Wales,
Duke of Somerſet,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Exeter,
Earl of Weſtmorland,
Lord Clifford,
} *Lords of King* Henry's *ſide.*
Earl of Richmond, *a Youth, afterwards King* Henry VII.
Richard, *Duke of* York.
Edward, *Eldeſt Son to the Duke of* York, *afterwards King* Edward IV.
George, *Duke of* Clarence, *ſecond Son to the Duke of* York.
Richard, *Duke of* Glouceſter, *third Son to the Duke of* York, *afterwards King* Richard III.
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland, *youngeſt Son to the Duke of* York.
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquis of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Salisbury,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haſtings,
Lord Stafford,
} *of the Duke of* York's *Party.*
Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} *Unkles to the Duke of* York
Sir William Stanley, *afterwards Earl of* Derby.
Lord Rivers, *Brother to the Lady* Gray.
Sir John Montgomery.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Aldermen of York.
Humphry *and* Sinklo, *two Huntſmen.*

Lewis, *King of* France.
Bourbon, *Admiral of* France.

Queen Margaret.
Bona, *Siſter to the* French *King.*
Lady Gray, *Widow of Sir* Richard Gray, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, *and King* Edward.

In Part of the Third Act the SCENE *is laid in* France, *during all the reſt of the Play in* England.

The

The Third PART of King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, *and Soldiers.*

WARWICK.

I Wonder how the King escap'd our Hands?

York. While we pursu'd the Horsemen of the North,
He slily stole away, and left his Men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*, (treat,
Whose warlike Ears could never brook Re-
Chear'd up the drooping Army, and himself,
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breast,
Charg'd our main Battel's Front; and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford*'s Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, Father, behold his Blood.

Mount. And, Brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire*'s Blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

York. *Richard* hath beſt deſerv'd of all my Sons:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerſet?*
Norf. Such hope have all the Line of *John* of *Gaunt.*
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King *Henry*'s Head.
War. And ſo do I, victorious Prince of *York.*
Before I ſee thee ſeated in the Throne,
Which now the Houſe of *Lancaſter* uſurps,
I vow by Heav'n, theſe Eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the Palace of the fearful King,
And this the Regal Seat; poſſeſs it *York,*
For this is thine, and not King *Henry*'s Heirs.
York. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwick,* and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all aſſiſt you; he that flies ſhall die.
York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk;* ſtay by me my Lords,
And Soldiers ſtay and lodge by me this Night. [*They go up.*
War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out by force.
York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we ſhall be of her Counſel;
By Words or Blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this Houſe.
War. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs *Plantagenet,* Duke of *York,* be King,
And baſhful *Henry* depos'd, whoſe Cowardiſe
Hath made us by-words to our Enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my Lords, be reſolute,
I mean to take poſſeſſion of my Right.
War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him beſt,
The proudeſt He that holds up *Lancaſter,*
Dares ſtir a Wing, if *Warwick* ſhake his Bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet,* root him up who dare:
Reſolve thee *Richard,* claim the *Engliſh* Crown.
Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmorland, Exeter, *and others.*
K. Henry. My Lords, look where the ſturdy Rebel ſits,
Even in the Chair of State; belike he means,
Back'd by the Power of *Warwick,* that falſe Peer,
To aſpire unto the Crown, and Reign as King.
Earl of *Northumberland,* he ſlew thy Father,

And

And thine, Lord *Clifford*, and you have both vow'd revenge
On him, his Sons, his Favourites, and his Friends.
North. If I be not, Heav'ns be reveng'd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in Steel.
West. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? Let's pluck him down.
My Heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of *Weſtmorland.*
Clif. Patience is for Poltroons, and ſuch is he:
He durſt not ſit there had your Father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us aſſail the Family of *York.*
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin be it ſo.
K. Henry. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
And they have Troops of Soldiers at their beck?
West. But when the Duke is ſlain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henry*'s Heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houſe.
Couſin of *Exeter*, Frowns, Words, and Threats,
Shall be the War that *Henry* means to uſe.
Thou factious Duke of *York*, deſcend my Throne,
And kneel for Grace and Mercy at my Feet,
I am thy Soveraign.
York. Henry I am thine.
Exe. For ſhame come down, he made thee Duke of *York.*
York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldom was.
Exe. Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crown.
War. Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crown,
In following this uſurping *Henry.*
Clif. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural King?
War. True, *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York.*
K. Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
York. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thy ſelf.
War. Be Duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be King.
West. He is both King and Duke of *Lancaſter*,
And that the Lord of *Weſtmorland* ſhall maintain.
War. And *Warwick* ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the Field,
And ſlew your Fathers, and with Colours ſpread
March'd through the City to the Palace Gates.

North. Yes, *Wawick*, I remember it to my grief.
And by his Soul, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſt. *Plantagenet*, of thee and theſe thy Sons,
Thy Kinſmen, and thy Friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of Blood were in my Father's Veins.
Clif. Urge it no more, leſt that inſtead of words
I ſend thee, *Warwick*, ſuch a Meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his Death, before I ſtir.
War. Poor *Clifford*! how I ſcorn his worthleſs Threats.
York. Will you, we ſhew our Title to the Crown?
If not, our Swords ſhall plead it in the Field.
K. Henry. What Title haſt thou, Traitor, to the Crown?
Thy Father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their Towns and Provinces.
War. Talk not of *France*, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I;
When I was Crown'd I was but nine Months old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet methinks you loſe:
Father, tear the Crown from the Uſurper's Head.
Edw. Sweet Father do ſo, ſet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lov'ſt and honoureſt Arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavelling thus.
Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will fly.
York. Sons, Peace.
K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to ſpeak.
War. *Plantagenet* ſhall ſpeak firſt: Hear him Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not live.
K. Henry. Think'ſt thou that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandſire and my Father ſat?
No; firſt ſhall War unpeople this my Realm;
Ay, and their Colours often born in *France*,
And now in *England*, to our Hearts great Sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-ſheet: Why faint you, Lords?
My Title's good, and better far than his.

War.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
K. Henry. *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crown.
York. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
K. Henry. I know not what to ſay, my Title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heir?
York. What then?
K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Heir my Father was, and I am his.
York. He roſe againſt him, being his Soveraign,
And made him to reſign his Crown perforce.
War. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it unconſtrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?
Exe. No; for he could not ſo reſign his Crown,
But that the next Heir ſhould ſucceed and reign.
K. Henry. Art thou againſt us, Duke of *Exeter?*
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exe. My Conſcience tells me, he is lawful King.
K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claim thou lay'ſt,
Think not, that *Henry* ſhall be depos'd.
War. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd:
'Tis not thy Southern Power
Of *Eſſex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke up in deſpight of me.
Clif. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me alive,
Where I ſhall kneel to him that ſlew my Father.
K. Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my Heart.
York. *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, reſign thy Crown:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you, Lords?
War. Do right unto this Princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill the Houſe with armed Men,
And o'er the Chair of State, where now he ſits,
Write up his Title with uſurping Blood.
[*He ſtamps with his foot, and the Soldiers ſhew themſelves.*

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
Lerme for this time reign as King.
York. Confirm the Crown to me, and to mine Heirs,
And thou ſhalt Reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.
K. Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the Kingdom after my deceaſe.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your Son?
War. What good is this to *England*, and himſelf?
Weſt. Baſe, fearful, and deſpairing *Henry*!
Clif. How haſt thou injur'd both thy ſelf and us!
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe Articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come Couſin, let us tell the Queen theſe News.
Weſt. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whoſe cold Blood no ſpark of Honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the Houſe of *York*,
And die in Bands, for this unmanly deed.
Clif. In dreadful War, may'ſt thou be overcome,
Or live in Peace abandon'd and deſpis'd.
[*Exeunt* Nor. Cliff. Weſtm.
War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exe. They ſeek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Henry. Ah *Exeter*!——
War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
K. Henry. Not for my ſelf, Lord *Warwick*, but my Son,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it may; I here entail
The Crown to thee, and to thine Heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here you take an Oath,
To ceaſe this Civil War; and whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy King and Soveraign:
Neither by Treaſon nor Hoſtility,
To ſeek to put me down, and Reign thy ſelf.
York. This Oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King *Henry*: *Plantagenet*, embrace him.
K. Henry. And long live thou, and theſe thy forward Sons.
York. Now *York* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurſt be he that ſeeks to make them Foes.
Sonet. Here they come down.
York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my Caſtle.
War. And I'll keep *London* with my Soldiers.

Norf.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my Followers.
Mount. And I unto the Sea from whence I came. [*Exe.*
K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen,
Whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.
K. Henry. Exeter so will I: [*Going.*
Queen. Nay, go not from me I will follow thee----
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.
Queen. Who can be patient in such extreams?
Ah wretched Man! would I had dy'd a Maid,
And never seen thee, never born thee Son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so much as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my Blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest Heart-blood there,
Rather than made that Savage Duke thine Heir,
And disinherited thine only Son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?
K. Henry. Pardon me, *Margaret*; pardon me, sweet Son;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.
Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak; ah timorous Wretch!
Thou hast undone thy self, thy Son, and me,
And given unto the House of *York* such head,
As thou shalt Reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his Heirs unto the Crown,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of *Calais*,
Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realm,
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling Lamb, invironed with Wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly Woman,
The Soldiers should have toss'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.

But

But thou preferr'ſt thy Life before thine honour.
And ſeeing thou doſt, I here divorce my ſelf,
Both from thy Table, *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Until that Act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my Son is diſinherited.
The Northern Lords, that have forſworn thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be, to thy foul diſgrace,
And utter ruin of the Houſe of *York*,
Thus do I leave thee; come Son, let's away,
Our Army is ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me ſpeak.

Queen. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle Son *Edward*, thou wilt ſtay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I return with Victory from the Field,
I'll ſee your Grace; 'till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, Son, away, we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*

K. Henry. Poor Queen,
How love to me, and to her Son,
Hath made her break out into terms of Rage.
Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful Duke,
Whoſe haughty Spirit, winged with deſire,
Will coſt my Crown, and like an empty Eagle,
Tire on the Fleſh of me, and of my Son.
The loſs of thoſe three Lords torments my Heart;
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;
Come, Couſin, you ſhall be the Meſſenger.

Exe. And I hope ſhall reconcile them all. [*Exit.*

Enter Richard, Edward, *and* Mountague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now Sons and Brother, at a ſtrife?
What is your Quarrel? how began it firſt?

Edw. No Quarrel, but a ſlight Contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The Crown of *England*, Father, which is yours.

York.

York. Mine, Boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.
Rich. Your Right depends not on his Life, or Death.
Edw. Now, you are Heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the Houſe of *Lancaſter* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, Father, in the end.
York. I took an Oath, that he ſhould quietly Reign.
Edw. But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken:
I would break a thouſand Oaths to Reign one Year.
Rich. No; God forbid your Grace ſhould be forſworn.
York. I ſhall be, if I claim by open War.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak.
York. Thou can'ſt not, Son, it is impoſſible.
Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful Magiſtrate,
That hath Authority over him that Swears.
Henry had none, but did uſurp the Place.
Then ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore to Arms: and, Father, do but think,
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a Crown,
Within whoſe Circuit is *Elyſium*,
And all that Poets feign of Bliſs and Joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Until the white Roſe that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm Blood of *Henry*'s Heart.
York. *Richard*, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou ſhalt to *London* preſently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprize.
Thou, *Richard*, ſhalt go to the Duke of *Norfolk*,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, *Edward*, ſhall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſhmen* will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt; for they are Soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more,
But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Enter Gabriel.

But ſtay, what News? why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?
Gab. The Queen,

With

With all the Northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your Caſtle.
She is hard by, with twenty thouſand Men;
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.
York. Ay, with my Sword.
What, think'ſt thou that we fear them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me,
My Brother *Montague* ſhall poſt to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful Policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry*, nor his Oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go: I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit* Montague.

Enter Sir John Mortimer, *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.
The Army of the Queen means to beſiege us.
Sir John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the Field.
York. What, with five thouſand Men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, Father, for a need.
A Woman's General; what ſhould we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
Edw. I hear their Drums:
Let's ſet our Men in order,
And iſſue forth, and bid them Battel ſtreight.
York. Five Men to twenty, though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our Victory.
Many a Battel have I won in *France*,
When as the Enemy hath been ten to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like Succeſs?
[*Alarum.* *Exit.*

Enter Rutland, *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah, whether ſhall I flie, to ſcape their Hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. Chaplain, away, thy Prieſthood ſaves thy Life;
As for the Brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe Father ſlew my Father, he ſhall die.
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him Company.

Clif.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Leſt thou be hated both of God and Man. [*Exit.*

Clif. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it fear that makes him cloſe his Eyes?
I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up Lyon o'er the wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Paws:
And ſo he walks, inſulting o'er his Prey,
And ſo he comes to rend his Limbs aſunder.
Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threatning Look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me ſpeak before I die:
I am too mean a ſubject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on Men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor Boy:
My Father's Blood hath ſtopt the paſſage
Where thy Words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my Father's Blood open it again,
He is a Man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy Fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chains,
It could not ſlake mine Ire, nor eaſe my Heart.
The ſight of any of the Houſe of *York*,
Is as a fury to torment my Soul:
And 'till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray before I take my Death:
To thee, I pray——ſweet *Clifford*, pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my Rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou ſlay me?

Clif. Thy Father hath.

Rut. But 'twas e'er I was born.
Thou haſt one Son, for his ſake pity me,
Leſt in revenge thereof, ſith God is juſt,
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in Priſon all my Days,
And when I give occaſion of Offence,

Then

Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clif. No cauſe? thy Father ſlew my Father, therefore die.

Rut. Dii faciant, laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ. [*Stabs him.*

Clif. Plantagenet, I come, *Plantagenet.*

And this thy Son's Blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall ruſt upon my Weapon, 'till thy Blood
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard *Duke of* York.

York. The Army of the Queen hath got the Field:
My Uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me,
And all my Followers, to the eager Foe
Turn back, and fly, like Ships before the Wind,
Or Lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved Wolves.
My Sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themſelves
Like Men born to Renown, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, Father, fight it out:
And full as oft come *Edward* to my ſide,
With Purple Falchion, painted to the Hilt
In Blood of thoſe that had encountred him;
And when the hardieſt Warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge, and give no foot of Ground,
And cry'd, a Crown, or elſe a glorious Tomb,
A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulcher.
With this we charg'd again; but out alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have ſeen a Swan
With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the Tide,
And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching Waves.
[*A ſhort Alarum within.*
Ah hark, the fatal Followers do purſue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury.
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury.
The Sands are numbred that make up my Life,
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my Life muſt end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, *the Prince of* Wales, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your ſhot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*

Clif.

Clif. Ay, to ſuch mercy as his ruthleſs Arm
With downright payment ſhew'd unto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Car,
And made an Evening at the Noon-tide Prick.
York. My Aſhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine Eyes to Heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! Multitudes and fear?
Clif. So Cowards fight when they can fly no farther,
So Doves do peck the Falcons piercing Talons,
So deſperate Thieves, all hopeleſs of their Lives,
Breath out Invectives 'gainſt the Officers.
York. Oh, *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And if thou canſt, for bluſhing, view this Face,
And bite thy Tongue that ſlanders him with Cowardice,
Whoſe frown hath made thee faint and fly e'er this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee Word for Word,
But buckler with thee Blows twice two for one.
Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the Traitor's Life:
Wrath makes him deaf; ſpeak thou, *Northumberland*.
North. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy Finger, though to wound his Heart.
What Valour were it, when a Cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is Wars prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of Valour.
Clif. Ay, ay, ſo ſtrives the Woodcock with the Gin.
North. So doth the Cony ſtruggle in the Net.
York. So triumph Thieves upon their conquer'd Booty,
So true Men yield, with Robbers ſo o'er-matcht.
North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?
Queen. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand upon this Mole-hill here,
That caught at Mountains with out-ſtretched Arms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be *England*'s King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,

And

And made a Preachment of your high Deſcent?
Where are your meſs of Sons to back you now,
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſty *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dicky, your Boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reſt, where is your Darling *Rutland*?
Look *York*, I ſtain'd this Napkin with the Blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapier's point,
Made iſſue from the boſom of the Boy;
And if thine Eyes can water for his Death,
I give thee this to dry thy Cheeks withal.
Alas, poor *York*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable State.
I prithee grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
What, hath thy fiery Heart ſo parcht thine Intrails,
That not a Tear can fall for *Rutland*'s Death,
Why art thou patient, Man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus;
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport:
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a Crown.
A Crown for *York*——and, Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his Hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.
[*Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.*
Ay marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
Ay, this is he that took King *Henry*'s Chair,
And this is he was his adopted Heir.
But how is it, that great *Plantaganet*
Is crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke his ſolemn Oath?
As I bethink me, you ſhould not be King,
'Till our King *Henry* had ſhook Hands with Death.
And will you pale your Head in *Henry*'s Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
Now in this Life againſt the holy Oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the Crown, and with the Crown his Head,
And whilſt we breath take him to do him dead.
Clif. That is my Office, for my Father's ſake.
Queen. Nay ſtay, let's here the Orizons he makes.
York. She-Wolf of *France*,
But worſe than Wolves of *France*, Whoſe

Whoſe Tongue more poiſons than the Adder's Tooth:
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* Trull,
Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil Deeds,
I would aſſay, proud Queen, to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee
Wert thou not ſhameleſs:
Thy Father bears the Type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an *Engliſh* Yeoman.
Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unleſs the Adage muſt be verify'd,
That Beggars mounted run their Horſe to Death.
'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud,
But God he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis Virtue that doth make them moſt admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them ſeem Divine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh Tyger's Heart, wrapt in a Woman's Hide,
How could'ſt thou drain the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his Eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to wear a Woman's Face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt have me weep? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging Wind blows up inceſſant Show'rs,
And when the rage allays, the Rain begins.
Theſe Tears are my ſweet *Rutland*'s Obſequies,
And every drop cries vengeance to his Death,
'Gainſt thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, falſe *French* Woman.

North. Beſhrew me, but his Paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check mine Eyes from Tears.

York. That Face of his,
The hungry Cannibals would not have toucht,
Would not have ſtain'd the Roſes juſt with Blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than Tygers of *Hyrcania.*
See, ruthleſs Queen, a hapleſs Father's Tears:
This Cloth thou dip'dſt in Blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with Tears do waſh the Blood away.
Keep thou the Napkin, and go boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heavy Story right,
Upon my Soul, the Hearers will ſhed Tears:
Yea, even my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Tears,
And ſay, alas, it was a piteous Deed.
There take the Crown, and, with the Crown, my Curſe.
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel Hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soul to Heav'n, my Blood upon your Heads.

North. Had he been Slaughter-man to all my Kin,
I ſhould not for my Life but weep with him,
To ſee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting Tears.

Clif. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Father's Death.

Quen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.
[*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God.
My Soul flies through theſe Wounds, to ſeek out thee. [*Dies.*

Queen. Off with his Head, and ſet it on *York* Gates,
So *York* may overlook the Town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, *and their Power.*

Edw. I Wonder how our Princely Father ſcap'd;
Or whether he be ſcap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford*'s, and *Northumberland*'s purſuit?
Had he been ta'en we ſhould have heard the News;

Had

Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the News;
Or had he ſcap'd, methinks we ſhould have heard
The happy Tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? why is he ſo ſad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be reſolv'd,
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battel range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth,
Methought he bore him in the thickeſt Troop,
As doth a Lion in a Herd of Neat;
Or as a Bear encompaſs'd round with Dogs,
Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my warlike Father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his Son.
See how the Morning opes her Golden Gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious Sun,
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Love?
Edw. Dazle mine Eyes? or do I ſee three Suns?
Rich. Three glorious Suns, each one a perfect Sun,
Not ſeparated with the racking Clouds.
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining Sky.
See, ſee they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs,
As if they vow'd ſome League inviolable:
Now are they but one Lamp, one Light, one Sun.
In this the Heaven figures ſome Event.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, Brother, to the Field,
That we, the Sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our Meeds,
Should notwithſtanding join our Lights together,
And over-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my Target three fair ſhining Suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three Daughters:
By your leave, I ſpeak it,
You love the Breeder better than the Male.

Enter a Meſſenger.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy Looks foretel
Some dreadful Story hanging on thy Tongue?

Meſ. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of *York* was ſlain,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, ſpeak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Meſ. Environed he was with many Foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of *Troy*
Againſt the *Greeks*, that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himſelf muſt yield to odds;
And many Stroaks, though with a little Ax,
Hews down and fells the hardeſt-timber'd Oak.
By many Hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful Arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford*, and the Queen:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight,
Laugh'd in his Face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs Queen gave him, to dry his Cheek,
A Napkin, ſteeped in the harmleſs Blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlain:
And after many Scorns, many foul Taunts,
They took his Head, and on the Gates of *York*
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remain,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no Staff, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boiſt'rous *Clifford*, thou haſt ſlain
The Flower of *Europe* for his Chivalry,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him,
For Hand to Hand he would have vanquiſh'd thee.
Now my Soul's Palace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence, that this my Body
Might in the Ground be cloſed up in reſt;
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
Never, oh never ſhall I ſee more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my Body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my Furnace-burning Heart:
Nor can my Tongue unload my Heart's great burthen,
For ſelf-ſame Wind that I ſhould ſpeak withal,

Is kindling Coals that fire up all my Breaſt,
And burn me up with Flames, that Tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of Grief:
Tears then for Babes; Blows and Revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy Name, I'll venge thy Death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His Name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedom, and his Chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagle's Bird,
Shew thy deſcent, by gazing 'gainſt the Sun:
For Chair and Dukedom, Throne and Kingdom ſay,
Either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, *Marqueſs of* Montague, *and their Army.*

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what News abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we ſhould recount
Our baleful News, and at each Word's deliverance
Stab Poinards in our Fleſh, 'till all were told,
The Words would add more anguiſh than the Wounds.
O, valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is ſlain.

Edw. O, *Warwick! Warwick!* that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee dearly as his Soul's Redemption,
Is by the ſtern Lord *Clifford* done to Death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd theſe News in tears,
And now to add more meaſure to your Woes,
I come to tell you things ſith then befaln.
After the bloody Fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave Father fought his lateſt Gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the Poſt could run,
Were brought me of your Loſs, and his depart.
I then in *London*, Keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my Soldiers, gather'd flocks of Friends,
March'd towards St. *Albans* to intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my Scouts I was advertiſed
That ſhe was coming, with a full intent
To daſh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henry*'s Oath, and your Succeſſion:
Short Tale to make, we at St. *Albans* met,
Our Battels join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought;
But whether 'twas the coldneſs of the King,

Who look'd full gently on his Warlike Queen,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her Succeſs,
Or more than common fear of *Clifford*'s Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives Blood and Death,
I cannot judge; but to conclude with Truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Soldiers like the Night-Owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy Threſher with a Flail,
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their Friends.
I cheer'd them up with Juſtice of our Cauſe,
With promiſe of high Pay, and great Reward:
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the Day,
So that we fled; the King unto the Queen,
Lord *George* your Brother, *Norfolk*, and my ſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers;
And for your Brother, he was lately ſent
From your kind Aunt, Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*,
With aid of Soldiers to this needful War.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant *Warwick* fled;
Oft have I heard his Praiſes in purſuit,
But ne'er, 'till now, his ſcandal of Retire.

War. Nor now my ſcandal, *Richard*, doſt thou hear:
For thou ſhalt know this ſtrong right Hand of mine
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry*'s Head,
And wring the awful Scepter from his Fiſt,
Were he as famous, and as bold in War,
And he is fam'd for Mildneſs, Peace and Prayer.

Rich. I knew it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy Glories makes me ſpeak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coats of Steel,
And wrap our Bodies in black mourning Gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Maries* with our Beads.
Or ſhall we on the Helmets of our Foes,

Tell

Tell our Devotion with revengeful Arms?
If for the laſt, ſay Ay, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore *Warwick* came to ſeek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Montague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their Feather many more proud Birds,
Have wrought the eaſie-melting King, like Wax;
He ſwore conſent to your Succeſſion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
And now to *London* all the Crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his Oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Their Power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now if the help of *Norfolk*, and my ſelf,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earl of *March*,
Amongſt the loving *Welchmen*, canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why *Via*! to *London* will we march,
And once again beſtride our foaming Steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our Foes,
But never once again turn back and fly.
Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great *Warwick* ſpeak;
Ne'er may he live to ſee a Sun-ſhine Day,
That crys Retire, if *Warwick* bid him ſtay.
Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy Shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'ſt (as God forbid the hour)
Muſt *Edward* fall, which peril Heaven forfend.
War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*:
The next degree is *England*'s Royal Throne;
For King of *England* ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every Borough as we paſs along,
And he that throws not up his Cap for Joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his Head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renown,
But ſound the Trumpets, and about our Task.
Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy Heart as hard as Steel,
As thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy Deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then ſtrike up Drums, God and St. *George* for us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? What News?

Meſ. The Duke of *Norfolk* ſends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puiſſant Hoſt,
And craves your Company for ſpeedy Counſel.

War. Why then it ſorts, brave Warriors let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter King Henry, *the Queen*, Clifford, Northumberland, *and the Prince of* Wales, *with Drums and Trumpets.*

Queen. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave Town of *York*,
Yonder's the Head of that Arch-enemy,
That ſought to be encompaſt with your Crown.
Doth not the Object cheer your Heart, my Lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the Rocks cheer them that fear their Wrack;
To ſee this ſight it irks my very Soul:
With-hold Revenge, dear God, 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much Lenity
And harmleſs Pity muſt be laid aſide:
To whom do Lions caſt their gentle Looks?
Not to the Beaſt that would uſurp their Den.
Whoſe Hand is that the Foreſt Bear doth lick?
Not his that ſpoils her young before her Face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpent's mortal ſting?
Not he that ſets his Foot upon her Back.
The ſmalleſt Worm will turn, being trodden on,
And Doves will peck in ſafeguard of their Brood.
Ambitious *York* did level at thy Crown,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry Brows.
He but a Duke, would have his Son a King,
And raiſe his Iſſue like a loving Sire;
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly Son,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him;
Which argued thee a moſt unloving Father.
Unreaſonable Creatures feed their Young,
And though Man's Face be fearful to their Eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them even with thoſe Wings,
Which ſometimes they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make War with him that climb'd unto their Neſt,
Offering their own Lives in their Young's Defence?

For Shame, my Liege, make them your Preſident:
Were it not pity, that this goodly Boy
Should loſe his Birth-right by his Father's Fault,
And long hereafter ſay unto his Child,
What my great Grandfather and Grandſire got,
My careleſs Father fondly gave away.
Ah, what a Shame was this? look on the Boy,
And let his manly Face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful Fortune, ſteel thy melting Heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring Arguments of mighty Force:
But, *Clifford*, tell me, didſt thou never hear,
That things ill got, had ever bad Succeſs.
And happy always was it for that Son,
Whoſe Father for his hoording went to Hell:
I'll leave my Son my virtuous Deeds behind,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a Rate,
As brings a thouſand Fold more Care to keep,
Than in Poſſeſſion any jot of Pleaſure.
Ah Couſin *York*, would thy beſt Friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy Head is here.

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your Spirits, our Foes are nigh,
And this ſoft Courage makes your Followers faint:
You promis'd Knighthood to our forward Son,
Unſheath your Sword, and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneel down.

King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learn this Leſſon, draw thy Sword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly Leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the Crown,
And in that Quarrel uſe it to the Death.

Clif. Why that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royal Commanders, be in readineſs,
For with a Band of thirty thouſand Men
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York*,
And in the Towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
Darraign your Battel, they are near at hand.

Clif.

Clif. I would your Highneſs would depart the Field,
The Queen hath beſt Succeſs when you are abſent
Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our Fortune.
K. Henry. Why that's my Fortune too, therefore I'll ſtay.
North. Be it with Reſolution then to fight.
Prince. My Royal Father, cheer theſe Noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your Defence:
Unſheath your Sword, good Father; cry St. *George.*
March. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*
Edw. Now perjur'd *Henry,* wilt thou kneel for Grace,
And ſet thy Diadem upon my Head;
Or bide the Mortal Fortune of the Field?
Queen. Go rate thy Minions, proud inſulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in Terms,
Before thy Soveraign, and thy lawful King?
Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bow his Knee;
I was adopted Heir by his Conſent;
Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the Crown,
Have caus'd him, by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own Son in.
Clif. And reaſon too:
Who ſhould ſucceed the Father, but the Son?
Rich. Are you there, Butcher? O, I cannot ſpeak.
Clif. Ay, Crook-back, here I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any he, the proudeſt of thy ſort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland,* was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old *York,* and yet not ſatisfy'd.
Rich. For God's ſake, Lords, give Signal to the Fight.
War. What ſay'ſt thou, *Henry,*
Wilt thou yield the Crown?
Queen. Why how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick,* dare you ſpeak?
When you and I met at St. *Albans* laſt,
Your Legs did better Service than your Hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your Valour, *Clifford,* drove me thence.
North. No, nor your Manhood that durſt make you ſtay.
Rich. *Northumberland,* I hold thee reverently,
Break off the Parley, for ſcarce I can refrain

The

The Execution of my big-ſwoln Heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel Child-killer.
Clif. I ſlew thy Father, call'ſt thou him a Child?
Rich. Ay, like a Daſtard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender Brother *Ruland*:
But e'er Sun ſet, I'll make thee curſe the Deed.
K. Henry. Have done with Words, my Lords, and hear me ſpeak.
Queen. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy Lips.
K. Henry. I prithee give no Limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and privileg'd to ſpeak.
Clif. My Liege, the Wound that bred this Meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then, Execution, re-unſheath thy Sword:
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd
That *Clifford*'s Manhood lyes upon his Tongue.
Edw. Say, *Henry*, ſhall I have my right, or no:
A thouſand Men have broke their Faſts to Day,
That ne'er ſhall dine, unleſs thou yield the Crown.
War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy Head,
For *York* in juſtice puts his Armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* ſays is right,
There is no Wrong, but every thing is right.
War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother ſtands,
For well I wot, thou haſt thy Mother's Tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a foul miſhapen Stigmatick,
Mark'd by the Deſtinies to be avoided,
As venomous Toads, or Lizards dreadful Stings.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *Engliſh* Gilt,
Whoſe Father bears the Title of a King,
(As if a Kennel ſhould be call'd the Sea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy Tongue detect thy baſe-born Heart.
Edw. A Wiſp of Straw were worth a thouſand Crowns,
To make this ſhameleſs Callet know her ſelf.
Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*,
And ne'er was *Agamemnon*'s Brother wrong'd
By that falſe Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revell'd in the Heart of *France*,

And

And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin ſtoop:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that Glory to this Day.
But when he took a Beggar to his Bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his Bridal Day,
Even then that Sun-ſhine brew'd a Shower for him,
That waſh'd his Father's Fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd Sedition on his Crown at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Hadſt thou been meek, our Title ſtill had ſlept,
And we in Pity of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our Claim until another Age.

Cla. But when we ſaw our Sunſhine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no encreaſe,
We ſet the Ax to thy uſurping Root:
And though the Edge hath ſomething hit our ſelves,
Yet know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thee growing with our heated Bloods.

Edw. And in this Reſolution I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou deny'dſt the gentle King to ſpeak.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or elſe a Grave.

Queen. Stay, *Edward*——

Edw. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer ſtay.
Theſe Words will coſt ten thouſand Lives this Day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-ſpent with Toil, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For Strokes receiv'd, and many Blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit Sinews of their Strength,
And ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter Edward *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle Heav'n; or ſtrike, ungentle Death;
For this World frowns, and *Edward*'s Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap? What hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our Hap is Loſs, our Hope but ſad Deſpair,
Our Ranks are broke, and Ruin follows us.

What

What Counſel give you? whether ſhall we fly?
Edw. Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.
Enter Richard.
Rich. Ah *Warwick*, why haſt thou withdrawn thy ſelf?
Thy Brother's Blood the thirſty Earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the ſteely point of *Clifford*'s Lance:
And in the very pangs of Death he cry'd,
Like to a diſmal Clangor heard from far,
Warwick, revenge; Brother, revenge my Death.
So underneath the Belly of his Steeds,
That ſtain'd their Fetlocks in his ſmoaking Blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the Ghoſt.
War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our Blood;
I'll kill my Horſe becauſe I will not fly:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted Women here,
Wailing our Loſſes, whiles the Foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jeſt by counterfeiting Actors.
Here on my Knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
'Till either Death hath clos'd theſe Eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me meaſure of revenge.
Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my Knee with thine,
And in this Vow do chain my Soul to thine.
And e'er my Knee riſe from the Earth's cold Face,
I throw my Hands, mine Eyes, my Heart to thee,
Thou Setter up, and Plucker down of Kings,
Beſeeching thee (if with thy Will it ſtands)
That to my Foes this Body muſt be prey,
Yet that thy Brazen Gates of Heaven may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful Soul.
Now Lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in Heaven, or in the Earth.
Rich. Brother,
Give me thy Hand, and gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary Arms:
I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That Winter ſhould cut off our Spring-time ſo.
War. Away, away:
Once more, ſweet Lords, farewel.

Cla

Cla. Yet let us all together to our Troops;
And give them leave to fly that will not not ſtay;
And call them Pillars that will ſtand to us;
And if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch Rewards
As Victors wear at the *Olympian* Games.
This may plant Courage in their quailing Breaſts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory;
Fore-ſlow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Excurſions. *Enter* Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this Arm is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a Brazen Wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the Hand that ſtabb'd thy Father *York*,
And this the Hand that ſlew thy Brother *Rutland*,
And here's the Heart that triumphs in their Death,
And cheers theſe Hands that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy ſelf,
And ſo have at thee.

They fight, Warwick *enters*, Clifford *flies.*

Rich. Nay *Warwick*, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelf will hunt this Wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter King* Henry *alone.*

K. Henry. This Battel fares like to the Morning's War,
When dying Clouds contend with growing Light,
What time the Shepherd blowing of his Nails,
Can neither call it perfect Day nor Night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind:
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the Wind.
Sometime, the Flood prevails, and then the Wind,
Now, one the better, then another beſt,
Both tugging to be Victors, Breaſt to Breaſt,
Yet neither Conqueror, nor conquered;
So is the equal poize of this fell War.
Here on this Mole-hill will I ſit me down,
To whom God will, there be the Victory:
For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the Battel, ſwearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence. Would

Would I were dead, if God's good will were ſo:
For what is in this World, but grief and woe?
Oh God! methinks it were a happy Life,
To be no better than a homely Swain,
To ſit upon a Hill, as I do now,
To carve out Dials queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they run:
How many makes the Hour full compleat,
How many Hours bring about the Day,
How many Days will finiſh up the Year,
How many Years a mortal Man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours muſt I tend my Flock,
So many hours muſt I take my reſt,
So many hours muſt I contemplate,
So many hours muſt I ſport my ſelf,
So many days my Ewes have been with young,
So many Weeks e'er the poor Fools will Ean,
So many Months e'er I ſhall ſheer the Fleece:
So Minutes, Hours, Days, Weeks, Months, and Years,
Paſt over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white Hairs unto a quiet Grave.
Ah! what a Life were this? how ſweet, how lovely?
Gives not the Haw-thorn Buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepherds, looking on their ſilly Sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd Canopy
To Kings, that fear their Subjects treachery?
Oh yes, it doth, a thouſand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thin drink out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleep, under a freſh Tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's Delicates,
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His Body couched in a curious Bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſons waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father at one Door, and a Father that had kill'd his Son at another Door.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body,
This Man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crowns,

And

And I that, haply, take them from him now,
May yet, e'er Night, yield both my Life and them
To ſome Man elſe, as this dead Man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! it is my Father's Face,
Whom in this Conflict, I, unawares, have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begetting ſuch events.
From *London*, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earl of *Warwick*'s Man
Came on the part of *York*, preſt by his Maſter:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my Life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, Father, for I knew not thee,
My Tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks:
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles Lions War, and Battel for their Dens,
Poor harmleſs Lambs abide their Enmity.
Weep, wretched Man, I'll aid thee Tear for Tear,
And let our Hearts and Eyes, like civil War,
Be blind with Tears, and break o'er-charg'd with Grief.

Enter a Father, bearing of his Son.

Fath. Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me ſee: Is this our Foe-man's Face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only Son.
Ah Boy, if any Life be left in thee,
Throw up thine Eye; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe,
Blown with the windy Tempeſt of my Heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine Eye and Heart.
O pity, God, this miſerable Age!
What ſtratagems? how fell? how butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gave thee Life too ſoon;
And hath bereft thee of thy Life too late. [grief;

K. Henry. Woe above woe; grief, more than common
O that my Death would ſtay theſe rueful deeds:
O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity.
The red Roſe and the white are on his Face,

The

The fatal Colours of our ſtriving Houſes.
The one his purple Blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheeks, methinks, preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh;
If you contend, a thouſand Lives muſt wither.
Son. How will my Mother, for a Father's Death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?
Fath. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Son,
Shed Seas of Tears, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?
K. Henry. How will the Country, for the woful chances,
Miſs-think the King, and not be ſatisfy'd?
Son. Was ever Son ſo rew'd a Father's Death?
Fath. Was ever Father ſo bemoan'd his Son?
K. Henry. Was ever King ſo griev'd for Subjects woe?
Much is your Sorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
Fath. Theſe Arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet,
My heart, ſweet Boy, ſhall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my Heart thine Image ne'er ſhall go.
My ſighing Breaſt ſhall be thy Funeral Bell;
And ſo obſequious will thy Father be,
Sad for the loſs of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant Sons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will
For I have murther'd where I ſhould not kill. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. Sad-hearted Men, much overgone with Care;
Here ſits a King, more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, *and* Exeter.

Prince. Fly, Father, fly; for all your Friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for Death doth hold us in purſuit.
Queen. Mount you my Lord, towards *Berwick* poſt amain:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Having the fearful flying Hare in ſight,
With fiery Eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody Steel graſpt in their ireful Hands,
Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed,
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet *Exeter*:
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away. [*Exeunt.*

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my Candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which whiles it laſted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaſter*! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my Body's parting with my Soul:
My Love and Fear glew'd many Friends to thee, [*Falling.*
And now I fall, thy tough Commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrengthning miſs-proud *York*;
And whither fly the Gnats, but to the Sun?
And who ſhines now, but *Henry*'s Enemies?
O *Phœbus*! hadſt thou never giv'n conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould check thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Car never had ſcorch'd the Earth.
And *Henry*, hadſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giving no ground unto the Houſe of *York*,
They never then had ſprung like Summer Flies:
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſs Realm,
Had left no mourning Widows for our Death,
And thou this day, hadſt kept thy Chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh Weeds, but gentle Air?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are Plaints, and cureleſs are my Wounds,
No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight;
The Foe is mercileſs, and will not pity:
For at their Hands I have deſerv'd no pity.
The Air hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuſe of Blood doth make me faint:
Come *York*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the reſt,
I ſtabb'd your Father's Boſoms; ſplit my Breaſt. [*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Mountague, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we Lords, good Fortune bids us pawſe,
And ſmooth the frowns of War with peaceful looks:
Some Troops purſue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail fill'd with a fretting Guſt,

Command

Command an Argoſie to ſtem the Waves:
But think you Lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For though before his Face I ſpeak the word,
Your Brother *Richard* mark'd him for the Grave;
And whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead. [Clifford *groans.*
Rich. Whoſe Soul is that, which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like Life and Death's departing.
See who it is.
Edw. And now the Battel's ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently uſed.
Rich. Revoke that doom of Mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing *Rutland*, when his leaves put forth,
But ſet his murth'ring Knife unto the Root,
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
I mean our Princely Father, Duke of *York*.
War. From off the Gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your Father's Head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Inſtead whereof, let his ſupply the room.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal Screech-owl to our Houſe,
That nothing ſung but Death to us and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading Tongue no more ſhall ſpeak.
War. I think his underſtanding is bereſt:
Speak *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee?
Dark cloudy Death o'er-ſhades his Beams of Life,
And he nor ſees, nor hears us, what we ſay.
Rich. O would he did; and ſo, perhaps, he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.
Cla. If ſo thou think'ſt,
Vex him with eager words.
Rich. *Clifford*, ask Mercy, and obtain no Grace.
Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſs penitence.
War. *Clifford*, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.
Cla. While we deviſe fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didſt love *York*, and I am Son to *York*.
Edw. Thou pitied'ſt *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, *Clifford*,
Swear, as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an Oath! Nay, then the World goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an Oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours life,
That I, in all despight, might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villain, whose unstanched thirst
York, and young *Rutland*, could not satisfie.
War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the Traitor's Head,
And rear it in the place your Father's stands,
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *England*'s Royal King:
From whence shall *Warwick* cut the Sea to *France*,
And ask the Lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these Lands together,
And having *France* thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd Foe, that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz to offend thine Ears.
First will I see the Coronation,
And then to *Britany* I'll cross the Sea,
To effect this Marriage, so it please my Lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be;
For on thy Shoulder do I build my Seat:
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy Counsel and Consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And *George* of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our self
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Glo'ster*,
For *Glo'ster*'s Dukedom is too ominous,
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ster*: Now to *London*,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sinklo, *and* Humphry, *with Croſs-bows in their Hands.*

Sink. UNder this thick grown brake we'll ſhrowd our ſelves;
For through this Laund anon the Deer will come,
And in this Covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.
Hump. I'll ſtay above the Hill, ſo both may ſhoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noiſe of thy Croſs-bow
Will ſcare the Herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Here ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt.
And, for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a Day,
In this ſelf-place, where now we mean to ſtand.
Sink. Here comes a Man, let's ſtay 'till he be paſt.

Enter King Henry *with a Prayer-Book.*

K. Henry. From *Scotland* am I ſtol'n even of pure love,
To greet mine own Land with my wiſhful ſight:
No *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balm waſht off wherewith thou waſt anointed,
No bending Knee will call thee *Caſar* now,
No humble Sutors preſs to ſpeak for right:
No, not a Man comes for redreſs to thee;
For how can I help them, and not my ſelf?
Sink. Ay, here's a Deer, whoſe Skin's a Keeper's Fee:
This is the *quondam* King; let's ſeize upon him.
K. Henry. Let me embrace the four Adverſaries,
For wiſe Men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hump. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.
K. Henry. My Queen and Son are gone to *France* for a d:
And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone, to crave the *French* King's Siſter
To Wife for *Edward.* If this news be true,
Poor Queen, and Son, your labour is but loſt:
For *Warwick* is a ſubtle Orator;

And *Lewis* a Prince ſoon won with moving Words:
By this account then *Margaret* may win him;
For ſhe's a Woman to be pitied much:
Her ſighs will make a batt'ry in his Breaſt,
Her Tears will pierce into a Marble Heart:
The Tyger will be mild, whiles ſhe doth mourn;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorſe,
To hear and ſee her plaints, her briniſh Tears.
Ay, but ſhe's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
She on his left ſide craving Aid for *Henry*;
He on his right, asking a Wife for *Edward*.
She weeps, and ſays, her *Henry* is depos'd;
He ſmiles, and ſays, his *Edward* is inſtall'd;
That ſhe poor wretch for grief can ſpeak no more:
Whiles *Warwick* tells his Title, ſmooths the wrong,
Inferreth Arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion wins the King from her,
With promiſe of his Siſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport King *Edward*'s place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor Soul)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'ſt of Kings, and Queens?

K. Henry. More than I ſeem, and leſs than I was born to;
A Man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be;
And Men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why ſo I am, in Mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?

K. Henry. My Crown is in my Heart, not on my Head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and *Indian* Stones;
Not to be ſeen: My Crown is call'd *Content*,
A Crown it is that ſeldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crown Content, and you muſt be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his Subjects, ſworn in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his Enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never ſwear, and break an Oath.

Hum. No, never ſuch an Oath, nor will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of *England*?

Hum.

Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remain.
K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine Months old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings;
And you were ſworn true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oaths?
Sink. No, for we were Subjects but while you were a King.
K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a Man?
Ah ſimple Men, you know not what you ſwear:
Look, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my Wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater guſt;
Such is the lightneſs of you common Men.
But do not break your Oath, for of that Sin
My mild intreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King ſhall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King *Edward.*
K. Henry. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were ſeated as King *Edward* is.
Sink. We charge you in God's Name and in the King's,
To go with us unto the Officers.
K. Henry. In God's Name lead, your King's Name be o-
And what God will, that let your King perform, [bey'd,
And, what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*
Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, *and Lady* Gray
K. Edw. Brother of *Glo'ſter*, at St. *Alban*'s Field
This Lady's Husband, Sir *Richard Gray*, was ſlain,
His Land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror:
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſs thoſe Lands,
Which we in Juſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in quarrel of the Houſe of *York*,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Life.
Glo. Your Highneſs ſhall do well to grant her Suit:
It were diſhonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.
Glo. Yea! is it ſo?
I ſee the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble Suit.

Clar. He knows the Game, how true he keeps the Wind?
Glo. Silence.
K. Edw. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come, ſome other time, to know our Mind.
Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay,
May it pleaſe your Highneſs to reſolve me now.
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.
Glo. Ay, Widow! then I'll warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſe you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith you'll catch a blow.
Clar. I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall.
Glo. God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many Children haſt thou, Widow? tell me.
Clar. I think he means to beg a Child of her.
Glo. Nay then whip me; he'll rather give her two.
Gray. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.
Glo. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they ſhould loſe their Father's Lands.
Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave, I'll try this Widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
'Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.
K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your Children.
Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love my ſelf.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good.
Gray. To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.
K. Edw. Then get your Husband's Lands, to do them good.
Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how theſe Lands are to be got.
Gray. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſs Service.
K. Edw. What Service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
Gray. What you command that reſts in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my Boon.
Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to ask.
Gray. Why then I will do what your Grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard, and much Rain wears the Marble.
Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her Wax will melt.
Gray. Why ſtops my Lord? ſhall I not hear my Task?
K. Edw. An eaſie Task, 'tis but to love a King.
Gray. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a Subject.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Why then, thy Husband's Lands I freely give thee.
Gray. I take my leave with many thouſand Thanks.
Glo. The match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a Curtſie.
K. Edw. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of Love I mean.
Gray. The fruits of Love, I mean, my loving Liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another ſenſe.
What Love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?
Gray. My Love 'till Death, my humble Thanks, my Prayers.
That Love which Virtue begs, and Virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch Love.
Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my Mind.
Gray. My Mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in Priſon.
K. Edw. Why then thou ſhalt not have thy Husband's Lands.
Gray. Why then mine Honeſty ſhall be my Dower,
For by that Loſs I will not purchaſe them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy Children mightily.
Gray. Herein your Highneſs wrongs both them and me:
But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my Suit;
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, either with Ay, or No.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt ſay Ay to my requeſt;
No; if thou doſt ſay No to my demand.
Gray. Then No, my Lord; my Suit is at an end.
Glo. The Widow likes him not, ſhe knits her Brows.
Clar. He is the bluntſt Wooer in Chriſtendom.
K. Edw. Her Looks do argue her repleat with Modeſty,
Her Words do ſhew her Wit incomparable,
All her Perfections challenge Sovereignty,
One way or other ſhe is for a King,
And ſhe ſhall be my Love, or elſe my Queen.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?
Gray. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a Subject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign,
K. Edw. Sweet Widow, by my State I ſwear to thee,

I ſpeak no more than what my Soul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.
Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, Widow, I did mean my Queen.
Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sons ſhall call you
K. Edw. No more than when my Daughters [Father,
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And by God's Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other ſome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sons:
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queen.
Glo. The Ghoſtly Father now hath done his Shrift.
Clar. When he was made a Shriver, it was for a ſhift.
K. Edw. Brother, you muſe what Chat we two have had.
Glo. The Widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.
K. Edw. You'ld think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.
Clar. To whom, my Lord?
K. Edw. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelf.
Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the leaſt,
Clar. That's a day longer than a Wonder laſts.
Glo. By ſo much is the Wonder in extreams.
K. Edw. Well, jeſt on, Brothers, I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her Husband's Lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Palace Gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the *Tower*:
And go we, Brothers, to the Man that took him,
To queſtion of his Apprehenſion.
Widow, go you along: Lords, uſe her honourably.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Glouceſter.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will uſe Women honourably.
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loins no hopeful Branch may ſpring,
To croſs me from the golden time I look for:
And yet, between my Soul's deſire and me,
The luſtful *Edward's* Title buried,

Is

Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Son young *Edward*,
And all the unlook'd for Iſſue of their Bodies,
To take their Rooms e'er I can place my ſelf:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I do but dream on Sovereignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a Promontory,
And ſpys a far-off ſhore, where he would tread,
Wiſhing his Foot were equal with his Eye,
And chides the Sea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lave it dry to have his way:
So do I wiſh the Crown, being ſo far off,
And ſo I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And ſo (I ſay) I'll cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with Impoſſibilities:
My Eye's too quick, my Heart o'er-weens too much,
Unleſs my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdom then for *Richard*;
What other pleaſure can the World afford?
I'll make my Heaven in a Lady's lap,
And deck my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my Words and Looks.
Oh miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty Golden Crowns.
Why, Love forſwore me in my Mother's Womb:
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft Laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrink mine Arm like to a wither'd ſhrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
Where ſits Deformity to mock my Body;
To ſhape my Legs of an unequal ſize,
To diſproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd Bear whelp
That carries no impreſſion like the Dam.
And am I then a Man to be belov'd?
Oh monſtrous Fault, to harbour ſuch a Thought.
Then ſince this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear ſuch
As are of better Perſon than my ſelf;
I'll make my Heaven to dream upon the Crown,
And whiles I live t'account this World but Hell,
Until this miſ-ſhap'd Trunk that bears this Head,

Be round impaled with a glorious Crown.
And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many Lives ſtand between me and home:
And I, like one loſt in a thorny Wood,
That rents the Thorns, and is rent with the Thorns,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open Air,
But toiling deſperately to find it out,
Torment my ſelf to catch the *Engliſh* Crown;
And from that torment I will free my ſelf,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Ax.
Why I can ſmile, and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
And frame my Face to all Occaſions.
I'll drown more Sailors than the Mermaid ſhall,
I'll ſlay more Gazers than the Baſilisk,
I'll play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceive more ſlily than *Ulyſſes* could,
And like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*.
I can add Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus* for Advantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Matchevil* to School.
Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Flouriſh. Enter King Lewis, Bona, Bourbon, *Prince of* Wales, *Queen* Margaret, *and the Earl of* Oxford. Lewis *ſits, and riſeth up again.*

K. Lew. Fair Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, whiles *Lewis* ſits.
Queen. No, mighty King of *France*; now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her Sail, and learn a while to ſerve,
Where Kings command. I was, I muſt confeſs,
Great *Albion*'s Queen, in former golden Days:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title down,
And with diſhonour laid me on the Ground,

Where

Where I must take like seat unto my Fortune,
And to my humble seat confirm my self.

K. Lew. Why say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine Eyes with Tears,
And stops my Tongue, while Heart is drown'd in Cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thy self,
And sit thee by our side. [*Seats her by him.*
Yield not thy Neck to Fortune's yoak,
But let thy dauntless Mind still ride in triumph
Over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy Grief,
It shall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious Words revive my drooping Thoughts,
And give my Tongue-ty'd Sorrows leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Love,
Is, of a King, become a banish'd Man.
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a Forlorn;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,
Usurps the Regal Title, and the Seat
Of *England*'s true anointed lawful King.
This is the cause that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my Son Prince *Edward*, *Henry*'s Heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful Aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath Will to help, but cannot help:
Our People, and our Peers, are both miss-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, our selves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the Storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our Foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true Sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my Sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward*'s greatest Friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*? [*He descends. She ariseth.*

Queen.

Queen. Ay, now begins a ſecond Storm to riſe;
For this is he that moves both Wind and Tide.
War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sovereign, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindneſs and unfeigned Love)
Firſt to do greetings to thy Royal Perſon,
And then to crave a League of Amity;
And laſtly, to confirm that Amity
With Nuptial Knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair Siſter,
To *England*'s King in lawful Marriage.
Queen. If that go forward, *Henry*'s hope is done.
War. And gracious Madam, [*Speaking to* Bona.
In our King's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Sovereign's Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedful Ears,
Hath plac'd thy Beauty's Image, and thy Virtue.
Queen. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward*'s well-meant honeſt Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Neceſſity:
For how can Tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs Abroad they purchace great Alliance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,
That *Henry* liveth ſtill; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ſtands, King *Henry*'s Son.
Look therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger and Diſhonour:
For though Uſurpers ſway the Rule a while,
Yet Heavens are juſt, and Time ſuppreſſeth Wrongs.
War. Injurious *Margaret*.
Prince. And why not Queen?
War. Becauſe thy Father *Henry* did uſurp,
And thou no more art Prince than ſhe is Queen.
Oxf. Then *Warwick* diſannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spain*;
And after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Wiſdom was a Mirror to the wiſeſt;
And after that wiſe Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,

Who by his Prowess conquered all *France*:
From these our *Henry* lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth Discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten;
Methinks these Peers of *France* should smile at that.
But for the rest; you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two Years, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwick*, canst thou speak against my Liege
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six Years,
And not bewray thy Treason with a blush?
War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a Pedigree?
For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to Death? and more than so, my Father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd Years,
When Nature brought him to the door of Death?
No *Warwick*, no; while Life upholds this Arm,
This Arm upholds the House of *Lancaster*.
War. And I the House of *York*.
K. Lew. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I use farther Conference with *Warwick*.
[*They stand aloof.*
Queen. Heavens grant that *Warwick*'s Words bewitch him not.
K. Lew. Now *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy Conscience,
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the Peoples Eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.
K. Lew. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his love
Unto our Sister *Bona*.
War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a Monarch like himself:
My self have often heard him say and swear,

That

That this his Love was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fix'd in Virtue's ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauty's Sun,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Diſdain,
Unleſs the Lady *Bona* quit his pain.
K. Lew. Now Siſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, ſhall be mine.
Yet I confeſs, that often e'er this Day, [*Speaks to* Warwick.
When I have heard your King's deſert recounted,
Mine Ear hath tempted Judgment to deſire.
K. Lew. Then *Warwick*, this:
Our Siſter ſhall be *Edward*'s.
And now forthwith ſhall Articles be drawn,
Touching the Jointure that your King muſt make,
Which with her Dowry ſhall be counterpois'd:
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witneſs,
That *Bona* ſhall be Wife to th' *Engliſh* King.
Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *Engliſh* King.
Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device,
By this Alliance to make void my Suit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henry*'s Friend.
K. Lew. And ſtill is Friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward*'s good Succeſs;
Then 'tis but reaſon that I be releas'd
From giving Aid, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my Hand,
That your Eſtate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in *Scotland* at his eaſe,
Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelf, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a Father able to maintain you,
And better it were you troubled him, than *France*.
Queen. Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs *Warwick*, peace,
Proud ſetter up, and puller down of Kings,
I will not hence, 'till with my Talk and Tears
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſly Conveyance, and thy Lord's falſe Love.
[*Poſt blowing a Horn within.*
For both of you are Birds of ſelf ſame Feather.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is ſome Poſt to us, or thee.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador,
Theſe Letters are for you; [*To* Warwick.
Sent from your Brother, Marqueſs *Montague*.
Theſe from our King unto your Majeſty. [*To K.* Lew.
And Madam, theſe for you, [*To the Queen.*
From whom I know not. [*They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Miſtreſs
Smiles at her News, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how *Lewis* ſtamps as he were nettled.
I hope all's for the beſt,

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy News?
And yours, fair Queen?

Queen. Mine ſuch as fills my Heart with unhop'd Joys.

War. Mine full of Sorrow, and Heart's Diſcontent.

K. Lew. What! has your King Married the Lady *Gray*?
And now, to ſooth your Forgery and his,
Sends me a Paper to perſwade me Patience?
Is this Alliance that he ſeeks with *France*?
Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majeſty as much before:
This proveth *Edward*'s Love, and *Warwick*'s Honeſty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here proteſt in ſight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of Heav'nly Bliſs,
That I am clear from this Miſdeed of *Edward*'s;
No more my King; for he diſhonours me,
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his Shame.
Did I forget, that by the Houſe of *York*
My Father came untimely to his Death?
Did I let paſs th' abuſe done to my Niece?
Did I impale him with the Regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt with Shame?
Shame on himſelf, for my Deſert is Honour.
And to repair my Honour loſt for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
My Noble Queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth I am thy true Servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.

Queen. Warwick,
These Words have turn'd my Hate to Love,
And I forgive, and quite forget old Faults,
And joy that thou becom'ſt King *Henry*'s Friend.
War. So much his Friend, ay, his unfeigned Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few Bands of choſen Soldiers,
I'll undertake to Land them on our Coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his Seat by War.
'Tis not his new-made Bride ſhall ſuccour him:
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luſt than Honour,
Or than for ſtrength and ſafety of our Country.
Bona. Dear Brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this diſtreſſed Queen?
Queen. Renowned Prince, how ſhall poor *Henry* live,
Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this *Engliſh* Queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joins with yours.
K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margaret*'s.
Therefore at laſt, I firmly am reſolv'd
You ſhall have Aid.
Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then *England*'s Meſſenger, return in Poſt,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France*, is ſending over Maskers
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy King withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hopes he'll prove a Widower ſhortly,
I wear the Willow Garland for his ſake.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aſide,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll Uncrown him e'er't be long.
There's thy Reward, be gone. [*Exit Poſt.*
K. Lew. But *Warwick*,
Thou and *Oxford*, with five thouſand Men
Shall croſs the Seas, and bid falſe *Edward* Battel:
And as occaſion ſerves, this Noble Queen
And Prince ſhall follow with a freſh Supply,

Yet

Yet e'er thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firm Loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my eldest Daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlock Bands.
Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Son *Edward*, she is Fair and Virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy Hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy Hand, thy Faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick*'s Daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And here to pledge my Vow, I give my Hand.
[*He gives his Hand to* Warwick.
K. Low. Why stay we now? these Soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our Royal Fleet.
I long 'till *Edward* fall by War's Mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of *France*.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Warwick.
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal Foe:
Matters of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful War shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turn his Jest to Sorrow.
I was the Chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry*'s Misery,
But seek Revenge on *Edward*'s Mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Glouceſter, Clarence, Somerſet *and* Montague.

Glo. NOW tell me, Brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*,
How could he stay 'till *Warwick* made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: Here comes the King
Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, *Lady* Gray *as Queen*, Pembrook, Stafford, *and* Haſtings: *Four ſtand on one ſide, and four on the other.*
Glo. And his well-choſen Bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. Edw. Now, Brother of *Clarence*,
How like you our Choice,
That you ſtand penſive as half Malecontent?
Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*,
Or the Earl of *Warwick*,
Which are ſo weak of Courage, and in Judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our Abuſe.
K. Edw. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick*'s, and muſt have my will.
Glo. And you ſhall have your will, becauſe our King?
Yet haſty Marriage ſeldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yes, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I; no:
God forbid that I ſhould wiſh them ſever'd
Whom God hath join'd together.
Ay, and 'twere pity to ſunder them,
That yoak ſo well together.
K. Edw. Setting your ſcorns, and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome Reaſon, why the Lady *Gray*
Should not become my Wife, and *Englana*'s Queen?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Montague*,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is my Opinion;
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.
Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new Marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch Alliance,
Would more have ſtrength'ned this our Commonwealth,
'Gainſt foreign Storms, than any home-bred Marriage.

Haſt.

Haſt. Why, knows not *Montague* that of it ſelf
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelf?
Mont. Yes, but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.
Haſt. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend our ſelves:
In them, and in our ſelves, our ſafety lyes.
Clar. For this one Speech, Lord *Haſtings* well deſerves
To have the Heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.
Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the Heir and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your loving Bride;
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence*;
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.
Clar. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the Heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wife's Son,
And leave your Brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor *Clarence*; is it for a Wife
That thou art Malecontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In chuſing for your ſelf,
You ſhew'd your Judgment;
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave
To play the Brother in mine own behalf;
And to that end, I ſhortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his Brother's will.
La. Gray. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majeſty
To raiſe my State to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you muſt all confeſs,
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent,
And meaner than my ſelf have had like fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Do cloud my Joys with Danger, and with Sorrow.
K. Edw. My Love, forbear to fawn upon their Frowns;
What Danger, or what Sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant Friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they muſt obey?

Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
Unleſs they ſeek for hatred at my Hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feel the Vengeance of my Wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more.

Enter a Poſt.

K. Edw. Now Meſſenger, what Letters, or what News from *France*?

Poſt. My Sovereign Liege, no Letters, and few Words,
But ſuch as I (without your ſpecial pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go too, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in brief, tell their Words,
As near as thou canſt gueſs them.
What anſwer makes King *Lewis* unto our Letters?

Poſt. At my depart theſe were his very Words;
Go tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is ſending over Maskers,
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.

K. Edw. Is *Lewis* ſo brave? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Poſt. Theſe were her Words, utter'd with mild Diſdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the Willow Garland for his ſake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs;
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henry*'s Queen?
For ſo I heard that ſhe was there in place.

Poſt. Tell him (quoth ſhe)
My mourning Weeds are done,
And I am ready to put Armour on.

K. Edw. Belike ſhe means to play the *Amazon*.
But what ſaid *Warwick* to theſe Injuries?

Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Majeſty
Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe Words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him e'er't be long.

K. Edw. Ha? durſt the Traitor breathe out ſo proud Words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall have Wars, and pay for their Preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwick* Friends with *Margaret*?

Poſt

Poſt. Ay, gracious Sovereign,
They are ſo link'd in Friendſhip,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick*'s Daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder;
Clarence will have the younger.
Now Brother King farewel, and ſit you faſt,
For I will hence to *Warwick*'s other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your ſelf.
You that love me, and *Warwick*, follow me.
[*Exit* Clarence, *and* Somerſet *follows.*
Glo. Not I:
My Thoughts aim at a further Matter:
I ſtay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crown. [*Aſide.*
K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwick*?
Yet I am arm'd againſt the worſt can happen;
And haſte is needful in this deſp'rate Caſe.
Pembrook and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy Men, and make prepare for War;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
My ſelf in Perſon will ſtreight follow you.
[*Exit* Pembrook *and* Stafford.
But e'er I go, *Haſtings* and *Montague*
Reſolve my doubt, you twain of all the reſt
Are near to *Warwick*, by Blood and by Alliance;
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me;
If it be ſo, then both depart to him:
I rather wiſh you Foes than hollow Friends.
But if you mind to hold your true Obedience,
Give me Aſſurance with ſome friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in ſuſpect.
Mon. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true.
Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he favours *Edward*'s Cauſe.
K. Edw. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by us?
Glo. Ay, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
K. Edw. Why ſo; then am I ſure of Victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and loſe no hour,
'Till we meet *Warwick*, with his Foreign Power.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford *in* England, *with* French *Soldiers.*

War. Truſt me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The Common People by numbers ſwarm to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerſet.

But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* come;
Speak ſuddenly, my Lords, are we all Friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*,
And welcome *Somerſet*: I hold it Cowardize,
To reſt miſtruſtful, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in ſign of Love:
Elſe might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward*'s Brother,
Were but a feigned Friend to our Proceedings:
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my Daughter ſhall be thine.
And now, what reſts? but in Night's Coverture,
Thy Brother being careleſly encamp'd,
His Soldiers lurking in the Town about,
And but attended by a ſimple Guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our Scouts have found the Adventure very eaſie:
That as *Ulyſſes*, and ſtout *Diomede*
With ſlight and manhood ſtole to *Rheſus*' Tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal Steeds;
So we, well covered with the Night's black Mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward*'s Guard,
And ſeize himſelf: I ſay not, ſlaughter him,
For I intend but only to ſurprize him.
You that will follow me to this Attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

[*They all cry* Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwick* and his Friends, God and Saint *George*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my Maſters, each Man take his Stand,
The King by this is ſet him down to ſleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?

1 *Watch.* Why no; for he hath made a ſolemn Vow,
Never to lye and take his natural Reſt,
Till *Warwick*, or himſelf, be quite ſuppreſt.

2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch.* To morrow then belike ſhall be the Day,
If *Warwick* be ſo near as Men report.
3 *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here reſteth in his Tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Haſtings*, the King's chiefeſt Friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it ſo? but why commands the King,
That his chief Followers lodge in Towns about him,
While he himſelf keeps in the cold Field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more Honour, becauſe the more dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worſhip and quietneſs,
I like it better than a dangerous Honour.
If *Warwick* knew in what Eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unleſs our Halberds did ſhut up his Paſſage.
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore elſe guard we this Royal Tent,
But to defend his Perſon from Night-foes?
Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet, *and* French *Soldiers, ſilent all.*
War. This is his Tent, and ſee where ſtands his Guard:
Courage, my Maſters: Honour now or never:
But follow me, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou dieſt.
[Warwick *and the reſt cry all,* Warwick, Warwick, *and ſet upon the Guard, who fly, crying,* *Arms*, *Arms*, Warwick *and the reſt following them.*
The Drum beating, and Trumpets ſounding.
Enter Warwick, Somerſet, *and the reſt, bringing the King out in a Gown, ſitting in a Chair;* Glo'ſter *and* Haſtings *flying over the Stage.*
Som. What are they that fly there?
War. *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them go, here is the Duke.
K. Edw. The Duke!
Why *Warwick*, when we parted
Thou call'dſt me King?
War. Ay, but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrac'd me in my Embaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of *York*.
Alas, how ſhould you govern any Kingdom,
That know not how to uſe Ambaſſadors,

Nor

Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to uſe your Brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudy for the People's Welfare,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelf from Enemies.
K. Edw. Yea, Brother of *Clarence*,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I ſee, that *Edward* muſt needs down.
Yet *Warwick*, in deſpight of all Miſchance,
Of thee thy ſelf, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always bear himſelf as King:
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my State,
My Mind exceeds the Compaſs of her Wheel.
War. Then for his Mind be *Edward England's* King.
[*Takes off his Crown.*
But *Henry* now ſhall wear the *Engliſh* Crown,
And be true King indeed; thou but a Shadow.
My Lord of *Somerſet*, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my Brother Archbiſhop of *York*:
When I have fought with *Pembrook*, and his Fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what anſwer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* ſend to him.
Now for a while farewel good Duke of *York*.
[*They lead him out forcibly.*
K. Edw. What Fates impoſe, that Men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both Wind and Tide. [*Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our Soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do,
To free King *Henry* from Impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the Regal Throne. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rivers, *and the Lady* Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?
La. Gray. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn
What late Misfortune has befaln King *Edward*?
Riv. What! loſs of ſome pitcht Battel
Againſt *Warwick*?
La. Gray. No, but the loſs of his own Royal Perſon.
Riv. Then is my Sovereign ſlain?
La. Gray. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken Priſoner,
Either betray'd by falſhood of his Guard,

Or

Or by his Foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to underſtand,
Is now committed to the Biſhop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick*'s Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riv. Theſe News I muſt confeſs are full of Grief;
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the Day.
La. Gray. 'Till then fair hope muſt hinder Life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from Deſpair
For love of *Edward*'s Off-ſpring in my Womb:
This is it that makes me bridle in my Paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my Misfortune croſs:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a Tear,
And ſtop the riſing of Blood-ſucking Sighs,
Leſt with my Sighs or Tears, I blaſt or drown
King *Edward*'s Fruit, true Heir to th' *Engliſh* Crown.
Riv. But Madam,
Where is *Warwick* then become?
La. Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards *London*,
To ſet the Crown once more on *Henry*'s Head:
Gueſs thou the reſt, King *Edward*'s Friends muſt down.
But to prevent the Tyrant's Violence,
For truſt not him that hath once broken Faith,
I'll hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
To ſave, at leaſt, the Heir of *Edward*'s Right;
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us fly, while we may fly,
If *Warwick* take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, *Lord* Haſtings, *and Sir* William Stanley.

Glo. Now my Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chieſeſt Thicket of the Park.
Thus ſtands the Caſe; you know your King, my Brother,
Is Priſoner to the Biſhop here, at whoſe Hands
He hath good Uſage, and great Liberty,
And often but attended with weak Guard,
Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
I have advertis'd him by ſecret Means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his uſual Game,

He

He ſhall here find his Friends with Horſe and Men,
To ſet him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, *and a Huntſman with him.*

Hunt. This way, my Lord,
For this way lyes the Game.

K. Edw. Nay this way, Man,
See where the Huntſmen ſtand.
Now Brother of *Glo'ſter*, Lord *Haſtings* and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteal the Biſhop's Deer?

Glo. Brother the time and caſe requireth haſte,
Your Horſe ſtands ready at the Park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither ſhall we then?

Haſt. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
And ſhip from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well gueſt, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſs.

Glo. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou?
Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Biſhop farewel,
Shield thee from *Warwick*'s frown,
And pray that I may repoſſeſs the Crown. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerſet, *young* Richmond, Oxford, Mountague, *and Lieutenant of the* Tower.

K. Henry. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have ſhaken *Edward* from the Regal Seat,
And turn'd my captive State to liberty,
My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'raigns,
But, if an humble Prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majeſty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? For well uſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs,
For that it made my Impriſonment a Pleaſure:
Ay, ſuch a Pleaſure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody thoughts,
At laſt, by Notes of Houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of Liberty.

But

But *Warwick*, after God, thou ſett'ſt me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee:
He was the Author, thou the Inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes ſpight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the People of this bleſſed Land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting Stars,
Warwick, although my Head ſtill wear the Crown,
I here reſign my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy Deeds.
War. Your Grace hath ſtill been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,
By ſpying and avoiding Fortune's malice,
For few Men rightly temper with the Stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the Heav'ns in thy Nativity,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrel Crown,
As likely to be bleſt in Peace and War:
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.
War. And I chuſe *Clarence* only for Protector.
K. Henry. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your Hands.
Now join your Hands, and with your Hands, your Hearts,
That no diſſention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my ſelf will lead a private Life,
And in Devotion ſpend my latter Days,
To ſins rebuke, and my Creator's praiſe,
War. What anſwers *Clarence* to his Soveraign's Will?
Clar. That he conſents, if *Warwick* yield conſent,
For on thy fortune I repoſe my ſelf,
War. Why then, though loath, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoak together, like a double ſhadow
To *Henry*'s Body, and ſupply his Place;
I mean, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his eaſe.
And *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traitor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiſcated.

Cla.

Clar. What elſe? and that Succeſſion be determined.
War. Ay, therein *Clarence* ſhall not want his part.
K. Henry. But with the firſt, of all our chief Affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen, and my Son *Edward*,
Be ſent for, to return from *France* with ſpeed:
For 'till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear,
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It ſhall be done, my Soveraign, with all ſpeed.
K. Henry. My Lord of *Somerſet*, what Youth is that,
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?
Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.
K. Henry. Come hither, *England*'s Hope: [*Lays his Hand on his Head.*
If ſecret Powers ſuggeſt but truth
To my divining Thoughts,
This pretty Lad will prove our Country's bliſs.
His looks are full of peaceful Majeſty,
His Head by Nature fram'd to wear a Crown,
His hand to wield a Scepter, and himſelf
Likely in time to bleſs a Regal Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Muſt help you more, than you are hurt by me.
Enter a Poſt.
War. What news, my Friend?
Poſt. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your Brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to *Burgundy*.
War. Unſavory news; but how made he eſcape?
Poſt. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
And the Lord *Haſtings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh, on the Foreſt ſide,
And from the Biſhops Huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For Hunting was his daily Exerciſe.
War. My Brother was too careleſs of his charge.
But let us hence, my Soveraign, to provide
A Salve for any Sore, that may betide. [*Exeunt.*
Manet Somerſet, Richmond, *and* Oxford.
Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward*'s:
For doubtleſs *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we ſhall have more Wars before't be long.
As *Henry*'s late preſaging Prophecy

Did

Did glad my Heart, with hope of this young *Richmond:*
So doth my Heart, miſ-give me, in theſe Conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to *Britany*,
'Till ſtorms be paſt of civil Enmity.
Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-poſſeſs the Crown,
'Tis like that *Richmond* with the reſt ſhall down.
Som. It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, Haſtings, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And ſays, that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained State, for *Henry*'s Regal Crown.
Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the Seas,
And brought deſired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenſpurgh* Haven, before the Gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?
Glo. The Gates made faſt?
Brother, I like not this.
For many Men that ſtumble at the Threſhold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tuſh Man, aboadments muſt not now affright us;
By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
For hither will our Friends repair to us.
Haſt. My Liege, I'll knock once more to ſummon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of York, *and his Brethren.*

Mayor. My Lords,
We are fore-warned of your coming,
And ſhut the Gates, for ſafety of our ſelves;
For now we owe Allegiance unto *Henry*.
K. Edw. But, Maſter Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the leaſt, is Duke of *York*.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leſs.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. But when the Fox has once got in his Noſe,
He'll ſoon find means to make the Body follow.

Haſt.

Haſt. Why, Maſter Mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henry*'s Friends
Mayor. Ay, ſay you ſo? the Gates ſhall then be opened.
[*He deſcends.*
Glo. A wiſe ſtout Captain, and ſoon perſwaded.
Haſt. The good old Man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we ſhall ſoon perſwade
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto Reaſon.
Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.
K. Edw. So, Maſter Mayor; theſe Gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the Night, or in the time of War.
What, fear not Man, but yield me up the Keys,
[*Takes his Keys.*
For *Edward* will defend the Town, and thee,
And all thoſe Friends, that deign to follow me.
March. *Enter* Montgomery, *with Drum and Soldiers.*
Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our truſty Friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in Arms?
Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of ſtorm,
As every Loyal Subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good *Montgomery*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crown,
And only claim our Dukedom,
'Till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again,
I came to ſerve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer ſtrike up, and let us March away.
[*The Drum begins a March.*
K. Edw. Nay ſtay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what ſafe means the Crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim your ſelf our King,
I'll leave you to your Fortune, and be gone,
To keep them back, that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Glo. Why Brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow ſtronger,
Then we'll make our Claim:
'Till then, 'tis Wiſdom to conceal our meaning.

Haſt.

Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous Wit, now Arms muſt rule.
Glo. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many Friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but uſurps the Diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my Soveraign ſpeaketh like himſelf,
And now will I be *Edward*'s Champion.
Haſt. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* ſhall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Soldier, make thou Proclamation. [*Flouriſh.*
Sold. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of* England *and* France, *and Lord of* Ireland, *&c.*
Mont. And whoſoe'er gain-ſays King *Edward*'s right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle Fight.
[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*
All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.
K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery*;
And thanks unto you all.
If Fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this Kindneſs.
Now for this Night, let's harbour here at *York*:
And when the Morning Sun ſhall raiſe his Car
Above the Border of this Horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Soldier.
Ah froward *Clarence*, how evil it beſeems thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy Brother?
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.
Come on brave Soldiers; doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, *and* Somerſet.

War. What Counſel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the narrow Seas,
And with his Troops doth march amain to *London*,
And many giddy People flock to him.
K. Henry. Let's levy Men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little Fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being ſuffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickſhire* I have true-hearted Friends,
Not mutinous in Peace, yet bold in War,
Thoſe will I muſter up; and thou, Son *Clarence*,
Shalt ſtir up in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leiceſterſhire* ſhalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordſhire* ſhalt muſter up thy Friends.
My Soveraign, with the loving Citizens,
Like to his Iſland, girt with th' Ocean,
Or modeſt *Dian*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall reſt in *London*, 'till we come to him:
Fair Lords take leave, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewel my Soveraign.

K. Henry. Farewel my *Hector*, and my *Troy*'s true hope.

Clar. In ſign of truth, I kiſs your Highneſs Hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I ſeal my Truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, ſweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Here at the Palace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordſhip?
Methinks, the Power that *Edward* hath in Field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not ſtopt mine Ears to their demands,
Nor poſted off their Suits with ſlow delays,
My pity hath been Balm to heal their Wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling Griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing Tears.
I have not been deſirous of their Wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great Subſidies,
Nor forward of Revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, theſe Graces challenge Grace:

And

And when the Lion fawns upon the Lamb,
The Lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.

[*Shout within.* *A* Lancaſter! *a* Lancaſter!

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what Shouts are theſe?

Enter King Edward *and his Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the ſhame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the Fount, that make ſmall Brooks to flow,
Now ſtops thy Spring, my Sea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not ſpeak.

[*Exit with King* Henry.

And Lords, towards *Coventry* bend we our Courſe,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains:
The Sun ſhines hot, and if we uſe delay,
Cold biting Winter mars our hop'd-for Hay.

Glo. Away betimes before his Forces join,
And take the great grown Traitor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Warwick, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *two Meſſengers, and others upon the Walls.*

War. WHere is the Poſt that came from valiant *Oxford?*
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt Fellow?

1 *Meſſ.* By this at *Dunſmore*, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our Brother *Montague?*
Where is the Poſt that came from *Montague*?

2 *Meſſ.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puiſſant Troop.

Enter Somervile.

War. Say *Somervile*, what ſays my loving Son?
And by thy gueſs, how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his Forces,
And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his Drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord, here *Southam* lyes:
The Drum your Honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who ſhould that be? Belike, unlook'd for Friends.
Somerv. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.
March. Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, *and Soldiers.*
K. Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, and ſound a Parle.
Glo. See how the ſurly *Warwick* mans the Wall.
War. Oh unbid ſpight, is ſportful *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our Scouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the City Gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg Mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy Forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up, and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* Patron, and be Penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the Duke of *York*.
Glo. I thought at leaſt he would have ſaid the King,
Or did he make the Jeſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly Gift?
Glo. Ay, by my Faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee ſervice for ſo good a Gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdom to thy Brother.
K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick*'s Gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And Weakling, *Warwick* takes his Gift again,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subject.
K. Edw. But *Warwick*'s King is *Edward*'s Priſoner:
And gallant *Warwick*, do but anſwer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Glo. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-caſt,
But whiles he thought to ſteal the ſingle Ten,
The King was ſlily finger'd from the Deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Biſhop's Palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the *Tower*.
K. Edw. 'Tis even ſo, yet you are *Warwick* ſtill.
Glo. Come *Warwick*,
Take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay when; ſtrike now, or elſe the Iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy Face,
Than bear ſo low a Sail, to ſtrike to thee.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canſt,
Have Wind and Tide thy Friend,
This Hand, faſt wound about thy Coal-black Hair,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the Duſt this Sentence with thy Blood,
Wind-changing *Warwick* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. O chearful Colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaſter.*

Glo. The Gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other Foes may ſet upon our Backs.
Stand we in good Array; for they no doubt
Will iſſue out again, and bid us Battel;
If not, the City being but of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rouze the Traitors in the ſame.

War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, *with Drum and Colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for *Lancaſter.*

Glo. Thou and thy Brother both ſhall buy this Treaſon
Even with the deareſt Blood your Bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater Victory,
My Mind preſageth happy Gain, and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, *with Drum and Colours.*

Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for *Lancaſter.*

Glo. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of *Somerſet*,
Have ſold their Lives unto the Houſe of *York*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. And lo, where *George* of *Clarence* ſweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battel:
With whom an upright Zeal to right prevails
More than the Nature of a Brother's Love.
Come *Clarence*, come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.

Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my Infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my Father's Houſe,
Who gave his Blood to lime the Stones together,
And ſet up *Lancaſter*. Why, troweſt thou, *Warwick*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal Inſtruments of War
Againſt his Brother, and his lawful King.

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath were more Impiety,
Than *Jepthah*, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpaſs made,
That to deſerve well at my Brother's Hands,
I here proclaim my ſelf thy mortal Foe:
With Reſolution, whereſoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtir Abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul miſs-leading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turn my bluſhing Cheeks.
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, do not frown upon my Faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconſtant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never had'ſt deſerv'd my Hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

War. O paſſing Traitor, perjur'd and unjuſt.

K. Edw. What *Warwick*,
Wilt thou leave the Town and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee Battel, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.

K. Edw. Yes *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the Field; St. *George* and Victory. [*Exeunt.*

March. Warwick *and his Company follows.*

Alarum and Excurſions. *Enter* Edward *bringing forth* Warwick *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lye thou there; die thou, and die our fear,
For *Warwick* was a Bug that fear'd us all.
Now *Montague* ſit faſt, I ſeek for thee,
That *Warwick*'s Bones may keep thine Company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, Friend, or Foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangled Body ſhews,
My Blood, my want of Strength, my ſick Heart ſhews,
That I muſt yield my Body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my Foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's edge,
Whoſe Arms gave ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,

Under

Under whoſe ſhade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch over-peer'd *Jove*'s ſpreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winter's pow'rful Wind.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dimn'd with Death's black Veil,
Have been as piercing as the Mid-day Sun,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the World:
The wrinkles in my Brows, now fill'd with Blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his Grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwick* bent his Brow?
Lo, now my Glory ſmear'd in Duſt and Blood,
My Parks, my Walks, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my Body's length.
Why, what is Pomp, Rule, Reign, but Earth and Duſt?
And live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter Oxford *and* Somerſet.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Loſs again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puiſſant Power,
Even now we heard the News: Ah, could'ſt thou fly.

War. Why then I would not fly. Ah *Montague*,
If thou be there, ſweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lips keep in my Soul a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not; for, Brother, if thou didſt,
Thy Tears would waſh this cold congealed Blood,
That glews my Lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſp, cry'd out for *Warwick*:
And ſaid, commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
And ſounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diſtinguiſh'd; but at laſt,
I well might hear delivered with a Groan,
O farewel *Warwick*.

War. Sweet reſt his Soul;
Fly Lords, and ſave your ſelves,
For *Warwick* bids you all farewel, to meet in Heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great Power.

Here they bear away his Body. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward *in triumph, with* Glouceſter, Clarence, *and the reſt.*

K. Edw. Thus far our Fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory;
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpy a black ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun,
E'er he attain his eaſeful Weſtern Bed:
I mean, my Lords, thoſe Powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our Coaſt,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little Gale will ſoon diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came;
Thy very Beams will dry thoſe Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her;
If ſhe hath time to breathe, be well aſſur'd
Her Faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving Friends,
That they do hold their courſe toward *Tewkſbury*.
We having now the beſt at *Barnet* Field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſs rids way,
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented,
In every Country as we go along:
Strike up the Drum, cry Courage, and away. [*Exeunt.*

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerſet, Oxford, *and Soldiers.*

Queen. Great Lords, wiſe Men ne'er ſit and wail their Loſs,
But chearly ſeek how to redreſs their Harms.
What though the Maſt be now blown over-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And half our Sailors ſwallow'd in the Flood?
Yet lives our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet that he
Should leave the Helm, and like a fearful Lad,
With tearful Eyes add Water to the Sea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan, the Ship ſplits on the Rock,
Which Induſtry and Courage might have ſav'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say, *Warwick* was our Anchor; what of that?

And *Montague* our Top-maſt; what of him?
Our ſlaughter'd Friends, the Tackles; what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The Friends of *France* our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilful Pilot's Charge?
We will not from the Helm to ſit and weep,
But keep our Courſe, though the rough Wind ſay no,
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal Rock?
All theſe, the Enemies to our poor Bark.
Say you can ſwim, alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſink;
Beſtride the Rock, the Tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeak I, Lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More than with ruthleſs Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit
Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a Man at Arms.
I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearful Man,
He ſhould have leave to go away betimes,
Leſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like Spirit to himſelf.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a Courage,
And Warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual Shame.
Oh brave young Prince! thy famous Grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a Hope,
Go home to Bed, and like the Owl by Day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thanks.

Prin. And take his Thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſs; it his Policy,
To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs.

Queen. This chears my Heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battel, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave Followers, yonder ſtands the thorny Wood,
Which, by the Heaven's Aſſiſtance, and your Strength,
Muſt, by the Roots, be hewn up yet e'er Night.
I need not add more Fuel to your Fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burn them out:
Give Signal to the Fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My Tears gain-ſay; for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee I drink the Water of my Eye:
Therefore, no more but this; *Henry*, your Sovereign,
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State uſurp'd,
His Realm a Slaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolf, that makes this Spoil.
You fight in Juſtice: Then in God's Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give Signal to the Fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excurſions.

Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, Clarence, &c. *The Queen,* Oxford, *and* Somerſet *Priſoners.*

K. Edw. Now here's a Period of tumultuous Broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes* Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty Head.
Go bear them hence, I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with Patience to my Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

Queen.

Queen. So part we ſadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Joy in ſweet *Jeruſalem.*
K. Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?
Glo. It is, and lo where youthful *Edward* comes.
Enter the Prince of Wales.
K. Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
What? can ſo young a Thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what Satisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Arms, for ſtirring up my Subjects,
And all the Trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York.*
Suppoſe that I am now my Father's Mouth,
Reſign thy Chair, and where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, Traitor, thou would'ſt have me anſwer to.
Queen. Ah! that thy Father had been ſo reſolv'd.
Glo. That you might ſtill have worn the Petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtoln the Breech from *Lancaſter.*
Prince. Let *Æſop* Fable in a Winter's Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſort not with this place.
Glo. By Heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
Queen. Ay, thou waſt born to be a Plague to Men.
Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive Scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crook-back, rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful Boy, or I will charm your Tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my Duty, you are all undutiful:
Laſcivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traitors as ye are.
And thou uſurp'ſt my Father's Right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeneſs of this Railer here.
[*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy Agony.
[Rich. *ſtabs him.*
Clar. And there's for twitting me with Perjury.
[Clar. *ſtabs him.*
Queen. Oh, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and ſhall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo.

Glo. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What? doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe Means for her Recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuſe me to the King my Brother:
I'll hence to *London* on a ſerious Matter,
E'er ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome News.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. Tower, the *Tower*. [*Exit.*
Queen. Oh, *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeak to thy Mother, Boy.
Can'ſt thou not ſpeak? O Traitors, Murderers!
They that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no Blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foul Deed were by, to equal it.
He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Child,
And Men ne'er ſpend their Fury on a Child.
What's worſe than Murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my Heart will burſt, and if I ſpeak——
And I will ſpeak, that ſo my Heart may burſt.
Butchers and Villains, bloody Cannibals,
How ſweet a Plant have you untimely cropt:
You have no Children, Butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up Remorſe;
But if you ever chance to have a Child,
Look in his Youth to have him ſo cut off,
As deathſmen you have rid this ſweet young Prince.
K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.
Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here:
Here ſheath thy Sword, I'll pardon thee my Death:
What? wilt thou not? then *Clarence* do it thou.
Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee ſo much Eaſe.
Queen. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* do thou do it.
Clar. Did'ſt thou not hear me ſwear I would not do it?
Queen. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thy ſelf:
'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.
What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil's Butcher, *Richard*,
Hard-favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy Almſdeed.
Petitioner for Blood thou ne'er pull'ſt back.
K. Edw. Away, I ſay, I charge ye bear her hence.
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.
[*Exit Queen.*
K. Edw.

K. Edw. Where's *Richard* gone?
Cla. To *London* all in poſt, and as I gueſs,
To make a bloody Supper in the *Tower*.
K. Edw. He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*,
And ſee our gentle Queen how well ſhe fares.
By this, I hope, ſhe hath a Son for me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry, *and* Glocester, *with the Lieutenant on the* Tower *Walls.*

Glo. Good day, my Lord; what at your Book ſo hard?
K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I ſhould ſay rather,
'Tis ſin to flatter, Good was little better:
Good *Glo'ſter*, and Good Devil, were alike,
And both prepoſterous; therefore, not Good Lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to our ſelves, we muſt confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
K. Henry. So flies the wreakleſs Shepherd from the Wolf,
So firſt the harmleſs Flock doth yield his Fleece,
And next his Throat unto the Butcher's Knife.
What Scene of Death hath *Roſſius* now to act?
Glo. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The Thief doth fear each Buſh an Officer.
K. Henry. The Bird that hath been limed in a buſh,
With trembling Wings miſdoubteth every buſh;
And I, the helpleſs Male to one ſweet Bird,
Have now the fatal Object in my Eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught and kill'd.
Glo. Why what a peeviſh Fool was that of *Creet*,
That taught his Son the Office of a Fowl?
And yet, for all his Wings, the Fool was drown'd.
K. Henry. I, *Dedalus*; my poor Boy, *Icarus*;
Thy Father, *Minos*, that deny'd our courſe;
The Sun that ſear'd the Wings of my ſweet Boy,
Thy Brother *Edward*; and thy ſelf, the Sea,
Whoſe envious Gulf did ſwallow up his Life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with Words,
My Breaſt can better brook thy Dagger's point,
Than can my Ears that tragick Hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?
Glo. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?

K. Henry.

K. Henry. A Perſecutor I am ſure thou art;
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.
Glo. Thy Son I kill'd for his Preſumption.
K. Henry. Hadſt thou been kill'd when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to kill a Son of mine:
And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear,
And many an old Man's ſigh, and many a Widow's,
And many an Orphan's water-ſtanding Eye,
Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands fate,
And Orphans for their Parents timeleſs Death,
Shall rue the Hour that ever thou waſt born.
The Owl ſhriek'd at thy Birth, an evil ſign,
The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding luckleſs time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees;
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's top,
And chattering Pyes in diſmal Diſcords ſung:
Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a Mother's hope,
To wit, an indigeſted deform'd Lump,
Not like the Fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy Head when thou waſt born,
To ſignifie thou cam'ſt to bite the World:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt——
Glo. I'll hear no more:
Die, Prophet, in thy Speech; [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.
K. Henry. Ay, and for much more Slaughter after this——
O God, forgive my Sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*
Glo. What? will th'aſpiring Blood of *Lancaſter*
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's death.
O may ſuch purple Tears be alway ſhed
From thoſe who wiſh the downfal of our Houſe.
If any ſpark of Life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of:

For

For I have often heard my Mother ſay,
I came into the World with my Legs forward.
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their Ruin, that uſurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,
O Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with Teeth!
And ſo I was, which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the Dog:
Then ſince the Heav'ns have ſhap'd my Body ſo,
Let Hell make crook'd my Mind to anſwer it.
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Love] which grey Beards call Divine,
Be reſident in Men like one another,
And not in me: I am my ſelf alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'ſt me from the light,
But I will ſort a pitchy Day for thee:
For I will buz abroad ſuch Prophecies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearful of his Life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy Death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son, are gone,
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the reſt;
Counting my ſelf but bad, 'till I be beſt.
I'll throw thy Body in another room,
And triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of Doom. [*Exit.*

Enter King Edward, *Queen*, Clarence, Gloceſter, Haſtings, *Nurſe, and Attendants.*

K. Edw. Once more we ſit on *England*'s Royal Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumn's Corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their Pride?
Three Dukes of *Somerſet*, threefold Renown'd,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Son,
And two *Northumberlands*; two braver Men,
Ne'er ſpurr'd their Courſers at the Trumpets ſound.
With them, the two brave Bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
And made the Foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept Suſpicion from our Seat,
And made our Footſtool of Security.
Come hither, *Beſs*, and let me kiſs my Boy:

Young

Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Unkles, and my ſelf,
Have in our Armors watch'd the winter Night,
Went all a-foot in Summers ſcalding heat,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the Crown in peace,
And of our Labours thou ſhalt reap the Gain.

Glo. I'll blaſt his Harveſt, if your Head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the World.
This Shoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave,
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that ſhall execute. [*Aſide.*

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Glo'ſter*, love my lovely Queen,
And kiſs your Princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe your Majeſty,
I ſeal upon the Lips of this ſweet Babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble *Clarence*, worthy Brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the Tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
Witneſs the loving Kiſs I give the Fruit:
To ſay the truth, ſo *Judas* kiſs'd his Maſter, [*Aſide.*
And cry'd, all hail, when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I ſeated as my Soul delights,
Having my Country's peace, and Brothers loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reignier her Father, to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*,
And hither have they ſent it for her Ranſom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*:
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately Triumphs, mirthful Comick Shows,
Such as befits the Pleaſure of the Court?
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewel ſowr Annoy,
For here, I hope, begins our laſting Joy. [*Exeunt omnes.*

P. 1617

THE
Life and Death
OF
RICHARD III:

With the Landing of the

Earl of *RICHMOND*;

AND THE

BATTEL at *Bosworth* Field.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Edward IV.
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* Edward V. } *Sons to* Edward
Richard, *Duke of* York. } IV.
George, *Duke of* Clarence, *Brother to* Edward IV.
Richard, *Duke of* Glouceſter, *Brother to* Edward IV. *afterwards King* Richard III.
Cardinal, Archbiſhop of York.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk.
Earl of Derby.
Earl of Surrey.
Marquis of Dorſet, *Son to the Queen.*
Earl Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*
Lord Gray.
Earl of Richmond, *afterwards King* Henry VII.
Biſhop of Ely.
Lord Haſtings.
Sir Richard Ratcliff, } *Friends to the D. of* Glouceſter.
Lord Lovel, }
Catesby, }
Sir James Tyrrel, *A Villain.*
Sir William Stanley.
Earl of Oxford, } *Friends to the Earl of* Richmond.
Blunt, }
Herbert, }
Sir Wm. Brandon, }
Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.
Lord Mayor.

Queen to Edward IV.
Queen Margaret, *Widow of* Henry VI.
Anne, *Widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Son to* Henry VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of* Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York, *Mother to* Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Richard III.

Sheriff, Purſuivant, Citizens, Ghoſts of thoſe murder'd by Richard III. *with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *in* England.

THE

THE LIFE and DEATH OF *RICHARD* III, *&c.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Glo'ster, solus.

NOW is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of *York*:
And all the Clouds that lowr'd upon our House,
In the deep Bosom of the Ocean bury'd.
Now are our Brows bound with Victorious Wreaths,
Our bruised Arms hung up for Monuments;
Our stern Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front;
And now, instead of mounting Barbed Steeds,

To fright the Souls of fearful Adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's Chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a Lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive Tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſs,
I, that am rudely ſtampt, and want Love's Majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing World, ſcarce half made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionable,
That Dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to paſs away the time,
Unleſs to ſee my Shadow in the Sun,
And deſcant on mine own Deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken Days,
I am determined to prove a Villain,
And hate the idle Pleaſures of theſe Days.
Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Propheſies, Libels, and Dreams,
To ſet my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And if King *Edward* be as True and Juſt,
As I am Subtle, Falſe and Treacherous,
This Day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd up,
About a Propheſie, which ſays, that *G*
Of *Edward*'s Heirs the Murtherer ſhall be.
Dive Thoughts down to my Soul, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, *and* Brakenbury, *guarded.*

Brother, good Day; what means this armed Guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majeſty, tendring my Perſon's ſafety,
Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to th' *Tower.*

Glo. Upon what Cauſe?

Clar. Becauſe my Name is *George.*

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that Fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Majeſty hath ſome intent,

That

That you ſhould be new Chriſtned in the *Tower*.
But what's the Matter, *Clarence*, may I know?
Clar. Yea *Richard*, when I know; but I proteſt
As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He harkens after Propheſies and Dreams,
And from the Croſs-row plucks the letter *G*;
And ſays a Wizard told him, that by *G*,
His Iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my Name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his Thought that I am he.
Theſe, as I learn, and ſuch like toys as theſe,
Have mov'd his Highneſs to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is, when Men are rul'd by Women,
'Tis not the King that ſends you to the *Tower*;
My Lady *Gray* his Wife, *Clarence*, 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh Extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good Man of Worſhip,
Anthony Woodvil her Brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the *Tower*
From whence this Day he is delivered.
We are not ſafe, *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.
Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no Man ſecure
But the Queen's Kindred, and Night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſs *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his Liberty.
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her Men, and wear her Livery:
The jealous o'er-worn Widow, and her ſelf,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Goſſips in our Monarchy.
Brak. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majeſty hath ſtraightly given in charge,
That no Man ſhall have private Conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with your Brother.
Glo. Even ſo, and pleaſe your worſhip, *Brakenbury*!
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no Treaſon, Man——we ſay the King

Is wife and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well ſtrook in Years, fair, and not jealous.
We ſay, that *Shore*'s Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paſſing pleaſing Tongue:
That the Queen's Kindred are made Gentle-folks.
How ſay you, Sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my Lord, my ſelf have nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſs *Shore*?
I tell thee, Fellow, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were beſt to do it ſecretly alone.
Brak. What one, my Lord?
Glo. Her Husband, Knave——would'ſt thou betray me?
Brak. I do beſeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withal forbear
Your Conferences with the noble Duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queen's Abject, and muſt obey.
Brother farewel, I will unto the King,
And whatſoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King *Edward*'s Widow, Siſter,
I will perform it to infranchiſe you.
Mean time, this deep diſgrace of Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaſeth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your Impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliver you, or elſe lye for you:
Mean time have patience.
Clar. I muſt perforce; farewel. [*Ex.* Brak. Clar.
Glo. Go tread the path that thou ſhalt ne'er return:
Simple plain *Clarence*——I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy Soul to Heav'n,
If Heav'n will take the Preſent at our Hands;
But who comes here? the new deliver'd *Haſtings?*

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to this open Air,
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd Impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience, noble Lord, as Priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall live, my Lord, to give them thanks
That were the cauſe of my Impriſonment.

Glo.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at Liberty.
Glo. What News abroad?
Hast. No News so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now by St. *John*, that news is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil Diet long,
And over-much consum'd his Royal Person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his Bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Hastings.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heav'n.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
Which lyes well steel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to bustle in.
For then, I'll marry *Warwick*'s youngest Daughter:
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for Love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my Horse to Market:
Clarence still breaths, *Edward* still lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my Gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Coarſe of Henry *the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it,* Lady Anne *being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,
If Honour may be ſhrowded in a Herſe;
Whilſt I a-while obſequiouſly lament
The untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaſter.*
Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Aſhes of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*;
Thou bloodleſs Remnant of that Royal Blood,
Be it lawful that I invocate thy Ghoſt,
To hear the Lamentations of poor *Anne,*
Wife to thy *Edward,* to thy ſlaughtred Son,
Stab'd by the ſelf ſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Lo, in theſe Windows that let forth thy Life,
I pour the helpleſs Balm of my poor Eyes.
O curſed be the hand that made theſe holes!
Curſed the Heart, that had the Heart to do it!
Curſed the Blood, that let this Blood from hence,
More direful hap beride that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnatural Aſpect,
May fright the hopeful Mother at the view;
And that be Heir to his unhappineſs.
If ever he have Wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards *Chertſey* with your holy Load,
Taken from *Paul*'s to be interred there.
And ſtill as you are weary of this weight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament King *Henry*'s Coarſe.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Gloceſter.

Glo. Stay you that bear the Coarſe, and ſet it down.

Anne.

Anne. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable Deeds?
Glo. Villains, ſet down the Coarſe; or by St. *Paul*,
I'll make a Coarſe of him that diſobeys.
Gen. My Lord, ſtand back, and let the Coffin paſs,
Glo. Unmanner'd Dog,
Stand thou when I command:
Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breaſt,
Or by St. *Paul*, I'll ſtrike thee to my Foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, Beggar, for thy boldneſs.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal Eyes cannot endure the Devil.
Avant, thou dreadful Miniſter of Hell:
Thou hadſt but power over his mortal Body,
His Soul thou canſt not have; therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
Anne. Foul Devil!
For God's ſake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou haſt made the happy Earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy hainous Deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen! ſee! ſee dead *Henry*'s wounds
Open their congeal'd Mouths, and bleed a-freſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul Deformity;
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this Blood
From cold and empty Veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhuman, and unnatural,
Provoke this Deluge moſt unnatural.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, revenge his Death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, revenge his Death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning ſtrike the Murth'rer dead,
Or Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good King's Blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man;
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.

Anne.

Anne. O wonderful, when Devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a Woman,
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit my self.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a Man,
Of these known evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glo. Fairer than Tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse my self.
Anne. Fouler than Heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no excuse that will be currant,
Unless thou hang thy self.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse my self.
Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy self;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not,
Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish Slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your Husband.
Anne. Why then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward*'s Hands.
Anne. In thy foul Throat thou ly'st,
Queen *Margaret* saw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his Blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her Breast,
But that thy Brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous Tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless Shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody Mind,
That never dream'st on ought but Butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, Hedge-Hog,
Then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked Deed:
O he was gentle, mild and virtuous.
Glo. The better for the King of Heav'n that hath him.
Anne. He is in Heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo.

Glo. Let him thank me that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some Dungeon.
Glo. Your Bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill Rest betide the Chamber where thou lyest.
Glo. So will it, Madam, 'till I lye with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our Wits,
And fall something into a slower method.
Is not the Causer of the timeless deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the Cause, and most accursst effect.
Glo. Your Beauty was the Cause of that effect:
Your Beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one hour in your sweet Bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, Homicide,
These Nails should rend that Beauty from my Cheeks.
Glo. These Eyes could not endure that Beauty's wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the World is cheered by the Sun,
So I by that; it is my Day, my Life.
Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy Day, and death thy Life.
Glo. Curse not thy self, fair Creature,
Thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy Husband,
Did it to help thee to a better Husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the Earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why that was he.

Glo.

Glo. The ſelf-ſame Name, but one of better Nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*She ſpits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal Poiſon for thy ſake.
Glo. Never came Poiſon from ſo ſweet Place.
Anne. Never hung Poiſon on a fouler Toad.
Out of my Sight, thou doſt infect mine Eyes.
Glo. Thine Eyes, ſweet Lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were Baſilisks, to ſtrike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living Death.
Thoſe Eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt Tears;
Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh Drops:
Theſe Eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful Tear,
No, when my Father *York*, and *Edward* wept,
To hear the piteous Moan that *Rutland* made,
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his Sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike Father, like a Child,
Told the ſad Story of my Father's Death,
And twenty times made Pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the Standers by had wet their Cheeks,
Like Trees be-daſh'd with Rain: In that ſad Time,
My manly Eyes did ſcorn an humble Tear:
And what theſe Sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to Friend, nor Enemy;
My Tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing Words;
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud Heart ſues, and prompts my Tongue to ſpeak.
[*She looks ſcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy Lip ſuch Scorn, for it was made
For kiſſing, Lady, not for ſuch Contempt.
If thy revengeful Heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed Sword,
Which, if thou pleaſe to hide in this true Breaſt,
And let the Soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly Stroke,
And humbly beg the Death upon my Knee.
[*He lays his Breaſt open, ſhe offers at it with his Sword.*
Nay, do not pauſe; for I did kill King *Henry*;

But

But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd young *Edward*,
But 'twas thy heav'nly Face that set me on.
[*She falls the Sword.*
Take up the Sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, Dissembler, though I wish thy Death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy Rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This Hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
Shall for thy love, kill a far truer Love;
To both their Deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy Heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my Tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.
Glo. Then never Man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your Sword.
Glo. Say then, my Peace is made.
Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All Men I hope live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this Ring.
Look how my Ring encompasseth thy Finger,
Even so thy Breast incloseth my poor Heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted Servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm this Happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad Designs
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repair to *Crosby* House:
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At *Chertsey* Monast'ry this noble King,
And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.

Anne.

Anne. With all my Heart. and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and *Barkley*, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewel.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewel already. [*Exeunt two with* Anne.
Gent. Towards *Chertsey*, Noble Lord?
Glo. Now to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming.
[*Exit Coarse.*

Was ever Woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever Woman in this humour won?
I'll have her——but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father!
To take her in her Heart's extreamest hate,
With Curses in her Mouth, Tears in her Eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her Conscience, and these Bars against me,
And I no Friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain Devil and dissembling Looks:
And yet to win her——All the World to nothing!
Hah!
Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three Months since,
Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?
A sweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature,
Young, Valiant, Wise, and, no doubt, right Royal,
The spacious World cannot again afford:
And will she thus abase her Eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widow to a woful Bed?
On me, whose All not equals *Edward*'s Moiety?
On me, that halts, and am misshapen thus?
My Dukedom to a beggarly Denier,
I do mistake my Person all this while:
Upon my Life she finds, although I cannot,
My self to be a marv'lous proper Man.
I'll be at charges for a Looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of Tailors,
To study Fashions to adorn my Body:

Since

Since I am crept in favour with my ſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little Coſt.
But firſt I'll turn yon Fellow in his Grave,
And then return lamenting to my Love.
Shine out, fair Sun, 'till I have bought a Glaſs,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, *and Lord* Gray.

Riv. Have patience, Madam, there is no doubt, his Majeſty
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd Health.
Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for God's ſake entertain good Comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry Eyes.
Queen. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a Lord.
Queen. The loſs of ſuch a Lord includes all harms.
Gray. The Heavens have bleſt you with a goodly Son
To be your Comforter when he is gone.
Queen. Ah! he is young, and his Minority
Is put unto the truſt of *Richard Glo'ſter*,
A Man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he ſhall be Protector?
Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Derby*.
Buck. Good time of Day unto your Royal Grace.
Derby. God make your Majeſty joyful, as you have been.
Queen. The Counteſs *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Derby*,
To your good Prayer will ſcarcely ſay, Amen;
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhe's your Wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud Arrogance.
Derby. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious Slanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs; which I think proceeds

From

From wayward Sickneſs, and no grounded Malice.
Queen. Saw you the King to Day, my Lord of *Derby*?
Derby. But now, the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from viſiting his Majeſty.
Queen. What likelihood of his Amendment, Lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Queen. God grant him Health; did you confer with him?
Buck. Ay, Madam, he deſires to make Atonement,
Between the Duke of *Glo'ſter* and your Brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them to his Royal Preſence.
Queen. Would all were well——but that will never be——
I fear our Happineſs is at the height.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his Ears with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in Mens Faces, ſmooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with *French* nods, and Apiſh Courteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plain Man live and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple Truth muſt be abus'd
With ſilken, ſly, inſinuating Jacks?
Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?
Glo. To thee, that haſt not Honeſty nor Grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A Plague upon you all. His Royal Grace,
Whom God preſerve, better than you would wiſh,
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd Complaints.
Queen. Brother of *Glo'ſter*, you miſtake the Matter:
The King on his own Royal Diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any Suitor elſe,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward Action ſhews it ſelf
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Self,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground.

Glo.

Glo. I cannot tell the World is grown so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle Person made a Jack. [*Glo'ster,*
Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, Brother
You envy my Advancement, and my Friends:
God grant we never may have need of you.
Glo. Mean time God grants that I have need of you.
Our Brother is imprison'd by your means,
My self disgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in Contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to enoble those,
That scarce, some two Days since, were worth a Noble.
Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have been
An earnest Advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me shameful Injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile Suspects.
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean
Of my Lord *Hastings* late Imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my Lord, for——
Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not so?
She may do more, Sir, then denying that:
She may help you to many fair Preferments,
And then deny her aiding Hand therein,
And lay those Honours on your high desert.
What may she not? she may---ay marry may she---
Riv. What marry may she?
Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King,
A Batchelor, and a handsom Stripling too:
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.
Queen. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long born
Your blunt Upbraidings, and your bitter Scoffs:
By Heav'n I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts, that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Country Servant Maid
Than a great Queen with this Condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at;
Small joy have I in being *England*'s Queen.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And leſſen'd be that ſmall, God I beſeech him:
Thy Honour, State and Seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare adventure to be ſent to th' *Tower.*
'Tis time to ſpeak,
My Pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out Devil!
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my Husband *Henry* in the *Tower,*
And *Edward,* my poor Son, at *Tewksbury.*

Glo. E'er you were Queen,
Ay, or your Husband King,
I was a pack-Horſe in his great Affairs;
A weeder out of his proud Adverſaries,
A liberal Rewarder of his Friends;
To Royalize his Blood I ſpent mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better Blood
Than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your Husband *Gray*
Were factious for the Houſe of *Lancaſter;*
And *Rivers,* ſo were you; was not your Husband,
In *Margaret*'s Battel, at Saint *Albans* ſlain?
Let me put in your Minds, if you forget,
What you have been e'er this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murth'rous Villian, and ſo ſtill thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forſake his Father *Warwick,*
Ay, and forſwore himſelf, which Jeſu pardon——

Q. Mar. Which God revenge.

Glo. To fight on *Edward*'s party for the Crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mewed up:
I would to God my Heart were Flint, like *Edward*'s,
Or *Edward*'s, ſoft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this World.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to Hell for ſhame, and leave this World,
Thou Cacodæmon, there thy Kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ſter,* in thoſe buſie Days,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereign King;
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.

Glo. If I ſhould be!——I had rather be a Pedlar;
Far be it from my Heart, the thought thereof.
Queen. As little Joy, my Lord, as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this Country's King,
As little Joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little Joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out
In ſharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that I am Queen, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villain do not turn away.
Glo. Foul wrinkl'd Witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wer't thou not baniſhed on pain of Death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in Baniſhment,
Than Death can yield me here by my abode.
A Husband and a Son thou ow'ſt to me, [*To* Glo.
And thou a Kingdom, all of you Allegiance; [*To the Queen.*
This Sorrow that I have by Right is yours,
And all the Pleaſures you uſurp are mine.
Glo. The Curſe my Noble Father laid on thee,
When thou didſt Crown his warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy Scorns drew'ſt Rivers from his Eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'ſt the Duke a Clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs Blood of pretty *Rutland*;
His Curſes, then from bitterneſs of Soul
Denounc'd againſt thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, have plagu'd thy bloody Deed.
Q. Mar. So juſt is God, to right the Innocent.
Haſt. O, 'twas the foulеſt Deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſs that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept, when it was reported.
Dorſ. No Man but propheſied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q. Mar. What! were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the Throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York*'s dread Curſe prevail ſo much with Heav'n,
That *Henry*'s Death, my lovely *Edward*'s Death,
Their Kingdom's loſs, my woful Baniſhment,
Should all but anſwer for that peeviſh Brat?
Can Curſes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven?
Why then give way, dull Clouds, to my quick Curſes.
Though not by War, by Surfeit dye your King,
As ours by Murther to make him a King.
Edward thy Son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our Son, that was Prince of *Wales*,
Die in his Youth, by like untimely Violence.
Thy ſelf a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy Glory, like my wretched ſelf:
Long may'ſt thou live to wail thy Childrens Death,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine.
Long die thy happy Days, before thy Death,
And after many length'ned hours of Grief,
Die neither Mother, Wife, nor *England*'s Queen.
Rivers and *Dorſet*, you were Standers-by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my Son
Was ſtabb'd with bloody Daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural Age,
But be by ſome unlook'd-for Accident cut off.

Glo. Have done thy Charm, thou hateful wither'd Hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay Dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.
If Heavens have any grievous Plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O let them keep it, 'till thy Sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their Indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor World's peace.
The worm of Conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy Soul,
Thy Friends ſuſpect for Traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep Traitors for thy deareſt Friends:
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly Eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting Dream
Affright thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.
Thou elviſh-markt, abortive rooting Hog,
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Nativity
The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:

Thou

Thou ſlander of thy heavy Mother's Womb;
Thou loathed Iſſue of thy Father's Loins,
Thou Rag of Honour, thou deteſted———
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard.
Glo. Ha!
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou had'ſt call'd me all theſe bitter Names.
Q. Mar. Why ſo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*
Queen. Thus have you breath'd your Curſe againſt your ſelf.
Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my Fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, Fool, thou whet'ſt a Knife to kill thy ſelf:
The Day will come that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To help thee curſe this poyſonous Bunch-back'd Toad.
Haſt. Falſe boading Woman, end thy frantick Curſe,
Leſt to thy harm thou move our Patience.
Q. Mar. Foul ſhame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your Duty.
Q. Mar. To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me Duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
O ſerve me well, and teach your ſelves that Duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is Lunatick.
Q. Mar. Peace, Maſter Marqueſs, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtamp of Honour is ſcarce currant.
O that your young Nobility can judge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high have many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.
Glo. Good Counſel marry, learn it, learn it, Marqueſs.
Dorſ. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born ſo high;
Our airy buildeth in the Cedar's top,
And dallies with the Wind, and ſcorns the Sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the Sun to ſhade; alas! alas!
Witneſs my Son now in the ſhade of Death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams, thy cloudy Wrath

Hath in eternal Darkneſs folded up.
Your airy buildeth in our airies Neſt;
O God, that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it,
As it is won with Blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Peace, peace for ſhame, if not for Charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither Charity nor Shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My Charity is Outrage, Life my Shame,
And in that Shame, ſtill live my Sorrow's rage.
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiſs thy Hand,
In ſign of League and Amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy Noble Houſe;
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with our Blood;
Nor thou within the compaſs of my Curſe.
Buck. Nor no one here; for Curſes never paſs
The Lips of thoſe that breathe them in the Air.
Q. Mar. I will not think but they aſcend the Sky,
And there awake God's gentle ſleeping Peace.
O *Buckingham*, take care of yonder Dog;
Look when he fawns he bites; and when he bites,
His venom Tooth will rankle to the Death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, Death and Hell have ſet their marks on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious Lord.
Q. Mar. What, doſt thou ſcorn me
For my gentle Counſel?
And ſooth the Devil that I warn thee from?
O but remember this another Day;
When he ſhalt ſplit thy very Heart with Sorrow;
And ſay poor *Margaret* was a Prophetеſs.
Live each of you the Subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's. [*Exit.*
Buck. My Hair doth ſtand an end to hear her Curſes.
Riv. And ſo doth mine: I muſe why ſhe's at Liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorſ.

Dorſ. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry, as for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,
God pardon them that are the cauſe thereof.
Riv. A virtuous and a Chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcathe to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd. [*Aſide.*
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelf.

Enter Catesby.

Cateſ. Madam, his Majeſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours, my gracious Lord.
Queen. Catesby, I come; Lords, will you go with me?
Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but* Gloceſter.

Glo. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret Miſchiefs that I ſet a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous Charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have caſt in Darkneſs,
I do beweep to many ſimple Gulls,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her Allies
That ſtir the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorſet*, *Gray*.
But then I ſigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloath my naked Villany
With odd old Ends, ſtoln forth of Holy Writ,
And ſeem a *Saint*, when moſt I play the *Devil*.

Enter two Villains.

But ſoft, here come my Executioners:
How, now my hardy ſtout reſolved Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
1 *Vil.* We are, my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted, where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby* Place.
But, Sirs, be ſudden in the Execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-ſpoken, and, perhaps,
May move your Hearts to pity, if you mark him.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to uſe our Hands, and not our Tongues.
Glo. Your Eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fools Eyes fall Tears.
I like you Lads, about your buſineſs ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vil. We will, my Noble Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clarence *and Keeper.*

Keep. Why looks your Grace ſo heavily to day?
Clar. O I have paſt a miſerable Night,
So full of fearful Dreams of ugly Sights,
That, as I am a Chriſtian faithful Man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a Night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy Days:
So full of diſmal Terror was the time.
Keep. What was your dream, my Lord, I pray you tell me.
Cla. Methoughts that I had broken from the *Tower*,
And was embark'd to croſs to *Burgundy*,
And in my Company my Brother *Glo'ſter*,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the Hatches. There we look'd toward *England*,
And cited up a thouſand heavy Times,
During the Wars of *York* and *Lancaſter*,
That had befal'n us. As he pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought that *Glo'ſter* ſtumbled, and in falling
Struck me, that thought to ſtay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling Billows of the Main.
O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful Noiſe of Waters in mine Ears!
What ſights of ugly Death within mine Eyes!
Methoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearful Wracks;
A thouſand Men that Fiſhes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearl,

Ineſtimable

Ineſtimable Stones, unvalued Jewels
All ſcatter'd in the bottom of the Sea:
Some lay in dead Mens Skulls, and in the holes
Where Eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in ſcorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the Deep,
And mock'd the dead Bones that lay ſcatter'd by.
Keep. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of Death,
To gaze upon the Secrets of the Deep?
Clar. Methought I had, and often did I ſtrive
To yield the Ghoſt; but ſtill the envious Flood
Stop'd in my Soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring Air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting Bulk,
Who almoſt burſt to belch it in the Sea.
Keep. Awak'd you not in this ſore Agony?
Clar. No, no, my Dream was lengthen'd after Life.
O then began the Tempeſt to my Soul:
I paſt, methought, the melancholy Flood,
With that ſour Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Unto the Kingdom of perpetual Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoul,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned *Warwick*,
Who ſpake aloud——What Scourge for Perjury
Can this dark Monarchy afford falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angel, with bright Hair
Dabbl'd in Blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the Field by *Tewkſbury*;
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto Torment——
With that, methought, a Legion of foul Fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine Ears
Such hideous Cries, that with the very Noiſe,
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after
Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
Such terrible Impreſſions made my Dream.
Keep. No marvel, Lord, tho' it affrighted you,
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done theſe things,
That now give evidence againſt my Soul,

For

For *Edward*'s ſake; and ſee how he requites me.
O God! if my deep Prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my Miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy Wrath on me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſs Wife, and my poor Children.
Keeper, I prithee ſit by me a-while,
My Soul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

Keep. I will, my Lord, God give your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury *the Lieutenant.*

Brak. Sorrow breaks Seaſons and repoſing hours,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide Night:
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honour, for an inward Toil,
And for unfelt Imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs Cares:
So that between their Titles and low Name,
There's nothing differs but the outward Fame.

Enter two Villains.

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's here?

Brak. What would'ſt thou, Fellow? And how cam'ſt thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legs.

Brak. What, ſo brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious:
Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talk no more.

Brak. I am in this commanded, to deliver [*Reads.*
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your Hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs from the meaning.
There lyes the Duke aſleep, and there the Keys.
I'll to the King, and ſignifie to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of Wiſdom:
Fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Why he ſhall never wake, until the great Judgment Day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he'll ſay, we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word Judgment, hath bred a kind of Remorſe in me.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a Warrant.
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I thought thou hadſt been reſolute.

2 *Vil.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ſter*, and tell him ſo.

2 *Vil.* Nay, prithee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate Humour of mine will change;
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Vil.* How doſt thou feel thy ſelf now?

2 *Vil.* Some certain dregs of Conſcience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the Reward, when the Deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy Conſcience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ſter*'s Purſe.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his Purſe to give us our Reward, thy Conſcience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a Man a Coward: A Man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a Man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a Man cannot lye with his Neighbour's Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhamefac'd Spirit, that mutinies in a Man's Boſom: It fills a Man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſe of Gold that, by chance, I found. It beggars any Man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of Towns and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every Man that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſwading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not: He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 *Vil.* I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall Man, that reſpects thy Reputation. Come, ſhall me fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him on the Coſtard, with the Hilt of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmſie-butt in the next Room.

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* Oexcellent Device, and make a Sop of him.
1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes.
2 *Vil.* Strike.
1 *Vil.* No; we'll reaſon with him.
Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? Give me Cup of Wine.
2 *Vill.* You ſhall have Wine enough, my Lord, anon.
Clar. In God's Name, what art thou?
1 *Vil.* A Man, as you are.
Clar. But not as I am, Royal.
1 *Vil.* Nor you as we are, Loyal.
Clar. Thy Voice is thunder, but thy Loooks are humble.
1 *Vil.* My Voice is now the King's, my Looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak?
Your Eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?
2 *Vil.* To, to, to———
Clar. To Murther me?
Both. Ay, ay.
Clar. You ſcarcely have the Hearts to tell me ſo;
And therefore cannot have the Hearts to do it.
Wherein, my Friends, have I offended you?
1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.
Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of Men,
To ſlay the innocent? What's my Offence?
Where is the Evidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawful Queſt have given their Verdict up
Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence*'s Death?
Before I be convict by courſe of Law,
To threaten me with Death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſs,
That you depart, and lay no Hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.
2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.
Clar. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of this Law commanded,
That Thou ſhalt do no Murther; Will you then
Spurn at his Edicts, and fulfil a Man's?

Take

Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his Hand
To hurl upon their Heads that break his Law.
2 *Vil.* And that same Vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for Murther too:
Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the House of *Lancaster*.
1 *Vil.* And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Unripp'st the Bowels of thy Soveraign's Son.
2 *Vil.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murther me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publickly,
Take not the quarrel from his powerful Arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody Minister,
When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely Novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My Brother's Love, the Devil, and my Rage.
1 *Vil.* Thy Brother's Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my Brother *Glo'ster*:
Who shall reward you better for my Life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my Death.
2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd,
Your Brother *Glo'ster* hates you.
Clar. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
1 *Vil.* Ay, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our Princely Father *York*,
Blest his three Sons with his victorious Arm,

He

He little thought of this divided Friendſhip:
Bid *Glo'ſter* think on this, and he will weep.
1 *Vil.* Ay, Milſtones; as he leſſon'd us to weep.
Clar. O do not ſlander him, for he is kind,
1 *Vil.* Right, as Snow in Harveſt:
Come, you deceive your ſelf,
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his Arms, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my Delivery,
1 *Vil.* Why ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earth's thraldom, to the joys of Heav'n.
2 *Val.* Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my Lord.
Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your Souls,
To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own Souls ſo blind,
That you will War with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, conſider, they that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2 *Vil.* What ſhall we do?
Clar. Relent, and ſave your Souls:
Which of you, if you were a Prince's Son,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch Murtherers as your ſelves came to you,
Would not intreat for Life, as you would beg
Were you in my diſtreſs.
1 *Vil.* Relent? no; 'tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
My Friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks:
O, if thine Eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?
2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.
1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the Malmſey-Butt within. [*Exit.*
2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht:
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I waſh my Hands
Of this moſt grievous Murther.

Enter

Enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heav'n, the Duke ſhall know how ſlack you have been,

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his Brother;
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlain, [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go Coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the Body in ſome hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his Burial:
And when I have my Meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward *ſick, the Queen,* Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, *and* Woodvil.

K. Edw. WHY ſo; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers continue this united League:
I every day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.
And more in peace my Soul ſhall part to Heav'n,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on Earth;
Haſtings and *Rivers,* take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your Hatred, ſwear your Love.

Riv. By Heav'n, my Soul is purg'd from bearing Hate,
And with my Hand I ſeal my true Heart's Love.

Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like.

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he, that is the ſupream King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect Love.

Riv. And I, as I love *Haſtings* with my Heart.

K. Edw. Madam, your ſelf is not exempt from this;
Nor you Son *Dorſet, Buckingham* nor you;
You have been factious one againſt the other.

Wife,

Wife, love Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſs your Hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Queen. There *Haſtings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thrive I, and mine.
K. Edw. Dorſet, embrace him:
Haſtings, love Lord Marqueſs.
Dorſ. This interchange of Love, I here proteſt
Upon my part, ſhall be inviolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſwear I.
K. Edw. Now Princely *Buckingham*, ſeal thou this League
With thy embracements to my Wife's Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous Love, [*To the Queen.*
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love:
When I have moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me; this do I beg of Heav'n,
When I am cold in love, to you or yours.
[*Embracing* Rivers, *&c.*
K. Edw. A pleaſing Cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow unto my ſickly Heart.
There wanteth now our Brother *Glo'ſter* here,
To make the bleſſed Period of this Peace.
Buck. And in good time,
Here comes Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, and the Duke.
Enter Ratcliff *and* Glouceſter.
Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen,
And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.
K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have ſpent the day:
Glo'ſter, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made Peace of Enmity, fair love of hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peers.
Glo. A bleſſed Labour, my moſt Sovereign Lord:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By falſe Intelligence, or wrong Surmiſe
Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my Rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly born,
To any in this Preſence, I deſire

To

To reconcile me to his friendly Peace:
'Tis death to me to be at Enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good Mens love.
First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous Service.
Of you my noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
Of you, and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
With whom my Soul is any jot at odds,
More than the Infant that is born to night;
I thank my God for my Humility.

Queen. A Holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd Love for this,
To be so flouted in this Royal Presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? [*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his Coarse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead!
Who knows he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heav'n, what a World is this?

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dors. Ay, my good Lord; and no Man in the presence,
But his red Colour hath forsook his Cheeks.

K. Edw. Is *Clarence* dead? the Order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor Man, by your first Order died,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
That come too lag to see him buried.
God grant, that some less Noble, and less Loyal,
Nearer in bloody Thoughts, and not in Blood,
Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from suspicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Derby. A boon, my Soveraign, for my Service done.

K. Edw. I prithee peace, my Soul is full of sorrow.

Derby. I will not riſe, unleſs your Highneſs hear me.
K. Edw. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ſt.
Derby. The forfeit, Soveraign, of my Servant's Life,
Who ſlew to day a riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.
K. Edw. Have I a Tongue to doom my Brother's death?
And ſhall that Tongue give pardon to a Slave?
My Brother kill'd no Man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter Death.
Who ſued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my Feet; and bid me be advis'd?
Who ſpoke of Brotherhood? who ſpoke in love?
Who told me, how the poor Soul did forſake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the Field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he reſcued me?
And ſaid, dear Brother live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himſelf,
All thin and naked, to the num cold Night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a Man of you
Had ſo much Grace to put it in my Mind.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vaſſals
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our dear Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your Knees for Pardon, Pardor,
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a Man would ſpeak,
Nor I, ungracious, ſpake unto my ſelf
For him, poor Soul. The proudeſt of you all,
Have been beholding to him in his Life:
Yet none of you, would once beg for his Life.
O God! I fear thy Juſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* help me to my Cloſet.
Ah poor *Clarence*. [*Exeunt ſome with the King and Queen.*
Glo. This is the fruits of Raſhneſs: Mark'd you not,
How that the kindred of the Queen

Look'd

Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*'s Death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our Company?
Buck. We wait upon your Grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Dutcheſs of York, *with the two Children of* Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No, Boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your Breaſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*! my unhappy Son?
Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your Head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Caſtaways,
If that our Noble Father were alive?
Dutch. My pretty Couſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the Sickneſs of the King,
As loth to loſe him, not your Father's Death;
It were loſt Sorrow to wail one that's loſt.
Son. Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead:
The King mine Uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt Prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Dutch. Peace, Children, peace; the King doth love you well,
Incapable and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your Father's Death.
Son. Grandam, we can; for my good Uncle *Glo'ſter*
Told me, the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Deviſ'd Impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiſt my Cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me dearly as a Child.
Dutch. Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle Shape,
And with a virtuous Vizard hide deep Vice.
He is my Son, ay, and therein my Shame,
Yet from my Dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my Uncle did diſſemble, Grandam?
Dutch. Ay, Boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noiſe is this?
Enter the Queen with her Hair about her Ears, Rivers *and* Dorſet *after her.*
Queen. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my Fortune and torment my ſelf?
I'll join with black Deſpair againſt my Soul,
And to my ſelf become an Enemy——
Dutch. What means this Scene of rude Impatience?
Queen. To make an act of Tragick Violence.
Edward, my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Root is gone?
Why wither not the Leaves that want their Sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our ſwift-winged Souls may catch the King's,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdom of ne'er changing Night.
Dutch. Ah, ſo much intereſt have I in thy Sorrow,
As I had Title to thy Noble Husband;
I have bewept a worthy Husband's Death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images;
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant Death,
And I for comfort have but one falſe Glaſs,
That grieves me when I ſee my Shame in him.
Thou art a Widow, yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left;
But Death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine Arms,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble Hands,
Clarence and *Edward*. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy Woes, and drown thy Cries.
Son. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Father's Death;
How can we aid you with our Kindred Tears?
Daugh. Our Fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your Widow dolour likewiſe be unwept.
Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth Complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine Eyes,
That I being govern'd by the watry Moon,

May ſend forth plenteous Tears to drown the World.
Ah, for my Husband——for my dear Lord *Edward*——
Chil. Ah, for our Father, for our dear Lord *Clarence.*
Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence.*
Queen. What ſtay had I, but *Edward*? and he's gone.
Chil. What ſtay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
Dutch. What ſtays had I, but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never Widow had ſo dear a Loſs.
Chil. Were never Orphans had ſo dear a Loſs.
Dutch. Was never Mother had ſo dear a Loſs.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Griefs,
Their Woes are parcell'd, mine is general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weep, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt
Pour all your Tears, I am your Sorrows Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
Dorſ. Comfort, dear Mother; God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with unthankfulneſs his doing.
In common worldly Things 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingneſs to repay a Debt,
Which with a bounteous Hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with Heav'n,
For it requires the Royal Debt it lent you.
Rivers. Madam, bethink you like a careful Mother
Of the young Prince your Son; ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drown deſperate Sorrow in dead *Edward*'s Grave,
And plant your Joys in living *Edward*'s Throne.
Enter Glouceſter, Buckingham, Derby, Haſtings *and* Ratcliff.
Glo. Siſter, have comfort, all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining Star:
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you Mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my Knee
I crave your Bleſſing.
Dutch. God bleſs thee, and put Meekneſs in thy Breaſt,
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old Man,
That is the butt end of a Mother's Bleſſing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-ſorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of Moan,
Now cheer each other in each others Love;
Though we have ſpent our Harveſt of this King,
We are to reap the Harveſt of his Son.
The broken rancor of your high-ſwoln hates,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſht and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fet
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.
Riv. Why with ſome little Train,
My Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buck. Marry, my Lord, leſt, by a Multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould break out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the Eſtate is green, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horſe bears his commanding Rein,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my Opinion, ought to be prevented.
Glo. I hope the King made Peace with all of us,
And the compact is firm and true in me.
Riv. And ſo in me, and ſo, I think, in all,
Yet ſince it is but green it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelyhood of breach,
Which haply by much Company might be urg'd;
Therefore I ſay, with Noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.
Haſt. And ſo ſay I.
Glo. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtreight ſhall poſt to *London*.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To give your Cenſures in this Buſineſs? [*Exeunt.*
[*Manent* Buckingham *and* Glouceſter.
Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's ſake let not us two ſtay at home;
For by the way, I'll ſort occaſion,

As

As Index to the Story we lately talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.
Glo. My other self, my Counsel's Consistory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Cousin,
I, as a Child, will go by thy direction.
Toward *London* then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter one Citizen at one Door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, Neighbour, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my self:
Hear you the News abroad?
1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill News by'r Lady, seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy World.
Enter another Citizen.
3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed.
1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the News hold of good King *Edward*'s Death?
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true, God help the while.
3 *Cit.* Then Masters look to see a troublous World.
1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good Grace, his Son shall Reign.
3 *Cit.* Wo to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of Government:
Which in his Non-age, Counsel under him,
And in his full and ripened Years, himself
No doubt shall then, and 'till then govern well.
1 *Cit.* So stood the State when *Henry* the Sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine Months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the State so? No, no, good Friends, God wot;
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave Counsel; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.
1 *Cit.* Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his Father;
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For Emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*,

And the Queen's Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land might ſolace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worſt, all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When Clouds are ſeen, wiſe Men put on their Cloaks;
When great Leaves fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun ſets, who doth not look for Night?
Untimely Storms make Men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more than we deſerve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the Hearts of Men are full of fear;
You cannot reaſon, almoſt, with a Man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of Change, ſtill is it ſo
By a divine inſtinct Mens Minds miſtruſt
Purſuing Danger; as by proof we ſee
The Water ſwell before a boiſt'rous Storm;
But leave it all to God, whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry we were ſent for to the Juſtices.

3 *Cit.* And ſo was I, I'll bear you Company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Archbiſhop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *the Queen, and the Dutcheſs.*

Arch. Laſt Night I heard they lay at *Stony Stratford*,
And at *Northampton* they do reſt to Night:
To morrow or next day they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my Heart to ſee the Prince;
I hope he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.

Queen. But I hear no, they ſay my Son of *York*
Has almoſt overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, Mother, but I would not have it ſo.

Dutch. Why, my good Couſin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one Night as we did ſit at Supper,
My Uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my Brother. Ay, quoth my Uncle *Glo'ſter*,
Small Herbs have Grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, methinks I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet Flowers are ſlow, and Weeds make haſte.

Dutch.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if his Rule were true, he should be gracious.
York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dutch. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
York. Now by my troth, if I had been remembred,
I could have given my Uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dutch. How, my young *York*,
I prithee let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my Uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a Crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years e'er I could get a Tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting Jest.
Dutch. I prithee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his Nurse.
Dutch. His Nurse! why she was dead e'er thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Queen. A parlous Boy——Go to, you are too shrewd.
Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a Child.
Queen. Pitchers have Ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messenger: What News?
Mes. Such News, my Lord, as grieves me to report.
Queen. How doth the Prince?
Mes. Well, Madam, and in Health.
Dutch. What is thy News?
Mes. Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are sent to *Pomfret*, and with them
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners.
Dutch. Who hath committed them?
Mes. The mighty Dukes, *Glo'ster* and *Buckingham*.
Arch. For what Offence?
Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.
Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my House;
The Tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hind.
Insulting Tyranny begins to jut

Upon

Upon the innocent and awleſs Throne;
Welcome Deſtruction, Blood and Maſſacre,
I ſee, as in a Map, the end of all.
Dutch. Accurſed and unquiet wrangling Days,
How many of you have mine Eyes beheld;
My Husband loſt his Life to get the Crown,
And often up and down my Sons were toſt,
For me to joy and weep, their gain and loſs.
And being ſeated, and Domeſtick broils
Clean over blown, themſelves, the Conquerors,
Make War upon themſelves, Brother to Brother,
Blood to Blood, ſelf againſt ſelf: O prepoſt'rous
And frantick Outrage! end thy damned Spleen,
Or let me die, to look on Earth no more.
Queen. Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewel.
Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.
Queen. You have no cauſe.
Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your Treaſure and your Goods,
For my part, I'll reſign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep, and ſo betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter Prince of Wales, *the Dukes of* Glouceſter *and* Buckingham, *Archbiſhop, with others.*

Buck. WElcome ſweet Prince to *London*,
To your Chamber.
Glo. Welcome dear Couſin, my thoughts Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you Melancholy.
Prince. No, Uncle, but our croſſes on the Way
Have made it tedious, weariſom and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted Virtue of your Years
Hath not yet div'd into the World's deceit:

No

No more can you distinguish of a Man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the Heart.
Those Uncles which you want were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their suger'd Words,
But look'd not on the poison of their Hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false Friends.
Prince. God keep me from false Friends,
But they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with Health and Happy Days.
Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought my Mother, and my Brother *York*,
Would long e'er this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.
Prince. Welcome, my Lord; what, will our Mother come?
Hast. On what Occasion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your Mother, and your Brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely Brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous Arms pluck him perforce.
Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak Oratory
Can from his Mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild Entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Privilege
Of blessed Sanctuary; not for all this Land
Would I be guilty of so great Sin.
Buck. You are too senseless obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional,

Weigh

Weigh it but with the groſſneſs of this Age,
You break not Sanctuary, in ſeizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the Place,
And thoſe who have the wit to claim the Place:
This Prince hath never claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it,
Therefore, in mine Opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no Privilege nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary Men,
But Sanctuary Children, ne'er 'till now.

Arch. My Lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my Mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Haſtings*, will you go with me?

Haſt. I go, my Lord. [*Exeunt Archbiſhop and* Haſtings.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.
Say, Uncle *Glo'ſter*, if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn 'till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your Royal ſelf.
If I may counſel you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the *Tower*:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt Health and Recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any Place;
Did *Julius Cæſar* build that Place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that Place,
Which ſince, ſucceeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon Record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from Age to Age he built it?

Buck. Upon Record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But ſay, my Lord, it were not Regiſtred,
Methinks the Truth ſhould live from Age to Age,
As 'twere retail'd to all Poſterity,
Even to the general ending Day.

Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay do never live long.

Prince. What ſay you, Uncle?

Glo. I ſay, without Characters Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, [*Aſide.*
I moralize two meanings in one Word.

Prince. That *Julius Cæſar* was a famous Man;
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit ſet down, to make his Valour live:

Death

Death makes no Conqueſt of his Conqueror.
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
I'll tell you what, my Couſin *Buckingham*.
Buck. What, my gracious Lord?
Prince. And if I live until I be a Man,
I'll win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a Soldier, as I liv'd a King.
Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.
Enter York, Haſtings, *and Archbiſhop.*
Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *York*.
Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our Noble Brother?
York. Well, my dear Lord, ſo muſt I call you now.
Prince. Ay, Brother, to our Grief as it is yours;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that Title,
Which by his Death hath loſt much Majeſty.
Glo. How fares our Couſin, Noble Lord of *York*?
York. I thank you, gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid, that idle Weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my Brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my fair Couſin I muſt not ſay ſo.
York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinſman.
York. I pray you, Uncle, give me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger, little Couſin? with all my Heart.
Prince. A Beggar, Brother?
York. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy it is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater Gift than that I'll give my Couſin.
York. A greater Gift? O, that's the Sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle Couſin, were it light enough.
York. O then I ſee you will part but with light Gift,
In weightier things you'll ſay a Beggar Nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.

Prince.

Prince. My Lord of *York* will ever be crosſ in talk:
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your Shoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharp provided Wit he reaſons:
To mitigate the Scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf;
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.
Glo. My Lord, wilt pleaſe you paſs along?
My ſelf, and my good Couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector will have it ſo.
York. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the *Tower*.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you fear?
York. Marry, my Uncle *Clarence* angry Ghoſt:
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.
Prince. I fear no Uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. And if I live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy Heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.

[*Exeunt Prince*, York, Haſtings *and* Dorſet.

Manent Glouceſter, Buckingham *and* Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtle Mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a parlous Boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He is all the Mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them reſt: Come hither, *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our Reaſons urg'd upon the Way,
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſie Matter
To make *William* Lord *Haſtings* of our Mind,
For the Inſtalment of this Noble Duke,
In the ſeat Royal of this famous Iſle?

Cateſ. He for his Father's ſake ſo loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought againſt him.
Buck. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley*? Will not he?
Cateſ. He will do all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Go, gentle *Catesby*, and as it were far off
Sound thou Lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our Purpoſe,
And ſummon him to 'Morrow to the *Tower*,
To ſit about the Coronation.
If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our Reaſons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too, and ſo break off the Talk,
And give us notice of his Inclination:
For we to Morrow hold divided Councils,
Wherein thy ſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adverſaries
To morrow are let Blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good News,
Give Miſtreſs *Shore* one gentle Kiſs the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this Buſineſs ſoundly.
Cateſ. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, e'er we ſleep?
Cateſ. You ſhall, my Lord.
Glo. At *Crosby* Houſe there you ſhall find us both.
Buck. Now, my Lord, [*Exit* Catesby.
What ſhall we do, if we perceive
Lord *Haſtings* will not yield to our Complots?
Glo. Chop off his Head:
Something we will determine:
And look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all the Moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was poſſeſt.
Buck. I'll claim that promiſe at your Grace's Hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come, let us ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our Complots in ſome form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter a Meſſenger to the Door of Haſtings.

Meſ. My Lord, my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks?
Meſ. One from the Lord *Stanly*.
Haſt. What is't a Clock?
Meſ. Upon the ſtroak of four.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Cannot my Lord *Stanly* ſleep theſe tedious Nigh
Meſ. So it appears by what I have to ſay:
Firſt, he commends him to your noble Self.
Haſt. What then?
Meſ. Then certifies your Lordſhip, that this Night
He dreamt the Boar had raſed off his Helm:
Beſides, he ſays there are two Councils kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhip's pleaſure,
If you will preſently take Horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him toward the North,
To ſhun the danger that his Soul divines.
Haſt. Go Fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the ſeparated Council:
His Honour and my ſelf are at the one,
And at the other is my good Friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have Intelligence:
Tell him his Fears are ſhallow without inſtance;
And for his Dreams, I wonder he's ſo ſimple
To truſt the mock'ry of unquiet Slumbers.
To fly the Boar, before the Boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the Boar to follow us,
And make purſuit where he did mean no chaſe.
Go, bid thy Maſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the *Tower*.
Where he ſhall ſee the Boar will uſe us kindly.
Meſ. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you ſay. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my Noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What News, what News in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
'Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.

Hast. How! wear the Garland?
Dost thou mean the Crown?

Cates. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this Crown of mine cut from my Shoulders,
Before I'll see the Crown so foul misplac'd;
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my Life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his Party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good News,
That this same very Day your Enemies,
The Kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that News,
Because they have been still my Adversaries;
But that I'll give my Voice on *Richard*'s Side,
To bar my Master's Heirs in true Descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious Mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a Twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Master's Hate,
I live to look upon their Tragedy.
Well *Catesby*, e'er a Fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When Men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and so 'twill do
With some Men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you——
For they account his Head upon the Bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Boar-ſpear, Man?
Fear you the Boar, and go ſo unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow, good morrow, *Catesby*;
You may jeſt on, but by the holy Rood,
I do not like theſe ſeveral Councils, I.

Haſt. My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours,
And never in my Days, I do proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know the State ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and ſuppos'd their States were ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt;
But yet you ſee how ſoon the Day o'er-caſt.
The ſudden ſtab of Rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I prove a needleſs Coward.
What, ſhall we toward the *Tower*? the Day is ſpent.

Haſt. Come, come, have with you:
Wot ye what, my Lord,
To day, the Lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their Truth, might better wear their Heads,
Than ſome that have accus'd them wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Purſuivant.

Haſt. Go on before, I'll talk with this good Fellow.

[*Exeunt Lord* Stanley *and* Catesby.

How now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee?

Purſ. The better, that you Lordſhip pleaſe to ask.

Haſt. I tell thee Man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt where now we meet;
Then was I going Priſoner to the *Tower*,
By the Suggeſtion of the Queen's Allies.
But now I tell thee, keep it to thy ſelf,
This Day thoſe Enemies are put to death,
And I in better State than e'er I was.

Purſ. God hold it to your Honour's good Content.

Haſt. Gramercy Fellow; there drink that for me.

[*Throws him his Purſe.*

Purſ. I thank your Honour. [*Exit Purſuivant.*

Enter a Prieſt.

Prieſt. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to ſee your Honour.

Haſt. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my Heart.
I am in your debt for your laſt Exerciſe;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Prieſt. I'll wait upon your Lordſhip.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Prieſt, Lord Chamberlain?
Your Friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the Prieſt,
Your Honour hath no ſhriving work in hand.

Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy Man,
The Men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the *Tower*?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot ſtay there:
I ſhall return before your Lordſhip thence.

Haſt. Nay, like enough, for I'll ſtay Dinner there.

Buck. And Supper too, although thou know'ſt it not. [*Aſide.*
Come, will you go?

Haſt. I'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, *with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to Death at* Pomfret.

Riv. Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,
To day ſhalt thou behold a Subject dye
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

Gray. God bleſs the Prince from all the pack of you,
A Knot you are of damned Blood-ſuckers.

Vaugh. You live that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Diſpatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody Priſon!
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers,
Within the guilty cloſure of thy Walls
Richard the Second here was hackt to Death:
And for more ſlander to thy diſmal Seat,
We give to thee our guiltleſs Blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Margaret*'s Curſe is faln upon our Heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on *Haſtings*, you and I,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtab'd her Son.

Riv. Then curs'd she *Richard*,
Then curs'd she *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember God
To hear her Prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my Sister and her Princely Sons,
Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true Blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste, the hour of Death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let us here embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in Heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, *Bishop of* Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Lovel, *with others, at a Table.*

Hast. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In God's Name speak, when is the Royal Day?
Buck. Are all things ready for the Royal time?
Derby. They are and want but Nomination.
Ely. To Morrow then I judge a happy Day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's Mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his Mind.
Buck. We know each others Faces; for our Hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:
Lord *Hastings*, you and he are near in Love.
Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honourable Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my Voice,
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.
Enter Gloucester.
Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.
Glo. My Noble Lords and Cousins all, good morrow;
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great Design,

Which

Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your Cue my Lord,
William Lord *Hastings*, had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your Voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Than my Lord *Hastings* no Man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourn*,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* Ely.
Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our Business,
And finds the testy Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head e'er give consent
His Master's Child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the Royalty of *England*'s Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your self a while, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt.*
Derby. We have not yet set down this Day of Triumph:
To Morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden,
For I my self am not so well provided,
As else I would be were the Day prolong'd.
Enter Bishop of Ely.
Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of *Glocester*?
I have sent for these Strawberries.
Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this Morning,
There's some Conceit or other likes him well
When that he bids good Morrow with such Spirit.
I think there's never a Man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his Love or Hate than he,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.
Derby. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelihood he shew'd to Day?
Hast. Marry that with no Man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his Looks.
Enter Glocester *and* Buckingham.
Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my Death with devilish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my Body, with their hellish Charms.

Haſt. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this Princely preſence,
To doom th'Offenders, whoſoe'er they be:
I ſay, my Lord, they have deſerved Death.
Glo. Then be your Eyes the witneſs of their Evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine Arm
Is like a blaſted Sapling wither'd up:
And this is *Edward*'s Wife, that monſtrous Witch,
Conſorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haſt. If they have done this Deed, my Noble Lord——
Glo. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Iffs? thou art a Traitor——
Off with his Head——now by Saint *Paul* I ſwear,
I will not dine until I ſee the ſame.
Lovel and *Ratcliff*, look that it be done:
The reſt that love me, riſe and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lovel *and* Ratcliff, *with the Lord* Haſtings.

Haſt. Wo, wo for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanly did dream the Boar did raſe our Helms,
And I did ſcorn it, and diſdain to fly:
Three times to day my Foot-cloth Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he look'd upon the *Tower*,
As loath to bear me to the Slaughter-houſe.
O now I need the Prieſt that ſpake to me:
I now repent I told the Purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my ſelf ſecure in Grace and Favour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heavy Curſe
Is lighted on poor *Haſtings* wretched Head.
Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the Duke would be at dinner.
Make a ſhort Shrift, he longs to ſee your Head.
Haſt. O momentary Grace of mortal Men,
Which we more hunt for, than the Grace of God!
Who builds his hope in Air of your good Looks,
Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Maſt,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O bloody *Richard*, miserable *England*,
I prophesie the fearfull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter *and* Buckingham *in rusty Armor, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come Cousin,
Can'st thou quake and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in the middle of a Word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught and mad with Terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deep Suspicion, gastly Looks
Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time, to grace my Stratagems.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?
Glo. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor——
Glo. Look to the Draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark, a Drum.
Glo. *Catesby*, o'erlook the Walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent——
Glo. Look back, defend there, here are Enemies.
Buck. God and our Innocency defend and guard us.

Enter Lovel *and* Ratcliff *with* Hastings's *Head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are Friends; *Ratcliff* and *Lovel.*
Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings.*
Glo. So dear I lov'd the Man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest harmless Creature
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian:
Made him my Book, wherein my Soul recorded
The History of all her secret Thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his Vice with shew of Virtue,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,

I mean his Converſation with *Shore*'s Wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpects.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd Traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe,
Wer't not, that by great preſervation
We live to tell it, that the ſubtle Traitor
This Day had plotted, in the Council-Houſe,
To murther me and my good Lord of *Glo'ſter*.
Mayor. Had he done ſo?
Glo. What! think you we are *Turks* or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of Law
Proceed thus raſhly in the Villain's Death,
But that the extream peril of the Caſe,
The Peace of *England*, and our Perſons ſafety
Enforc'd us to this Execution.
Mayor. Now fair befall you, he deſerv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe Traitors from the like Attempts.
Buck. I never look'd for better at his Hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſs *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould die
Until your Lordſhip came to ſee his end,
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our Friends,
Something againſt our meanings hath prevented;
Becauſe, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traitor ſpeak, and timerouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his Treaſons:
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his Death.
Mayor. But, my good Lord, your Grace's Words ſhall
As well as I had ſeen and heard him ſpeak: [ſerve,
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous Citizens,
With all your juſt Proceedings in this caſe.
Glo. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'avoid the Cenſures of the carping World.
Buck. Which ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſs what you hear we did intend;
And ſo, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewel. [*Ex. Mayor.*

Glo.

Glo. Go after, after, Couſin *Buckingham.*
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all poſt:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the Baſtardy of *Edward*'s Children,
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for ſaying he would make his Son
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his Houſe,
Which by the Sign thereof was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful Luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of Luſt,
Which ſtretch'd unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging Eye, or ſavage Heart,
Without controll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*, Noble *York*,
My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*,
And by true Computation of the Time,
Found that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this ſparingly as 'twere far off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my ſelf; and ſo, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard*'s Caſtle,
Where you ſhall find me, well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Biſhops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four a Clock
Look for the News that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[*Exit* Buckingham.

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Go thou to Friar *Beuker*, bid them both [*To* Ratcliff.
Meet me within this hour at *Baynard*'s Caſtle. [*Exeunt.*
Now will I go to take ſome privy Order
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to give order, that no manner of Perſon
Have any time recourſe unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet Hand fairly is engroſs'd,
That it may be to day read o'er in *Paul's*.
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe five hours *Haſtings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while; who is ſo groſs
That cannot ſee this palpable Device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays, he ſees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeen in thought. [*Exit.*

Enter Glouceſter *and* Buckingham *at ſeveral Doors.*

Glo. How now, how now, what ſay the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, ſay not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the Baſtardy of *Edward*'s Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France*.
Th' unſatiate greedineſs of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His Tyranny for Trifles, his own Baſtardy,
As being got, your Father then in *France*,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your Form and Nobleneſs of Mind:
Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,
Your Diſcipline in War, Wiſdom in Peace,
Your Bounty, Virtue, fair Humility:
Indeed left nothing fitting for your Purpoſe
Untoucht, or ſlightly handled in Diſcourſe.
And when my Oratory grew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Country's good,
Cry, God ſave *Richard*, *England*'s Royal King.

Glo. And did they ſo?

Buck. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a Word,
But like dumb Statues or unbreathing Stones,

Star'd

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence?
His anſwer was, the People were not uſed
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome Followers of mine own,
At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd up their Caps,
And ſome ten Voices cry'd, God ſave King *Richard*:
And thus I took the vantage of thoſe few.
Thanks, gentle Citizens and Friends, quoth I,
This general Applauſe, and chearful Shout,
Argues your Wiſdom, and your love to *Richard*;
And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What Tongue-leſs Blocks were they,
Would they not ſpeak?
Will not the Mayor then and his Brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; intend ſome fear,
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit;
And look you get a Prayer-Book in your Hand,
And ſtand between two Churchmen, good my Lord,
For on that ground I'll make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily won to our Requeſts,
Play the Maid's part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go: And if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelf,
No doubt we bring it to a happy Iſſue. [*Ex.* Glo.

Buck. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be ſpoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what ſays your Lord to my Requeſt?

Cateſ. He doth intreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to Morrow, or next Day:
He is within, with two right Reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no worldly Suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.

Buck.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my self, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep Designs, in matter of great Moment,
No less importing than our general Good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.
Cates. I'll signifie so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lew'd Love-Bed,
But on his Knees at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deep Divines:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful Soul.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soveraignty thereof.
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.
Mayor. Marry, God defend, his Grace should say us nay.
Buck. I fear he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what says his Grace?
Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such Troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heav'n, we come to him in perfect Love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace. [*Exit* Catesby.
When holy and devout Religious Men
Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Glocester *above, between two Bishops.*

Mayor. See where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen.
Buck. Two Props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity:
And see a Book of Prayer in his Hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy Man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable Ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion and right Christian Zeal.

Glo.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apology;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the Service of th' high God,
Deferr'd the Visitation of my Friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good Men, of this ungovern'd Isle.
Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the City's Eye,
And that you come to reprehend my Ignorance.
Buck. You have, my Lord.
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties to amend your Fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your Fault that you resign
The Supream Seat, the Throne Majestical,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your due of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royal House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd Stock;
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy Thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's good,
The noble Isle doth want his proper Limbs:
His Face defac'd with skars of Infamy,
His Royal Stock graft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulf
Of dark Forgetfulness, and deep Oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily sollicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for another's gain;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your right of Birth, your Empiry, your own.
For this, consorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipful and loving Friends,
And by their vehement Instigation,
In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Best

Beſt fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
For not to anſwer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the Golden Yoak of Soveraignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful Love to me,
Then on the other ſide I check'd my Friends.
Therefore to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking, not to incur the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your Love deſerves my thanks, but my deſert
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all Obſtacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth;
Yet ſo much is my poverty of Spirit,
So mighty, and ſo many my Defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſs,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
Than in my Greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majeſty,
And make us, no doubt, happy by his Reign.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice, and trivial,
All Circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your Brother's Son,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edward*'s Wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your Mother lives a Witneſs to his Vow,
And afterward by Subſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Siſter to the King of *France*.
Theſe both put off, a poor Petitioner,

A Care-craz'd Mother to a many Sons,
A Beauty-waining, and diſtreſſed Widow,
Even in the Afternoon of her beſt Day,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his Degree,
To baſe Declenſion, and loath'd Bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that for reverence of ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your Royal Self
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
If not to bleſs us, and the Land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble Anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing times,
Unto a Lineal true derived courſe.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuſe not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd Love.

Cateſ. O make them joyful, grant their lawful Suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me?
I am unfit for State, and Majeſty:
I do beſeech you take it not amiſs,
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuſe it, as in love and zeal,
Loath to depoſe the Child your Brother's Son,
As well we know your tenderneſs of Heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And equally indeed to all Eſtates:
Yet know, where you accept our Suit, or no,
Your Brother's Son ſhall never reign our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and down-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*

Cateſ. Call him again, ſweet Prince, accept their Suit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a World of Cares?
Call them again, I am not made of Stones,

But

But penetrable to your kind Entreaties,
Albeit againſt my Conſcience and my Soul.
Enter Buckingham *and the reſt.*
Couſin of *Buckingham*, and ſage, grave Men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back,
To bear her Burthen, whether, I will or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your Impoſition,
Your meer enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.
Mayor. God bleſs your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this Royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England*'s worthy King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be Crown'd.
Glo. Even when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.
Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt joyfully we take our leave.
Glo. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewel my Couſins, farewel gentle Friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter the Queen, Anne *Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter, *the Dutcheſs of* York, *and Marqueſs of* Dorſet.

Dutch. WHO meets us here?
My Neice *Plantagenet*,
Led in the Hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ſter*?
Now, for my Life, ſhe's wandring to the *Tower*,
On pure Heart's Love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyful time of Day.

Queen.

Queen. As much to you, good Sister; whither away?
Anne. No farther than the *Tower*, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Queen. Kind Sister thanks, we'll enter all together.
Enter the Lieutenant.
And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Son of *York?*
Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Queen. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.
Queen. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall bar me from them?
Dutch. I am their Father's Mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in Law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.
Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
Enter Stanley.
Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come Madam, you must straight to *Westminster*,
There to be Crowned *Richard*'s Royal Queen.
Queen. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent Heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing News.
Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing News.
Dors. Be of good Chear: Mother, how fares your Grace.
Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogs thee at thy heels,
Thy Mother's Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, go cross the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Go hye thee, hye thee from this Slaughter-house,

Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margaret*'s Curſe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor *England*'s counted Queen.
Stan. Full of wiſe Care is this your Counſel, Madam;
Take all the ſwift advantage of the Hours;
You ſhall have Letters from me to my Son,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.
Dutch. O ill diſperſing Wind of Miſery,
O my accurſed Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the World,
Whoſe unavoided Eye is Murtherous.
Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.
O would to God, that the incluſive Verge
Of Golden Metal, that muſt round my Brow,
Were red hot Steel, to ſear me to the Brains.
Anointed let me be with deadly Venom,
And die e'er Men can ſay, God ſave the Queen.
Queen. Go, go, poor Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
To feed my humour wiſh thy ſelf no harm.
Anne. No! why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry*'s Coarſe,
When ſcarce the Blood was well waſh'd from his Hands,
Which iſſued from my other Angel Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I ſay, I look'd on *Richard*'s Face,
This was my Wiſh; Be thou, quoth I, accurſt,
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a Widow:
And when thou wed'ſt, let Sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be ſo mad,
More miſerable, by the Life of thee,
Than thou haſt made me, by my dear Lord's Death.
Loe, e'er I can repeat this Curſe again,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my Woman's Heart
Groſsly grew captive to his Honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine own Soul's Curſe;
Which hitherto hath held mine Eyes from reſt:
For never yet one hour in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of Sleep,
But with his timorous Dreams was ſtill awak'd.

Beſides,

Beſides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,
And will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.
Queen. Poor Heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours.
Dorſ. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory.
Anne. Adieu, poor Soul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it.
Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good Fortune guide thee, [*To* Dorſet.
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee, [*To* Anne.
Go thou to Sanctuary, and good Thoughts poſſeſs thee, [*To the Queen.*
I to my Grave, where Peace and Reſt lye with me.
Eighty odd Years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
And each Hours joy wrack'd with a Week of teen.
Queen. Stay, yet look back, with me, unto the *Tower*.
Pity, you ancient Stones, thoſe tender Babes,
Whom Envy hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for ſuch little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurſe, old ſullen Play fellow,
For tender Princes; uſe my Babies well;
So fooliſh Sorrow bids your Stones farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Flouriſh of Trumpets. Enter Glouceſter *as King*, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, *and* Lovel.

K. Rich. Stand all apart——Couſin of *Buckingham*——
Buck. My gracious Soveraign.
K. Rich. Give me thy Hand. Thus high by thy advice,
And thy aſſiſtance, is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we wear theſe Glories for a Day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt.
K. Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* lives---think now what I would ſpeak.
Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.
K. Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buck. Why ſo you are, my thrice renowned Lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so----but *Edward* lives----
Buck. True, noble Prince.
K. Rich. O bitter Consequence!
That *Edward* still should live, True noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your Grace may do your Pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit* Buckingham.
Catesb. The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lip.
K. Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fools,
And unrespective Boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate Eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?
Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty Spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell.*
K. Rich. I partly know the Man; go call him hither,
Boy. [*Exit.*
The deep revolving witty *Buckingham,*
No more shall be the Neighbour to my Counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for Breath? Well, be it so.
Enter Stanley.
How now, Lord *Stanley,* what's the News?
Stan. Know, my loving Lord, the Marquess *Dorset,*
As I hear, is fled to *Richmond,*
In the Parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne*, my Wife, is very grievous Sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look how thou dream'st——I say again, give out,
That *Anne*, my Queen, is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my Brother's Daughter,
Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle Glass:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in Blood, that Sin will pluck on Sin,
Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy Name *Tirrel*?

Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient Subject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a Friend of mine?

Tir. Please you:
But I had rather kill two Enemies.

K. Rich. Why then thou hast it; two deep Enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleeps disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tirrel, I mean those Bastards in the *Tower*.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musick:
Hark, come hither *Tirrel*,
Go by this token; rise, and lend thine Ear, [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so; say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I hear the News, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your Wife's Son; well, look unto it.
Buck. My Lord, I claim the Gift, my due by Promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawn'd.
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and the Moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your Wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me, *Henry* the Sixth
Did Prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my Suit.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the Vein. [*Exit.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep Service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearful Head is on. [*Exit.*

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
The most Arch-deed of piteous Massacre
That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthful Butchery,
Albeit they were flesht Villains, bloody Dogs,
Melted with Tenderness, and mild Compassion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story:
O thus, quoth *Dighton*, lay the gentle Babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest*, girdling one another
Within their Alablaster innocent Arms:
Their Lips were four red Roses on a Stalk,
And in their Summer Beauty kiss'd each other.
A Book of Prayers on their Pillow lay,
Which once, quoth *Forrest*, almost chang'd my mind;
But oh the Devil——there the Villain stopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime Creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these Tydings to the bloody King.

Enter

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord.

K. Rich. Kind *Tirrel*——am I happy in thy News?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?

Tir. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoon, ſoon after Supper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their Death.
Mean time——but think how I may do thee good,
And be Inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel 'till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave.

K. Rich. The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up cloſe,
His Daughter meanly have I match'd in Marriage,
The Sons of *Edward* ſleep in *Abraham*'s Boſom,
And *Anne* my Wife hath bid this World good Night.
Now for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my Brother's Daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving Wooer.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Good or bad News, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?

Rat. Bad News, my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, backt with the hardy *Welſhmen*,
Is in the Field, and ſtill his Power encreaſeth.

K. Rich. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his raſh levied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden Servitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and Snail-pac'd Beggary:
Then fiery Expedition be my Wing,
Jove's Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter Men; my Council is my Shield,
We muſt be brief, when Traitors brave the Field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now Prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in these Confines slily have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine Enemies.
A dire Induction am I witness to,
And will to *France*, hoping the Consequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes here?

Enter Dutchess and Queen.

Queen. Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender Babes!
My unblown Flowers, new appearing Sweets:
If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy Wings,
And hear your Mother's Lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her, say, that right for right
Hath dim'd your infant Morn to aged Night.

Dutch. So many Miseries have cra'd my Voice,
That my woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying Debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the Intrails of the Wolf?
Why didst thou sleep when such a Deed was done?

Q. Mar. When Holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet Son.

Dutch. Dead Life, blind Sight, poor mortal living Ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graves due, by Life usurpt,
Brief abstract and record of tedious Days,
Rest thy unrest on *England*'s lawful Earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent Blood.

Queen. Ah that thou wouldst as soon afford a Grave
As thou canst yield a melancholly Seat;
Then would I hide my Bones, not rest them here.
Ah who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. If ancient Sorrow be moſt reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Seigneury;
And let my Griefs frown on the upper hand,
If Sorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy Womb hath crept
A Hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to Death:
That Dog, that had his Teeth before his Eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle Blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy work,
That reigns in gauled Eyes of weeping Souls:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the Earth,
Thy Womb let looſe to chaſe us to our Graves.
O upright, juſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal Cur
Preys on the Iſſue of his Mother's Body,
And makes Her, Pue-fellow with others moan.
Dutch. Oh *Harry*'s Wife, triumph not in my Woes:
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward*, he is dead that kill'd my *Edward*.
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York*, he is but boot, becauſe both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my Loſs.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead that ſtab'd my *Edward*;
And the beholders of this frantick Play,
Th' adulterate *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Untimely ſmother'd in their dusky Graves.
Richard yet lives, Hell's black Intelligencer,
Only reſerv'd their Factor to buy Souls,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Inſues his piteous and unpitied End.
Earth gapes, Hell burns, Fiends roar, Saints pray,

To

To have him ſuddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his Bond of Life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and ſay, the Dog is dead.

Queen. O thou didſt Propheſie the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me Curſe
That bottel'd Spider, that foul bunch-back'd Toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flouriſh of my Fortune:
I call'd thee then, poor Shadow, painted Queen,
The repreſentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direful Pageant,
One heav'd a high to be hurl'd down below:
A Mother only mock'd with two fair Babes;
A dream of what thou waſt, a gariſh Flag
To be the aim of every dang'rous Shot;
A ſign of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queen in Jeſt, only to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sons? wherein doſt thou Joy?
Who ſues and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the Queen?
Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging Troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and ſee now what thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſs'd Widow;
For joyful Mother, one that wails the Name;
For one being ſu'd to, one that humbly ſues;
For Queen, a very Caytiff crown'd with Care;
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For ſhe being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For ſhe commanding all, obeyed of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Juſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to Time,
Having no more but thought of what thou waſt,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt uſurp my Place, and doſt thou not
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Neck bears half my burthen'd Yoak,
From which, even here I ſlip my wearied Head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewel *York*'s Wife, and Queen of ſad Miſchance,
Theſe *Engliſh* Woes ſhall make me ſmile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine Enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbear to ſleep the Night, and faſt the Day:
Compare dead Happineſs with living Woe;
Think that thy Babes were ſweeter than they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loſs makes the bad Cauſer worſe,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curſe.
Queen. My Words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. Mar. Thy Woes will make them ſharp,
And pierce like mine. [*Exit* Margaret.
Dutch. Why ſhould Calamity be full of Words?
Queen. Windy Attorneys to their Client's Woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtine Joys,
Poor breathing Orators of Miſeries,
Let them have ſcope, though what they will impart
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the Heart.
Dutch. If ſo, then be not Tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter Words, let's ſmother
My damned Son, that thy two ſweet Sons ſmother'd.
The Trumpet ſounds, be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard *and his Train.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Dutch. O ſhe that might have intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed Womb,
From all the ſlaughters, Wretch, that thou haſt done.
Queen. Hid'ſt thou that Forehead with a Golden Crown,
Where't ſhould be branded, if that right were right?
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,
And the dire death of my poor Sons and Brothers.
Tell me, thou Villain-ſlave, where are my Children?
Dutch. Thou Toad, thou Toad,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Son?
Queen. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
Dutch. Where is kind *Haſtings*?
K. Rich. A flouriſh, Trumpets; ſtrike Alarum Drums:
Let not the Heav'ns hear theſe Tell-tale Women
Rail on the Lord's Anointed. Strike, I ſay.
[*Flouriſh, Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,

Or

Or with the clamorous reports of War
Thus will I drown your Exclamations.
Dutch. Art thou my Son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my Father, and your self.
Dutch. Then patiently hear my Impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your Condition,
That cannot brook the accent of Reproof.
Dutch. O let me speak.
K. Rich. Do then, but I'll not hear.
Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my Words.
K. Rich. And brief, good Mother, for I am in haste.
Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in Torment and in Agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dutch. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my Hell.
A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy;
Thy School-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour can'st thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy Company?
K. Rich. Faith none but *Humphry Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To breakfast once, forth of my Company.
If I be so disgracious in your Eye,
Let me march on and not offend you, Madam.
Strike up the Drum.
Dutch. I prithee hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Dutch. Hear me a Word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Dutch. Either thou wilt die by God's just Ordinance,
E'er from this War thou turn a Conqueror;
Or I with Grief and extream Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy Face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous Curse,
Which, in the Day of Battel, tire thee more,

Than

Than all the compleat Armor that thou wear'ſt.
My Prayers on the adverſe Party fight,
And there the little Souls of *Edward*'s Children
Whiſper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promiſe them Succeſs and Victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ſerves thy Life, and doth thy Death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more Cauſe, yet much leſs Spirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I muſt talk a Word with you.

Queen. I have no more Sons of the Royal Blood
For thee to ſlaughter; for my Daughters, *Richard*,
They ſhall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their Lives.

K. Rich. You have a Daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and Fair, Royal and Gracious.

Queen. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her Manners, ſtain her Beauty,
Slander my ſelf as falſe to *Edward*'s Bed:
Throw over her the Vail of Infamy,
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd of bleeding Slaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not *Edward*'s Daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her Birth, ſhe is a Royal Princeſs.

Queen. To ſave her Life I'll ſay ſhe is not ſo.

K. Rich. Her Life is ſafeſt only in her Birth.

Queen. And only in that ſafety dy'd her Brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their Birth good Stars were oppoſite.

Queen. No, to their Lives ill Friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of Deſtiny.

Queen. True; when avoided Grace makes Deſtiny.
My Babes were deſtin'd to a fairer Death,
If Grace had bleſt thee with a fairer Life.

K. Rich. You ſpeak as if that I had ſlain my Couſins?

Queen. Couſins indeed, and by their Uncle cozen'd,
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life.
Whoſe Hands ſoever lanch'd their tender Hearts,
Thy Head, all indirectly, gave Direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy Stone-hard Heart,
To revel in the Intrails of my Lambs.
But that ſtill uſe of Grief makes wild Grief tame,

My

My Tongue ſhould to thy Ears not name my Boys,
'Till that my Nails were anchor'd in thine Eyes;
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate Bay of Death,
Like a poor Bark of Sails and Tackling reft,
Ruſh all to pieces on thy Rocky Boſom.

K. Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my Enterprize,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody Wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Queen. What good is cover'd with the Face of Heav'n,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' Advancement of your Children, gentle Lady.

Queen. Up to ſome Scaffold, there to loſe their Heads.

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and heighth of Fortune,
The high Imperial Type of this Earth's Glory.

Queen. Flatter my Sorrow with report of it;
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honour
Can'ſt thou deviſe to any Child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and my ſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a Child of thine:
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry Soul
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe Wrongs,
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
Laſt longer telling, than thy kindneſs date.

K. Rich. Then know,
That from my Soul I love thy Daughter.

Queen. My Daughter's Mother thinks it with her Soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou doſt love my Daughter from thy Soul.
So from thy Soul's love didſt thou love her Brothers,
And from my Heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my Soul I love thy Daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of *England.*

Queen. Well then, who doſt thou mean ſhall be her King?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her Queen;
Who elſe ſhould be?

Queen. What, thou!

K. Rich. Even ſo; how think you of it?

Queen.

Queen. How can'ſt thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her Humour.
Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my Heart.
Queen. Send to her, by the Man that ſlew her Brothers,
A pair of bleeding Hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and *York*, then haply will ſhe weep:
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, ſteept in *Rutland*'s Blood,
A Handkerchief; which, ſay to her, did drain
The purple ſap from her ſweet Brothers Bodies
And bid her wipe her weeping Eyes withal.
If this Inducement move her not to Love,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble Deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Uncle *Clarence*,
Her Uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her ſake,
Mad'ſt quick Conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
K. Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your Daughter.
Queen. There is no other way,
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other Shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.
Queen. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chuſe but hate thee,
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody Spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent of.
If I did take the Kingdom from your Sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your Daughter:
If I have kill'd the Iſſue of your Womb,
To quicken your encreaſe I will beget
Mine Iſſue of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one ſtep below,
Even of your Metal, of your very Blood:
Of all one pain, ſave for a Night of Groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like Sorrow.
Your Children were Vexation to your Youth,

But

But mine ſhall be a comfort to your Age,
The loſs you have is but a Son being King,
And by that loſs your Daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.
Dorſet, your Son, that with a fearful Soul
Leads diſcontented Steps in Foreign Soil,
This fair Alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high Promotions and great Dignity.
The King that calls your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet* Brother:
Again ſhall you be Mother to a King;
And all the ruins of diſtreſsful Times,
Repair'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we have many goodly Days to ſee:
The liquid drops of Tears that you have ſhed
Shall come again, transform'd to Orient Pearl,
Advantaging their Love with Intereſt
Oftentimes double gain of Happineſs.
Go then, my Mother, to thy Daughter, go,
Make bold her baſhful Years with your Experience,
Prepare her Ears to hear a Wooer's tale.
Put in her tender Heart th' aſpiring flame
Of golden Sovereignty; acquaint the Princeſs
With the ſweet ſilent hours of Marriage Joys;
And when this Arm of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy Daughter to a Conqueror's Bed;
To whom I will retail my Conqueſt won,
And ſhe ſhall be ſole Victreſs, *Cæſar*'s *Cæſar*.

Queen. What were I beſt to ſay, her Father's Brother
Would be her Lord? or ſhall I ſay, her Uncle?
Or he that ſlew her Brothers? and her Uncles?
Under what Title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honour, and her Love,
Can make ſeem pleaſing to her tender Years?

K. Rich. Infer fair *England*'s Peace by this Alliance.

Queen. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting War.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats.

Queen. That at her Hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Say, ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queen.
Queen. To vail the Title, as her Mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlaſtingly,
Queen. But how long ſhall that Title ever laſt?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.
Queen. But how long, fairly, ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
K. Rich. As long as Heav'n and Nature lengthens it.
Queen. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her Sovereign, am her Subject low.
Queen. But ſhe, your Subject, loaths ſuch Sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Queen. An honeſt Tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, plainly, to her tell my loving Tale.
Queen. Plain and not honeſt, is too harſh a Stile.
K. Rich. Your Reaſons are too ſhallow, and too quick.
Queen. O no, my Reaſons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor Infants in their Graves,
Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, 'till Heart-ſtrings break.
K. Rich. Harp not on that String, Madam, that is paſt.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown——
Queen. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.
K. Rich. I ſwear.
Queen. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George profan'd, hath loſt his lordly Honour,
Thy Garter blemiſh'd, pawn'd his kingly Virtue,
Thy Crown uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly Glory:
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Then by my ſelf——
Queen. Thy ſelf is ſelf-miſus'd.
K. Rich. Now by the World——
Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul Wrongs.
K. Rich. My Father's Death——
Queen. Thy Life hath it diſhonour'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by Heav'n——
Queen. Heav'n's Wrong is moſt of all:
If thou didſt fear to break an Oath with him,
The Unity the King my Husband made
Thou hadſt not broken, nor my Brothers dy'd.
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an Oath by him,
Th' Imperial Metal, circling now thy Head,

Had grac'd the tender Temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for duſt,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Worms.
What canſt thou ſwear by now?

K. Rich. The Time to come.

Queen. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'er-paſt:
For I my ſelf have many Tears to waſh
Hereafter Time, for time-paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whoſe Fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd Youth, to wail it with their Age.
The Parents live, whoſe Children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to wail it with their Age.
Swear not by Time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſus'd e'er us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpaſt.

K. Rich. As I intend to proſper, and repent;
So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
Of hoſtile Arms; My ſelf, my ſelf confound,
Heaven and Fortune bar me happy Hours,
Day yield me not thy Light, nor Night thy Reſt,
Be oppoſite all Planets of good Luck
To my proceeding, if with dear Hearts Love,
Immaculate Devotion, holy Thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely Daughter.
In her conſiſts my Happineſs and thine;
Without her, follows to my ſelf and thee,
Her ſelf, the Land, and many a Chriſtian Soul,
Death, Deſolation, Ruin, and Decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this:
Therefore, dear Mother, I muſt call you ſo,
Be the Attorney of my Love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my Deſires, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of Times;
And be not peeviſh found in great Deſigns.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget my ſelf to be my ſelf?

K. Rich. Ay, if your ſelf's remembrance wrong your ſelf.

Queen. Yet thou didſt kill my Children.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. But in your Daughter's Womb I bury them;
Where in that Neſt of Spiccry they will breed
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.
Queen. Shall I go win my Daughter to thy Will?
K. Rich. And be a happy Mother by the Deed.
Queen. I go, write to me very ſhortly,
And you ſhall underſtand from me her mind. [*Exit Queen.*
K. Rich. Bear her my true Love's kiſs, and ſo farewel——
Relenting Fool, and ſhallow-changing Woman.
How now, what News?

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Moſt mighty Sovereign, on the Weſtern Coaſt
Rides a puiſſant Navy: To our Shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted Friends,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought, that *Richmoud* is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them aſhore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot Friend poſt to the Duke of *Nor-folk?*
Ratcliff, thy ſelf, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cateſ. Here, my good Lord.
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.
Cateſ. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haſte.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither, poſt to *Salisbury*.
When thou comeſt thither——Dull unmindful Villain,
[*To* Catesby.
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?
Cateſ. Firſt, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneſs pleaſure,
What from your Grace I ſhall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O true, good *Catesby*——bid him levy ſtraight
The greateſt Strength and Power that he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at *Salisbury*.
Cateſ. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at *Salisbury*?
K. Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your Highneſs told me I ſhould poſt before.
K. Rich. My mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what News with you?
Stan. None good, my Liege, to pleaſe you with the hear-ing.
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'ſt thou run ſo many Miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy Tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what News?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

K. Rich. There let him ſink, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Run-a-gate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by gueſs.

K. Rich. Well, as you gueſs.

Stan. Stir'd up by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

K. Rich. Is the Chair empty? is the Sword unſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What Heir of *York* is there alive, but we?
And who is *England*'s King, but great *York*'s Heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

Stan. Unleſs for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſs, wherefore the *Welch-man* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miſtruſt me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers?
Are they not now upon the Weſtern Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Ships?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my Friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold Friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they ſhould ſerve their Sovereign in the Weſt?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Pleaſeth your Majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my Friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'ſt be gone, to join with *Richmond*:
But I'll not truſt thee.

Stan. Moſt mighty Sovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my Friendſhip doubtful,
I never was, nor never will be falſe.

K. Rich. Go then, and muſter Men; but leave behind
Your Son *George Stanley*: Look your Heart be firm,
Or elſe his Head's aſſurance is but frail.

Stan.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious Sovereign, now in *Devonſhire*,
As I by Friends am well advertiſed,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates are in Arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Arms,
And every hour Competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham* ——

K. Rich. Out on ye, Owls, nothing but Songs of Death.

[*He ſtrikes him.*

There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better News.

Meſ. The News I have to tell your Majeſty,
Is, that by ſudden Flood, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
And he himſelf wandred away alone,
No Man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee Mercy;
There is my Purſe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well adviſed Friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traitor in?

Meſ. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord Marqueſs *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in *Yorkſhire* are in Arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſs,
The *Britain* Navy is diſpers'd by Tempeſt.
Richmond in *Dorſetſhire* ſent out a Boat
Unto the Shore, to ask thoſe on the Banks,
If they were his Aſſiſtants, yea, or no?
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his Party; he miſtruſting them,
Hois'd Sail, and made his Courſe again for *Britain*.

K. Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in Arms,
If not to fight with Foreign Enemies,

Yet to beat down these Rebels here at Home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best News; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty Power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder News, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards *Salisbury*; while we reason here,
A Royal Battel might be won and lost:
Some one take order that *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Derby, *and Sir* Christopher.

Derby. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the Sty of the most deadly Boar,
My Son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George*'s Head,
The fear of that holds off my present Aid.
So get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Withal say, that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?

Chris. At *Pembrook*, or at *Hertford* West in *Wales*.

Derby. What Men of Name resort to him?

Chris. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Soldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrook*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great Name and Worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their Power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Derby. Well, hye thee to thy Lord: I kiss his Hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my Mind.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham *with Halberds led to Execution.*

Buck. WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him?
Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and *Edward*'s Children, *Gray* and *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair Son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand corrupted foul Injustice,
If that your moody discontented Souls,
Do through the Clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my Destruction.
This is *All-Souls* Day, Fellow, is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buck. Why then *All-Souls* Day is my Body's Doomsday.
This is the Day, which in King *Edward*'s time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wife's Allies.
This is the Day wherein, I wisht to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this *All-Souls* Day to my fearful Soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my Wrongs:
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned Prayer on my Head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the Swords of wicked Men
To turn their own points in their Masters Bosoms.
Thus *Margaret*'s Curse falls heavy on my Neck:
When he, quoth she, will split thy Heart with Sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetess:
Come lead me, Officers, to the Block of Shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *with Officers.*

SCENE II.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, *and others, with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. Fellows in Arms, and my moſt loving Friends,
Bruis'd underneath the Yoak of Tyranny,
Thus far into the Bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without Impediment;
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of fair Comfort and Encouragement:
The wretched, bloody and uſurping Boar,
That ſpoil'd your Summer-Fields, and fruitful Vines,
Swills your warm Blood like Waſh, and makes his Trough
In your embowell'd Boſoms; This foul Swine
Is now even in the Center of this Iſle,
Near to the Town of *Leiceſter*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one Day's march.
In God's Name cheerly on, couragious Friends,
To reap the Harveſt of perpetual Peace,
By this one bloody trial of ſharp War.

Oxf. Every Man's Conſcience is a thouſand Men,
To fight againſt this guilty Homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his Friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no Friends, but what are Friends for fear,
Which in his deareſt need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in God's Name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flies with Swallow's Wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King Richard *in Arms, with* Norfolk, Ratcliff, *and the Earl of* Surrey.

K. Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in *Boſworth-field.*
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you ſo ſad?

Sur. My Heart is ten times lighter than my Looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of *Norfolk.*

Nor. Here, moſt gracious Liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we muſt have knocks:
Ha, muſt we not?

Nor. We muſt both give and take, my loving Lord.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Up with my Tent, here will I lye to Night,
But where to Morrow?——well all's one for that.
Who hath deſcry'd the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six or ſeven thouſand is their utmoſt Power.
K. Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Beſides, the King's Name is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverſe Faction want.
Up with the Tent: Come, Noble Gentlemen,
Let us ſurvey the vantage of the Ground.
Call for ſome Men of ſound Direction:
Let's lack no Diſcipline, make no delay,
For, Lords, to Morrow is a buſie Day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and* Dorſet.

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a Golden ſet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Car,
Gives token of a goodly Day to Morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall bear my Standard:
Give me ſome Ink and Paper in my Tent;
I'll draw the Form and Model of our Battel,
Limit each Leader to his ſeveral Charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall Power.
My Lord of *Oxford*, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And you Sir *William Herbert* ſtay with me:
The Earl of *Pembrook* keeps his Regiment;
Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good Night to him,
And by the ſecond hour in the Morning,
Deſire the Earl to ſee me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'en his Colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies, half a mile at leaſt,
South from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without Peril it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful Note.
Blunt. Upon my ſelf, my Lord, I'll undertake it,
And ſo God give you quiet reſt to Night.
Richm. Good Night, good Captain *Blunt*.
Come, Gentlemen,

Let

Let us consult upon to Morrow's Business;
Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the Tent.*
Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk *and* Catesby.
K. Rich. What is't a Clock?
Cates. It's Supper time, my Lord, it's nine a Clock.
K. Rich. I will not Sup to Night,
Give me some Ink and Paper:
What, is my Beaver easier than it was?
And all my Armor laid into my Tent?
Cates. It is, my Liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good *Norfolk* hye thee to thy Charge,
Use careful Watch, chuse trusty Centinels.
Nor. I go, my Lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the Lark to Morrow, gentle *Norfolk.*
Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff.
Rat. My Lord.
K. Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Arms
To *Stanley*'s Regiment; bid him bring his Power
Before Sun-rising, lest his Son *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.
Fill me a Bowl of Wine; give me a Watch:
Saddle white *Surrey* for the Field to Morrow:
Look that my Staves be sound, and not too heavy. *Ratcliff.*
Rat. My Lord.
K. Rich. Saw'st the melancholy Lord *Northumberland*?
Rat. Thomas the Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,
Much about Cock-shut time, from Troop to Troop
Went through the Army, cheering up the Soldiers.
K. Rich. So, I am satisfied; give me a Bowl of Wine,
I have not that alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheer of Mind that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is Ink and Paper ready?
Rat. It is, my Lord.
K. Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of Night come to my Tent,
And help to Arm. Leave me, I say. [*Exit* Ratcliff.
Enter Derby *to* Richmond *in his Tent.*
Derby. Fortune and Victory sit on thy Helm.
Richm. All comfort that the dark Night can afford,

Be

Be to thy Perſon, noble Father-in-Law,
Tell me, how fares our noble Mother?
Derby. I, by Attorney, bleſs thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond*'s good;
So much for that. The ſilent Hours ſteal on,
And flaky Darkneſs breaks within the Eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the Seaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy Battel early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody Stroaks, and mortal ſtaring War:
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of Arms.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt being ſeen, thy Brother, tender *George*,
Be executed in his Father's ſight.
Farewel; the leiſure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vows of Love,
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell upon:
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.
Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his Regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubled Noiſe, to take a Nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber poize me down to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with Wings of Victory:
Once more, good Night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Richmond.
O thou, whoſe Captain I account my ſelf,
Look on my Forces with a gracious Eye:
Put in their Hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall,
Th' uſurping Helmets of our Adverſaries.
Make us thy Miniſters of Chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy Victory:
To thee I do commend my watchful Soul,
E'er I let fall the Windows of mine Eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. [*Sleeps.*
Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, *Son to* Henry *the Sixth.*
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy Soul to morrow:
[*To K.* Rich.
Think

Think how thou ſtabb'dſt me in the prime of Youth
At *Tewksbury*; deſpair therefore, and die.
Be cheerful, *Richmond*, [*To* Richm.
For the wronged Souls
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry*'s Iſſue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry *the Sixth.*

Ghoſt. When I was mortal, my anointed Body,
[*To K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of holes;
Think on the *Tower*, and me: Deſpair and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee deſpair, and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror. [*To* Richm.
Harry, that propheſied thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleep; live, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy Soul to morrow;
[*To K.* Rich.
I that was waſh'd to death in Fulſom Wine,
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the Battel think on me,
And fall thy edgleſs Sword, deſpair and die.
Thou Off-ſpring of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*, [*To* Richm.
The wronged Heirs of *York* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy Battel, live and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Rivers, Gray, *and* Vaughan.

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy Soul to morrow,
[*To K.* Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret:* Deſpair, and die.

Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy Soul deſpair.
[*To K.* Rich.

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
[*To K.* Rich.
Let fall thy Launce, deſpair and die.

All. Awake. [*To* Richm.
And think our wrongs in *Richard*'s Boſom
Will conquer. Awake, and win the Day.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty; guilty awake, [*To K.* Rich.
And in a bloody Battel end thy Days,
Think on Lord *Haſtings*; deſpair and die.

Quiet

Quiet untroubled Soul, [*To* Richm.
Awake, awake:
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England*'s ſake.
Enter the Ghoſts of the two young Princes.
Ghoſts. Dream on thy Couſins [*To K.* Rich.
Smother'd in the *Tower:*
Let us be laid within thy Boſom, *Richard*,
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death.
Thy Nephews Souls bid thee deſpair and die.
Sleep *Richmond*, [*To* Richm.
Sleep in Peace, and wake in Joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boar's annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edward's unhappy Sons do bid thee flouriſh.
Enter the Ghoſt of Anne *his Wife.*
Ghoſt. *Richard*, thy Wife, [*To K.* Rich.
That wretched *Anne*, thy Wife,
That never ſlept a quiet Hour with thee,
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battel think on me,
And fall thy edgleſs Sword, deſpair and die.
Thou quiet Soul, [*To* Richm.
Sleep thou a quiet Sleep:
Dream of ſucceſs, and happy Victory,
Thy Adverſary's Wife doth pray for thee.
Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.
Ghoſt. The firſt was I, [*To K.* Rich.
That help'd thee to the Crown:
The laſt was I, that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battel think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody Deeds and Death,
Fainting deſpair; deſpairing yield thy breath.
I dy'd for hope, [*To* Richm.
E'er I could lend thee aid;
But cheer thy Heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God, and good Angels fight on *Richmond*'s ſide,
And *Richard* falls in height of all his Pride. [*The Ghoſts vaniſh.*
[*K.* Richard *ſtarts out of his Dream.*
K. Rich. Give me another Horſe, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy, *Jeſu*——Soft, I did but dream.

O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burn blue---It is not dead Mid-night----
Cold fearful Drops ſtand on my trembling Fleſh:
What? do I fear my ſelf? There's none elſe by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then fly? what from my ſelf? Great reaſon; why?
Leſt I revenge. What? my ſelf upon my ſelf?
Alack, I love my ſelf. Wherefore? For any good
That I my ſelf have done upon my ſelf?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my ſelf,
For hateful Deeds committed by my ſelf.
I am a Villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thy ſelf ſpeak——wellFool, do not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a ſeveral Tale,
And every Tale condemns me for a Villain;
Perjury, in the high'ſt degree,
Murther, ſtern Murther, in the dir'ſt degree,
All ſeveral Sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng all to th' Bar, crying all, Guilty, guilty.
I ſhall deſpair, there is no Creature loves me;
And if I die, no Soul ſhall pity me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I my ſelf
Find in my ſelf no pity to my ſelf.
Methought, the Souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
To morrows Vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliff*, my Lord, 'tis I; the early Village Cock
Hath twice done Salutation to the Morn;
Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

K. Rich. O *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear——

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.

K. Rich. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadows to night
Have ſtruck more terrour to the Soul of *Richard*,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.

'Tis

'Tis not yet near Day. Come, go with me,
Under our Tents; I'll play the Eaves-dropper,
To hear if any Man ſhrink from me.

[*Exeunt K.* Richard *and* Ratcliff.

Enter the Lords to Richmond *ſitting in his Tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, *Richmond.*

Richm. Cry you mercy, Lords, and watchful Gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy Sluggard here.

Lords. How have you ſlept, my Lord?

Richm. The ſweeteſt Sleep,
And faireſt boading Dreams,
That ever entred in a drowſie Head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my Lords.
Methought their Souls, whoſe Bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory.
I promiſe you my Heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of ſo fair a Dream.
How far into the Morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the ſtroak of four.

Richm. Why then 'tis time to Arm, and give direction.
More than I have ſaid, loving Countrymen,
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this,
God, and our good Cauſe, fight upon our ſide,
The Prayers of holy Saints, and wronged Souls,
Like high rear'd Bulwarks, ſtand before our Faces.
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in Blood, and one in Blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him;
A baſe foul Stone, made precious by the foil
Of *England*'s Chair, where he is falſely ſet.
One that hath ever been God's Enemy;
Then if you fight againſt God's Enemy,
God will in juſtice ward you as his Soldiers.

If you do ſwear to put a Tyrant down,
You ſleep in Peace, the Tyrant being ſlain:
If you do fight againſt your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat ſhall pay your pains the hire.
If you do fight in ſafeguard of your Wives,
Your Wives ſhall welcome home the Conquerors,
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the Name of God and all theſe rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corps on the Earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound Drums and Trumpets boldly, and chearfully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

K. Rich. What ſaid *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond?*

Rat. That he was never trained up in Arms.

K. Rich. He ſaid the truth; and what ſaid *Surrey* then.

Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.

K. Rich. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is.
Tell the Clock there. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
Give me a Kalender——who ſaw the Sun to day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he diſdains to ſhine; for, by the Book,
He ſhould have brav'd the Eaſt an hour ago——
A black Day will it be to ſome body, *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. The Sun will not be ſeen to day,
The Sky doth frown and lowre upon our Army----
I would theſe dewy Tears were from the Ground----
Not ſhine to day? why what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*? for the ſelf-ſame Heav'n
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Norf. Arm, arm, my Lord, the Foes vaunt in the Field

K. Rich. Come, buſtle, buſtle----Capariſon my Horſe.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power,

I will lead forth my Soldiers to the Plain,
And thus my Battel ſhall be ordered.
My Foreward ſhall be drawn in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foot:
Our Archers ſhall be p aced in the midſt;
John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main Battel, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt Horſe:
This, and St. *George* to boot.
What think'ſt thou, *Norfolk*?

Nor. A good Direction, warlike Sovereign.
This found I on my Tent this Morning. [*Giving a Scrowl.*

Jocky *of* Norfolk, *be not ſo bold.* [Reads.
For Dickon *thy Maſter is bought and ſold.*

K. Rich. A thing deviſed by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every Man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreams affright our Souls;
For Conſcience is a Word that Cowards uſe,
Devis'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong Arms be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell,
If not to Heav'n, then hand in hand to Hell.
What ſhall I ſay more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcals, Run-aways,
A ſcum of *Britains*, and baſe Lackey-Peaſants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate Adventures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt:
You having Lands, and bleſt with beauteous Wives,
They would reſtrain the one, diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in *Britain* at our Mother's Coſt,
A Milk-ſop, one that never in his Life
Felt ſo much Cold, as over Shooes in Snow:
Let's whip theſe Stragglers o'er the Seas again,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening Rags of *France*,

These famish'd Beggars, weary of their Lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond Exploit,
For want of means, poor Rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let Men conquer us,
And not those Bastard-*Britains*, whom our Fathers
Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the Heirs of Shame.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wives?
Ravish our Daughters? [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, I hear their Drum,
Right Gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly, Yeomen,
Draw, Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head.
Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in Blood,
Amaze the Welkin with your broken Staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his Son *George*'s Head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh;
After the Battel let *George Stanley* dye.
K. Rich. A thousand Hearts are great within my Bosom.
Advance our Standard, set upon our Foes,
Our ancient word of Courage, fair St. *George*,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery Dragons:
Upon them, Victory sits on our Helms. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more Wonders than a Man,
Daring an opposite to every Danger:
His Horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of Death:
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the Day is lost.

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.
Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a Horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my Life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Die:
I think there be six *Richmonds* in the Field,
Five have I slain to Day, instead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Alarum.

Alarum. Enter King Richard *and* Richmond, *they fight,* Richard *is slain.*

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your Arms be prais'd, Victorious Friends;
The Day is ours, the bloody Dog is dead
Derby. Couragious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee:
Lo, here these long usurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy Brows withal.
Wear it, and make use of it.
Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?
Derby. He is, my Lord, and safe in *Leicester* Town;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What Men of Note are slain on either Side?
Derby. John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* Lord *Ferris*,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon.*
Richm. Inter their Bodies as becomes their Births,
Proclaim a Pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in Submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Heav'n upon this fair Conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their Enmity:
What Traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scar'd her self;
The Brother blindly shed the Brother's Blood;
The Father rashly slaughter'd his own Son;
The Sons, compell'd, been Butchers to the Sire:
All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,
Divided in their dire Division.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royal House,
By God's fair Ordinance, conjoin together:
And let thy Heirs, God, if their Will be so,
Enrich the time to come, with smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and fair prosperous Days.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,

That would reduce theſe bloody Days again,
And make poor *England* weep in ſtreams of Blood.
Let them not live to taſte this Land's encreaſe,
That would with Treaſon wound this fair Land's Peace.
Now Civil Wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace lives again;
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay, Amen. [*Exeunt.*

The Famous HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF King *HENRY* VIII.

Printed in the Year 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Eighth.*

Cardinal Wolſey, *his firſt Miniſter and Favourite.*

Cranmer, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain,

Cardinal Campeius, *the Pope's Legat.*

Capucius, *Ambaſſador from the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth.*

Gardiner, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.

Lord Abergavenny.

Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guilford.

Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny.

Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Cromwell, *firſt Servant to* Wolſey, *afterwards to the King.*

Griffith, *Gentleman-Uſher to Queen* Katherine.

Three Gentlemen.

Dr. Butts, *Phyſician to the King.*

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Porter and his Man.

Queen

Queen Katherine, *first Wife to King* Henry, *afterwards Divorc'd.*

Anne Bullen, *belov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.*

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, *Woman of the Bed-Chamber to Queen* Katherine.

Several Lords and Ladies who appear in the dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *lies moſtly in* LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; Things now,
That bear a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe;
Such noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can Pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Mony out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Only a Show or two, and so agree,
The Play may pass: If they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their Shilling
Richly in two short Hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy Play,
A noise of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coat, guarded with Yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: For, gentle Hearers, know
To rank our chosen Truth with such a Show
As Fool, and Fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
That make that only true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodness sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest Hearers of the Town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very Persons of our noble Story,
As they were Living: Think you see them Great,
And follow'd with the general Throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this Mightiness meets Misery.
And if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A Man may weep upon his Wedding Day.

THE

THE LIFE OF King *HENRY* VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk *at one Door: At the other, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have [ye done
Since last we saw y'in *France?*
Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sons of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of *Ardres.*
Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Ardres*,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horse-back,

Beheld

Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they,
What four Thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chamber's Priſoner.
Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly Glory: Men might ſay
'Till this time Pomp was ſingle, but now married
To one above it ſelf. Each following day
Became the next Day's Maſter, 'till the laſt
Made former Wonders, its. To day the *French*,
All Clinquant, all in Gold, like Heathens Gods
Shone down the *Engliſh*; and to morrow, they
Made *Britain*, *India*: Every Man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a Painting. Now this Maſk
Was cry'd incomparable; and th'enſuing night
Made it a Fool, and Beggar. The two Kings
Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them; him in Eye,
Still him in praiſe; and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner
Durſt wag his Tongue in cenſure. When theſe Suns,
For ſo they phraſe 'em, by their Heralds, challeng'd
The noble Spirits to Arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs, that former fabulous Story
Being now ſeen poſſible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was believ'd
Buck. Oh, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect,
In Honour, Honeſty, the tract of ev'ry thing
Would by a good Diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which Actions ſelf was Tongue to.
Buck. All was Royal,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did

Distinctly his full Function; who did guide,
I mean who set the Body and the Limbs
Of this great sport together,
As you guess?

Nor. One certes, that promises no Element
In such a Business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The Devil speed him: No Man's Pye is freed
From his ambitious Finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder
That such a Ketch can with his very Bulk
Take up the Rays o'th' Beneficial Sun,
And keep it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these Ends:
For being not propt by Ancestry, whose Grace
Chalks Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high Feats done to th' Crown; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his self-drawing Web. O! gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A Gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heav'n hath given him; let some graver Eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his Pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that,
If not from Hell? the Devil is a Niggard,
Or has given him all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himself.

Buck. Why the Devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint
Who should attend on him? he makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge as little Honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own Letter
The Honourable Board of Council out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Aber.

Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound, as formerly.
Buck. O many
Have broke their Backs with laying Manors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this Vanity
But miniſter Communication of
A moſt poor Iſſue.
Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The Peace between the *French* and us not values
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buck. Every Man,
After the hideous Storm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd, and not conſulting, broke
Into a general Propheſie; that this Tempeſt,
Daſhing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants Goods at *Bourdeaux*.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Aber. A proper Title of Peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buck. Why all this buſineſs
Our Reverend Cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private Difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I adviſe you
(And take it from a Heart that wiſhes towards your
Honour, and plenteous Safety) that you read
The Cardinal's Malice, and his Potency
Together: To conſider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharp edge: It's long, and't may be ſaid,
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my Counſel,

You'll

You'll find it wholſome. Lo, where comes that Rock
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *the Purſe born before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers; the Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his Eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of diſdain.*

Wol. The Duke of *Buckingham*'s Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Here, ſo pleaſe you.
Wol. Is he in Perſon ready?
Secr. Ay, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Wol. Well, we ſhall then know more, and *Buckingham* ſhall leſſen his big look. [*Exeunt Cardinal with his Train.*
Buck. This Butcher's Cur is venome mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggar's Book
Out-worths a Noble's Blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
Which your Diſeaſe requires.
Buck. I read in's Looks
Matter againſt me, and his Eye revil'd
Me as his abject Object, at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome Trick; he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay, my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about; to climb ſteep Hills
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full-hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him: Not a Man in *England*
Can adviſe me, like you: Be to your ſelf,
As you would to your Friend.
Buck. I'll to the King,
And, from a mouth of Honour, quite cry down
This *Ipſwich* Fellow's Inſolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no Perſons.
Nor. Be adviſ'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your Foe ſo hot
That it do ſinge your ſelf. We may out-run

By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at;
And loſe by our over-running: Know you not,
The Fire that mounts the Liquor till't run o'er,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſtes it: Be advis'd;
I ſay again, there is no *Engliſh* Soul
More ſtronger to direct you than your ſelf,
If with the ſap of Reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of Paſſion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your Preſcription; but this top-proud Fellow,
Whom from the flow of Gall I name not, but
From ſincere Motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as Founts in *July*, when
We ſee each grain of Gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.

Nor. Say not, treaſonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll ſay't, and make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of Rock——attend. This holy Fox,
Or Wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is ſubtle, and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't) his Mind and Place
Infecting one another; yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his Pomp, as well in *France*,
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our Maſter
To this laſt coſtly Treaty, th' enterview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much Treaſure, and like a Glaſs
Did break i'th' wrenching.

Nor. Faith, and ſo it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir——this cunning Cardinal
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himſelf pleas'd; and they were ratifi'd
As he cry'd, Thus let it be——to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well——for worthy *Wolſey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
To th' old Dam, Treaſon) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to ſee the Queen his Aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his Colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes Viſitation:

His

His Fears were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their Amity
Breed him ſome prejudice; for from this League
Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well——for I am ſure the Emperor
Paid e'er he promis'd, whereby his ſuit was granted
E'er it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with Gold; the Emperor thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the King's courſe,
And break the foreſaid Peace. Let the King know,
As ſoon he ſhall by me, that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and ſell his Honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own Advantage.

Nor. I am ſorry
To hear this of him; and could wiſh you were
Something miſtaken in't.

Buck. No, not a Syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very Shape
He ſhall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your Office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of High Treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Sovereign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The Net has fall'n upon me; I ſhall periſh
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am ſorry
To ſee you ta'en from Liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent. 'Tis his Highneſs pleaſure
You ſhall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that Dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Abergavenny*, fare ye well.

Bran.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you Company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the Duke said,
The Will of Heav'n be done, and the King's Pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a Warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Montague*, and the Bodies
Of the Duke's Confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counsellor.
Buck. So, so;
These are the Lambs o'th' Plot, no more, I hope.
Bran. A Monk o'th' *Chartreux*.
Buck. O *Michael Hopkins*.
Bran. He.
Buck. My Surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him Gold; my Life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose Figure even this instant Cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear Sun. My Lord, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder; the Nobles and Sir* Thomas Lovel; *the Cardinal places him under the King's Feet, on his right side.*

King. My Life it self, and the best Heart of it,
Thanks you for this great Care: I stood i'th' level
Of a full-charg'd Confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That Gentleman of *Buckingham*'s in Person,
I'll hear him his Confessions justifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Master
He shall again relate.

A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen, Usher'd by the Duke of Norfolk. *Enter the Queen,* Norfolk *and* Suffolk; *she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a Suitor.

King.

King. Ariſe, and take place by us; half your Suit
Never name to us; you have half our Power:
The other moiety e'er you ask is given;
Repeat your Will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your Majeſty.
That you would love your ſelf, and in that love
Not unconſidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office, is the point
Of my Petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Queen. I am ſollicited, not by a few,
And thoſe of true Condition, that your Subjects
Are in great Grievance; there have been Commiſſions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the Heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although, [*To* Wolſey.
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent Reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe Exactions, yet the King, our Maſter,
Whoſe Honour Heav'n ſhield from Soil, even he eſcapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, ſuch which breaks
The ſides of Loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud Rebellion.
Norf. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear; for, upon theſe Taxations,
The Clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The Spinſters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who,
Unfit for other Life, compell'd by Hunger,
And lack of other Means, in deſperate manner,
Daring th' event to th' Teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger ſerves among them.
King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?
Wol. Pleaſe you, Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in ought
Pertains to th' State, and front but in that file
Where others tell Steps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame

Things that are known alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These Exactions
(Whereof my Sovereign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing, and to bear 'em,
The Back is sacrifice to th' Load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an Exclamation.

King. Still Exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind, let's know,
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your Patience, but am boldned
Under your promis'd Pardon. The Subjects Grief
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixth part of his Substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your Wars in *France*; this makes bold Mouths;
Tongues spit their Duties out, and cold Hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their Curses now
Live where their Prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable Obedience is a Slave
To each incensed Will: I would your Highness
Would give it quick Consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.

King. By my Life,
This is against our Pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single Voice, and that not past me, but
By learned Approbation of the Judges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My Faculties nor Person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Virtue must go through: We must not stint
Our necessary Actions in the fear
To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
As rav'nous Fishes, do a Vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

By

By ſick Interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up
For our beſt Act; if we ſtand ſtill,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit;
Or ſit State-Statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear.
Things done without Example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a Preſident
Of this Commiſſion? I believe not any.
We muſt not rend our Subjects from our Laws,
And ſtick them in our Will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling Contribution——why we take
From every Tree, Lop, Bark, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
The Air will drink the Sap. To every County
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each Man that has deny'd
The Force of this Commiſſion; pray look to't,
I put it to your Care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire
Of the King's Grace and Pardon; the griev'd Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Interceſſion, this Revokement
And Pardon comes; I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the Proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am ſorry that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your Diſpleaſure.

King. It grieves many;
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a moſt rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound, his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great Teachers,
And never ſeek for Aid out of himſelf; yet ſee,
When theſe ſo Noble Benefits ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd, the Mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious Forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This Man ſo compleat,

Who was enroll'd 'mongſt Wonders; and when we
Almoſt with raviſht liſtning, could not find
His hour of Speech, a minute; He, my Lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as black,
As if beſmear'd in Hell. Sit by us, and you ſhall hear
(This was his Gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike Honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited Practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold Spirit relate, what you,
Moſt like a careful Subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*

King. Speak freely.

Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him every day,
It would infect his Speech, that if the King
Should without Iſſue dye, he'll carry it ſo
To make the Scepter his. Theſe very Words
I've heard him utter to his Son-in-law,
Lord *Abergavenny*, to whom by Oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Pleaſe your Highneſs, note
This dangerous Conception in this Point,
Not friended by his wiſh to your high Perſon;
His Will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your Friends.

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with Charity.

King. Speak on;
How grounded he his Title to the Crown
Upon our fail; to this point haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain Propheſie of *Nicholas Henton.*

King. What was that *Henton*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His Confeſſor, who fed him every minute
With words of Sovereignty.

King. How know'ſt thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highneſs ſped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Roſe*, within the Pariſh

St.

St. *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the Speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* Journey. I reply'd,
Men fear the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger; presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain Words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a Matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the Commissions Seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My Chaplain to no Creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
Thus pausingly ensu'd; neither the King, nor's Heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
To gain the love o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall govern *England*——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's Surveyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your Spleen a Noble Person,
And spoil your Noble Soul; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on. Go forward.

Surv. On my Soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Devil's Illusions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
For Him to ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some Design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, Tush,
It can do me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell*'s Heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! What, so rank? Ah, ha——
There's Mischief in this Man; canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*——
King. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn Servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?
Surv. If, quoth he, I for this Deed had been committed,
As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to Act upon
Th' Uſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which, if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his Duty) would
Have put his Knife into him.
King. A Giant Traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highneſs live in freedom,
And this Man out of Priſon?
Queen. God mend all.
King. There's ſomething more would out of thee; what ſay'ſt?
Surv. After the Duke his Father, with the Knife——
He ſtretch'd him, and with one Hand on his Dagger,
Another ſpread on's Breaſt, mounting his Eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible Oath, whoſe tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His Father, by as much as a performance
Does an irreſolute purpoſe.
King. There's his period,
To ſheath his Knife in us; he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent Trial; if he may
Find Mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: By Day and Night
He's Traitor to th' height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't poſſible the Spells of *France* ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange Myſteries?
Sands. New Cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th' Face, but they are shrew'd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very Noses had been Counsellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep State so.
Sands. They have all new Legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the Spavin,
A Spring-halt, reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their Cloaths are after such a Pagan Cut too,
That sure th'have worn out Christendom: How now?
What News, Sir *Thomas Lovell?*

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new Proclamation
That's clap'd upon the Court Gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The Reformation of our travell'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with Quarrels, Talk and Tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monsieurs
To think an *English* Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leave those Remnants
Of Fool and Feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable Points of Ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as Fights and Fire-works,
Abusing better Men than they can be
Out of a foreign Wisdom, renouncing clean
The Faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bolstred Breeches, and those types of Travel,
And understand again like honest Men;
Or pack to their old Play-fellows, there I take it,
They may, *Cum Privilegio*, wear away
The Lag-end of their Lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them Physick, their Diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loſs our Ladies
Will have of theſe trim Vanities?
Lov. Ay marry,
There will be wo indeed, Lords, the ſly Whoreſons
Have got a ſpeeding Trick to lay down Ladies:
A *French* Song and a Fiddle, has no Fellow.
Sands. The Devil fiddle 'em;
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no converting 'em: Now
An honeſt Country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain Song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſick too.
Cham. Well ſaid, Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts Tooth is not caſt yet?
Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a Stump.
Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordſhip is a Gueſt too.
Cham. O, 'tis true;
This Night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdom, I'll aſſure you.
Lov. That Churchman
Bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the Land that feeds us,
His Dew falls every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black Mouth that ſaid other of him.
Sands. He may, my Lord,
Ha's wherewithal in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin, than ill Doctrine.
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They are ſet here for Examples.
Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones:
My Barge ſtays;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,

For

For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,
This Night to be Comptrollers.
San. I am your Lordſhip's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Hautboys. A ſmall Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen, *and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as Gueſts at one Door; at another Door enter Sir* Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies,
A general Welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: This Night he dedicates
To fair Content, and you: None here he hopes,
In all this noble Bevy, has brought with her
One Care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As firſt, good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good People.
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, *and* Lovell.
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this fair Company
Clap'd Wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir *Henry Guilford.*
Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinal
But half my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running Banquet, e'er they reſted,
I think would better pleaſe 'em: By my Life,
They are a ſweet Society of fair ones.
Lov. O that your Lordſhip were but now Confeſſor
To one or two of theſe.
Sands. I would I were,
They ſhould find eaſie Penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how eaſie?
Sands. As eaſie as a Down Bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit: Sir *Harry*,
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring, nay you muſt not freeze,
Two Women plac'd together makes cold Weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray ſit between theſe Ladies.

Sands.

Sands. By my Faith,
And thank your Lordſhip. By your leave, ſweet Ladies,
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.
Anne. Was he mad, Sir?
Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, juſt as I do now,
He would kiſs you twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well ſaid, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly ſeated: Gentlemen,
The Penance lyes on you, if theſe fair Ladies
Paſs away frowning.
Sands. For my little Cue,
Let me alone.
Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *and takes his State.*
Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good Health.
Sands. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have ſuch a Bowl may hold my Thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.
Wol. My Lord *Sands*,
I am beholding to you; cheer your Neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?
Sands. The red Wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair Cheeks, my Lord, then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.
Anne. You are a merry Gameſter,
My Lord *Sands.*
Sands. Yes, if I make my Play:
Here's to your Ladiſhip, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to ſuch a thing——
Anne. You cannot ſhew me.
[*Drum and Trumpets, Chambers diſcharged.*
Sands. I told your Grace, they would talk anon.
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, ſome of ye.
Wol. What warlike Voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the Laws of War y'are privileged. *Enter*

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Ser. A noble Troop of Strangers,
For ſo they ſeem; they have left their Barge and Landed,
And hither make, as great Ambaſſadors
From Foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord-Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the *French* Tongue,
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our Preſence, where this Heav'n of Beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All ariſe, and Tables removed.*

You have now a broken Banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good Digeſtion to you all; and once more
I ſhowre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They paſs directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully ſalute him.

A Noble Company: what are their Pleaſures?

Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no *Engliſh*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by Fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair Aſſembly,
This Night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to Beauty,
But leave their Flocks, and under your fair Conduct
Crave leave to view theſe Ladies, and entreat
An hour of Revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor Houſe grace:
For which I pay 'em a thouſand thanks,
And pray 'em take their Pleaſures.

[*Chuſe Ladies, King and* Anne Bullen.

King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee.

[*Muſick, Dance.*

Wol. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his Perſon
More worthy this Place than my ſelf, to whom,

If

If I but knew him, with my Love and Duty
I would surrender it. [*Whisper.*
Cham. I will, my Lord.
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then,
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My Royal Choice.
King. You have found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair Assembly, you do well, Lord.
You are a Church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee come hither, what fair Lady's that?
Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullen*'s Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highness's Women.
King. By Heav'n she's a dainty one: Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To* Anne Bullen.
And not to Kiss you. A Health, Gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banquet ready
I'th' Privy Chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with Dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear too much.
Wol. There's fresh Air, my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
King. Lead in your Ladies every one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen Healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in Favour. Let the Musick knock it.
[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeveral Doors.

1 *Gen.* WHither away ſo faſt?
2 *Gen.* O, God ſave ye:
Even to the Hall, to hear what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham.*
1 *Gen.* I'll ſave you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the Priſoner.
2 *Gen.* Were you there?
1 *Gen.* Yes indeed was I.
2 *Gen.* Pray ſpeak what has happned.
1 *Gen.* You may gueſs quickly what.
2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he,
And condemn'd upon't,
2 *Gen.* I am ſorry for't.
1 *Gen.* So are a number more.
2 *Gen.* But pray how paſt it?
1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his Accuſations
He pleaded ſtill Not guilty, and alledged
Many ſharp Reaſons to defeat the Law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the Examinations, Proofs, Confeſſions
Of divers Witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his Surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pecke*, his Chancellor, and *John Car*
Confeſſor to him, with that Devil Monk,
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.
2 *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1 *Gen.* The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not,
And ſo his Peers upon this Evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treaſon. Much

He

He ſpoke, and learnedly for Life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himſelf?
1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his Judgment, he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an Agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill and haſty;
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly,
In all the reſt, ſhew'd a moſt noble Patience.
2 *Gen.* I do not think he fears death.
1 *Gen.* Sure he does not,
He never was ſo Womaniſh, the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: Firſt *Kildare*'s Attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*, who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his Father.
2 *Gen.* That trick of State
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
And generally, who ever the King favours,
The Cardinal inſtantly will find employment for,
And far enough from Court too.
2 *Gen.* All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and O' my Conſcience,
Wiſh him ten Fathom deep: This Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him Bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all Courteſie.

Enter Buckingham *from his Arraignment. Tipſtaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each ſide, accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovel, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, *and common People*, &c.

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd Man you ſpeak of.
2 *Gen.* Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.

Buck.

Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me;
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a Traitor's Judgment,
And by that name must die; yet Heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a Conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' Law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done upon the Premises, but Justice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the Graves of great Men;
For then, my guiltless Blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this World I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have Mercies
More than I dare make Faults.
You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble Friends and Fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steel falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soul to Heav'n.
Lead on a God's Name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for Charity,
If ever any malice in your Heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless Offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No black envy shall make my Grave.
Commend me to his Grace:
And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in Heav'n: My Vows and Prayers,
Yet are the King's; and 'till my Soul forsake me,
Shall cry for Blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his Years;

Ever

Ever belov'd and loving may his Rule be;
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one Monument.
Lov. To th' Water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready,
And fit it with ſuch Furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his Perſon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer than my baſe Accuſers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now ſeal it;
And with that Blood will make 'em one Day groan for't.
My noble Father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt Uſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his Servant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſt, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without Trial, fell; God's peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh ſucceeding, truly pitying
My Father's loſs, like a moſt Royal Prince
Reſtor'd me to my Honours; and out of Ruins
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Son,
Henry the Eighth, Life, Honour, Name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the World. I had my Trial,
And muſt needs ſay, a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched Father:
Yet thus far are we one in Fortune, both
Fell by our Servants, by thoſe Men we lov'd moſt:
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs Service.
Heav'n has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying Man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your Loves and Counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make Friends,
And give your Hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your Fortunes, fall away

Like

Like Water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye; all good People
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary Life is come upon me:
Farewel; and when you would ſay ſomething that is ſad,
Speak how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their Heads,
That were the Authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good Angels keep it from us:
What may it be? you do not doubt my Faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This Secret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir: Did you not of late Days hear
A buzzing, of a Separation,
Between the King and *Katharine?*

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the Rumour, and allay the Tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.

2 *Gen.* But that ſlander, Sir,
Is a ſound truth now; for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, poſſeſt him with a ſcruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this buſineſs.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,

For not beſtowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-Biſhoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gen.* I think
You have hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his Will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in Private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

My Lord, the Horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt Breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, *a Man of my Lord Cardinal's, by Commiſſion and main Power took 'em from me, with this reaſon: His Maſter would be ſerv'd before a Subject, if not before the King, which ſtopp'd our Mouths, Sir.*

I fear, he will indeed; well, let him have them; he will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad Thoughts and Troubles.
Nor. What's the Cauſe?
Cham. It ſeems the Marriage with his Brother's Wife,
Has crept too near his Conſcience.
Suf. No, his Conſcience
Has crept too near another Lady.
Nor. 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind Prieſt, like the eldeſt Son of Fortune,
Turns what he liſt. The King will know him one Day.

Suf.

Suf. Pray God he do,
He'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his Business,
And with what zeal? For now he has crackt the League
Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great Nephew,
He dives into the King's Soul, and there scatters
Dangers, Doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Fears, and Despairs, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Divorce, a loss of her,
That like a Jewel, has hung twenty Years
About his Neck, yet never lost her Lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good Men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heav'n keep me from such Counsel; 'tis most true,
These News are every where, every Tongue speaks 'em,
And every true Heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these Affairs, see his main end,
The *French* King's Sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's Eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad Man.
Suf. And free us from his Slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this Imperious Man will work us all
From Princes into Pages; all Mens Honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please; his Curses and his Blessings
Touch me alike; th' are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's in;
And with some other Business, put the King
From these sad Thoughts, that work too much upon him;
My Lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuſe me,
The King has ſent me other-where: Beſides
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him:
Health to your Lordſhips. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
The Scene draws, and diſcovers the King ſitting and reading penſively.
Suf. How ſad he looks; ſure he is much afflicted.
King. Who's there? Ha?
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
King. Who's there, I ſay? how dare you thruſt your ſelves
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all Offences
Malice ne'er meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is Buſineſs of Eſtate; in which, we come
To know your Royal Pleaſure.
King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of Buſineſs:
Is this an hour for temporal Affairs? ha?
Enter Wolſey, *and* Campeius *the Pope's Legat, with a Commiſſion.*
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolſey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conſcienc;
Thou art a cure fit for the King; you're welcome,
Moſt learned reverend Sir, into our Kingdom,
Uſe us, and it; my good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private Conference.
King. We are buſie; go.
Nor. This Prieſt has no Pride in him?
Suf. Not to ſpeak of:
I would not be ſo ſick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do, I'll venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another. [*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.
Wol. Your Grace has given a Precedent of Wiſdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the Voice of Chriſtendom:

Who

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if they have any goodneſs,
The Trial juſt and noble. All the Clerks,
I mean the learned ones in Chriſtian Kingdoms,
Have their free Voices. *Rome*, the Nurſe of Judgment,
Invited by your Noble ſelf, hath ſent
One general Tongue unto us, this good Man,
This juſt and learned Prieſt, Cardinal *Campeius*,
Whom once more I preſent unto your Highneſs.

King. And once more in mine Arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave for their Loves,
They have ſent me ſuch a Man I would have wiſh'd for.

Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerve all Strangers loves,
You are ſo Noble: To your Highneſſes Hand
I tender my Commiſſion; by whoſe virtue,
The Court of *Rome* commanding, You, my Lord,
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their Servant,
In the impartial judging of this Buſineſs.

King. Two equal Men: The Queen ſhall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Majeſty has always lov'd her
So dear in Heart, not to deny her that,
A Woman of leſs Place might ask by Law,
Scholars allow'd, freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the beſt ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt, God forbid elſe; Cardinal,
Prithee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit Fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your Hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whoſe hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whiſpers.*

Cam. My Lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this Man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned Man?

Wol. Yes, ſurely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill Opinion ſpread then
Even of your ſelf, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How? of me?
Cam. They will not ſtick to ſay, you envy'd him;
And fearing he would riſe, he was ſo virtuous,
Kept him a foreign Man ſtill, which ſo griev'd him,
That he ran Mad, and dy'd.
Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him;
That's Chriſtian care enough; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none ſo near elſe. Learn this, Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner Perſons.
King. Deliver this with modeſty to th' Queen.
[*Exit* Gardiner.
The moſt conveniert place that I can think of,
For ſuch receit of Learning, is *Black-Fryars*;
There ye ſhall meet about this weighty Buſineſs.
My *Wolſey*, ſee it furniſh'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able Man to leave
So ſweet a Bedfellow? But Conſcience, Conſcience——
O 'tis a tender Place, and I muſt leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Anne Bullen, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither---here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her; by my Life,
She never knew harm-doing: Oh, now after
So many courſes of the Sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a Majeſty and Pomp, the which
To leave, a thouſand fold more bitter, than
'Tis ſweet at firſt t'acquire. After this Proceſs,
To give her the Avaunt, it is a pity
Would move a Monſter.
Old L. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne.

Anne. O' God's Will, much better
She ne'er had known Pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſufferance, panging
As Soul and Body's ſevering.
Old L. Alas, poor Lady,
She's Stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her; verily
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in Content,
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſt'ring Grief,
And wear a golden Sorrow.
Old L. Our Content
Is our beſt having.
Anne. By my troth and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and ſo would you
For all this ſpice of your Hypocriſie;
You that have ſo fair parts of Woman on you,
Have, too, a Woman's Heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are Bleſſings; and which Gifts
(Saving your mincing) the Capacity
Of your ſoft Chiverel Conſcience would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth——
Old L. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the Riches under Heav'n.
Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd now would hire
Old as I am, to Queen it; but I pray you, (me,
What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you Limbs
To bear that load of Title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made, pluck off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than bluſhing comes to: If your Back
Cannot vouchſafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a Boy

Anne. How you do talk!
I ſwear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the World.
Old L. In faith for little *England*
You'll venture an emballing: I my ſelf
Would for *Carnarvanſhire,* although there long'd
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes here?
Enter Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good morrow, Ladies; what wer't worth to know
The ſecret of your Conference?
Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Miſtreſs Sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle Buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good Women, there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now I pray God, Amen.
Cham. You bear a gentle Mind, and heavenly Bleſſings
Follow ſuch Creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely, and high Notes
Ta'en of your many Virtues; the King's Majeſty
Commends his good Opinion of you, to you; and
Does purpoſe Honour to you no leſs flowing
Than Marchioneſs of *Pembrook*; to which Title
A thouſand pound a year, Annual ſupport,
Out of his Grace, he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of Obedience, I ſhould tender;
More than my All, is nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not Words duly hallowed, nor my Wiſhes
More worth than empty Vanities; yet Prayers and Wiſhes
Are all I can return. 'Beſeech your Lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my Thanks, and my Obedience,
As from a bluſhing Handmaid to his Highneſs;
Whoſe Health and Royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady;
I ſhall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are ſo mingled,
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a Gem,

To

To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. [*Exit Chamberlain.*
Anne. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have been begging sixteen Years in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of Pounds; and you, oh fate,
A very fresh Fish here; fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune, have your Mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty Pence, no:
There was an old Lady once ('tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your Theme, I could
O'er-mount the Lark; the Marchioness of *Pembrook*?
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect?
No other Obligation? By my Life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his Fore-skirt; by this time
I know your Back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good Lady,
Make your self Mirth with your particular Fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my Blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray do not deliver,
What here y'ave heard to her,
Old L. What do you think me——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short Silver Wands; next them two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: After them, the Bishop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and St.* Asaph; *next them, with*

with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two Silver Pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our Commission from *Rome* is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be't so, proceed.
Scribe. Say, *Henry* King of *England*, come into the Court.
Cryer. Henry King of *England*, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queen of *England*,
Come into the Court.
Cryer. Katherine, Queen of *England*, &c.
The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet; then speaks;
Sir, I desire you to do me Right and Justice,
And to bestow your Pity on me; for
I am a most poor Woman, and a Stranger,
Born out of your Dominions; having here
No Judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heav'n witness,
I have been to you a true and humble Wife,

At

At all times to your Will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your diſlike,
Yea, ſubject to your Countenance; glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? when was the hour
I ever contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not ſtrove to Love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty Years, and have been bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſs of this time you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine Honour ought,
My bond of Wedlock, or my Love and Duty
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in God's name
Turn me away; and let foul'ſt Contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To the ſharp'ſt kind of Juſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King, your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt prudent, and an excellent
And unmatch'd Wit and Judgment. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Council to them
Of every Realm, that did debate this Buſineſs,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you, Sir, to ſpare me, 'till I may
Be by my Friends in *Spain* advis'd; whoſe Counſel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe Reverend Fathers, Men
Of ſingular Integrity and Learning:
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are aſſembled
To plead your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the Court, as well

For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unſettled in the King.
Cam. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and juſtly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this Royal Seſſion do proceed,
And that, without delay, their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Queen. Lord Cardinal, to you I ſpeak.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Queen. Sir, I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd ſo, certain
The Daughter of a King, my drops of Tears
I'll turn to ſparks of Fire.
Wol. Be patient yet——
Queen. I will, when you are humble, nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent Circumſtances, that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge.
You ſhall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blown this Coal, betwixt my Lord and me,
Which God's dew quench; therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my Soul
Refuſe you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and think not
At all a Friend to Truth.
Wol. I do profeſs
You ſpeak not like your ſelf, who ever yet
Have ſtood to Charity, and diſplay'd th' effects
Of Diſpoſition gentle, and of Wiſdom
O'er-topping Woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong,
I have no Spleen againſt you, nor Injuſtice
For you, or any; how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further ſhall, is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtory,
Yea, the whole Conſiſtory of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this Coal; I do deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be known to him,
That I gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my Falſhood? yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knows

I am not of your Wrong. Therefore in him
It lyes to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your ſpeaking,
And to ſay no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple Woman, much too weak
T' oppoſe your Cunning. Y'are meek, and humble mouth'd,
You ſign your Place and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekneſs and Humility; but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogance, Spleen and Pride,
You have by Fortune and his Highneſs Favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low Steps, and now are mounted
Where Powers are your Retainers, and your Words,
Domeſticks to you, ſerve your Will, as't pleaſe
Your ſelf pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your Perſon's Honour, than
Your high Profeſſion Spiritual. That again
I do refuſe you for my Judge, and here
Before you all, Appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſs,
And to be judg'd by him.

She curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.

Cam. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to Juſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of *England,* come into the Court.

Uſher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience-----pray you paſs on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, *Kate,*
That Man i'th' World, who ſhall report he has
A better Wife, let him in nought be truſted,

For

For ſpeaking falſe in that; thou art alone,
If thy rare Qualities, ſweet Gentleneſs,
Thy Meekneſs Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy Parts
Sovereign and Pious, could ſpeak thee out,
The Queen of earthly Queens: She's Noble born;
And like her true Nobility, ſhe has
Carried her ſelf towards me.

Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe Ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfy'd) whether ever I
Did broach this Buſineſs to your Highneſs, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for ſuch
A Royal Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt word that might
Be the prejudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuſe you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught,
That you have many Enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo, but like the Village Curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By ſome of theſe
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more juſtify'd? You ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this Buſineſs, never deſir'd
It to be ſtirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,
The Paſſages made toward it; on my Honour,
I ſpeak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
And thus far clear him.
Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th'inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't:
My Conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick, on certain Speeches utter'd
By the Biſhop of *Bayon*, then *French* Ambaſſador,
Who had been hither ſent on the debating

And

And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th' Progreſs of this buſineſs,
E'er a determinate reſolution, he,
I mean the Biſhop, did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertiſe,
Whether our Daughter were Legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brother's Wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my Conſcience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a ſplitting Power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd Conſiderings did throng
And preſt in with this Caution. Firſt, methought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heav'n, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Lady's Womb,
If it conceiv'd a Male-child by me, ſhould
Do no more Offices of Life to't, than
The Grave does to th'Dead; for her Male-Iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This World had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a Judgment on me, that my Kingdom,
Well worthy the beſt Heir o'th' World, ſhould not
Be glad in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the Danger which my Realms ſtood in
By this my Iſſues fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw; thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conſcience, I did ſteer
Towards this Remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together; that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feel full ſick, and yet not well,
By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learned. Firſt, I began in private,
With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
How under my Oppreſſion I did reel,
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelf to ſay
How far you ſatisfy'd me.

Lin. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,

Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'ſt Councel which I had to doubt,
And did intreat your Highneſs to this Courſe,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
To make this preſent Summons unſollicited.
I left no reverend Perſon in this Court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Under your Hands and Seals; therefore go on,
For no diſlike i'th' World againſt the Perſon
Of our good Queen, but the ſharp thorny Points
Of my alledged Reaſons, drives this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawful, by my Life
And kingly Dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal State to come, with her
(*Katharine* our Queen) before the primeſt Creature
That's Paragon'd o'th' World.

Cam. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs,
That we Adjourn this Court to a further day;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her Appeal
She intends unto his Holineſs.

King. I may perceive
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory Sloth, and Tricks of *Rome*.
My learned and well-beloved Servant *Cranmer*,
Prithee return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along: break up the Court;
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen. TAKE thy Lute, Wench,
My Soul grows ſad with Troubles,
Sing, and diſperſe 'em if thou can'ſt: leave working.

SONG.

SONG.

ORpheus, *with his Lute, made Trees,*
And the Mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing.
To his Muſick, Plants and Flowers
Ever ſpring, as Sun and Showers
There had made a laſting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billows of the Sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet Muſick is ſuch Art,
Killing Care, and Grief of Heart,
Fall aſleep, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the Preſence.

Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?

Gent. They will'd me ſay ſo, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near; what can be their Buſineſs
With me, a poor weak Woman, fall'n from Favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They ſhould be good Men, their Affairs are Righteous;
But, *All Hoods make not Monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolſey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highneſs.

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a Houſe-wife;
(I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your Pleaſures with me, Reverend Lords?

Wol. May it pleaſe you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we ſhall give you
The full Cauſe of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my Conſcience,
Deſerves a Corner; would all other Women
Could ſpeak this with as free a Soul, as I do:
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my Actions

Were try'd by every Tongue, every Eye saw 'em,
Envy and base Opinion set against 'em,
I know my Life so even. If your Business
Seek me out, and that way I am Wise in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open Dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima.--
Queen. Good my Lord, no *Latin*;
I am not such a Truant since my coming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray speak in *English*; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor Mistress sake;
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st Sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in *English*.
Wol. Noble Lady,
I am sorry my Integrity should breed
(And Service to his Majesty and you)
So deep Suspicion, where all Faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that Honour every good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to Sorrow,
You have too much, good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the weighty Difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest Men, our just Opinions,
And comforts to your Cause.
Cam. Most honoured Madam,
My Lord of *York*, out of his noble Nature,
Zeal and Obedience, he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good Man, your late Censure
Both of his Truth and him, (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of Peace,
His Service and his Counsel.
Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest Men, pray God ye prove so,
But how to make ye suddenly an Answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine Honour,
(More near my Life, I fear) with my weak Wit,
And to such Men of Gravity and Learning;

In truth I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my Maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch Men, or ſuch Buſineſs;
For her ſake that I have been, for I feel
The laſt fit of my Greatneſs, good your Graces,
Let me have Time and Council for my Cauſe:
Alas, I am a Woman friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam,
You wrong the King's Love with thoſe Fears,
Your Hopes and Friends are infinite.

Queen. In *England*,
But little for my profit: Can you think, Lord,
That any *Engliſh* Man dare give me Counſel?
Or be a known Friend 'gainſt his Highneſs pleaſure,
Though he be grown ſo deſperate to be honeſt,
And live a Subject? Nay forſooth, my Friends,
They that muſt weigh out my Afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here,
They are, as all my other Comforts, far hence
In mine own Country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your Griefs, and take my Counſel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main Cauſe into the King's Protection;
He's loving and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your Honour better, and your Cauſe:
For if the Trial of the Law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away diſgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my Ruin:
Is this your Chriſtian Counſel? Out upon ye,
Heav'n is above all yet; there ſits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your Rage miſtakes us.

Queen. The more ſhame for ye; holy Men I thought ye,
Upon my Soul, two reverend Cardinal Virtues;
But Cardinal Sins, and hollow Hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame, my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordial that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A Woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my Miſeries.

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for Heav'ns sake take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my Sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a meer Distraction,
You turn the Good we offer into Envy.
Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you have me,
(If you have any Justice, any Pity,
If ye be any thing, but Churchmens Habits)
Put my sick Cause into his Hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his Bed already,
His Love too, long ago.. I am old, my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is only by Obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.——
Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since Virtue finds no Friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without Vain-glory)
Never yet branded with Suspicion?
Have I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next Heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my Prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant Woman to her Husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleasure:
And to that Woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an Honour; a great Patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good
We aim at.
Queen. My Lord,
I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble Title
Your Master wed me to: Nothing but Death
Shall e'er divorce my Dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me ——
Queen. Would I had never trod this *English* Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
Ye have Angels Faces, but Heav'n knows your Hearts.

What

What ſhall become of me now! wretched Lady!
I am the moſt unhappy Woman living.
Alas, poor Wenches, where are now your Fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Ship-wrack'd upon a Kingdom, where no Pity,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for me?
Almoſt no Grave allow'd me? like the Lilly,
That once was Miſtreſs of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my Head, and periſh.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our Ends are honeſt,
You'll feel more comfort. Why ſhould we, good Lady,
Upon what cauſe wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to cure ſuch Sorrows, not to ſow 'em.
For goodneſs ſake conſider what you do,
How you may hurt your ſelf, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The Hearts of Princes kiſs Obedience,
So much they love it: But to ſtubborn Spirits,
They ſwell and grow as terrible as Storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble Temper,
A Soul as even as a Calm; pray think us,
Thoſe we profeſs, Peace-makers, Friends and Servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo:
You wrong your Virtues
With theſe weak Womens fears. A Noble Spirit,
As yours was, put into you ever caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coin from it. The King loves you,
Beware you loſe it not; for us (if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your Buſineſs) we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt Studies in your Service.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords;
And pray forgive me,
If I have us'd my ſelf unmannerly;
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch Perſons.
Pray do my Service to his Majeſty,
He has my Heart yet; and ſhall have my Prayers
While I ſhall have my Life. Come, Reverend Fathers,
Beſtow your Counſels on me. She now begs

That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her Dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Lord* Surrey, *and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new Disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least Occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of Nobleness in any Person
Out of himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your Pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O fear him not,
His Spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his high Displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such News as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrary Proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,

As I would wish mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His Practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinal's Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' Eye o'th' King, wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the Judgment o'th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in Affection, to
A Creature of the Queen's, Lady *Anne Bullen.*
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this Point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For I profess you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen to't.
Nor. All Mens.
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is but young, and may be left
To some Ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
In Mind and Feature, I persuade me from her
Will fall some Blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry, Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be moe Wasps that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal *Campeius,*

Is ſtoln away to *Rome*, hath ta'en no leave,
Has left the Cauſe to th' King unhandled, and
Is poſted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To ſecond all his Plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'd Ha! at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him;
And let him cry Ha, louder.
Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?
Suf. He is return'd with his Opinions, which
Have ſatisfy'd the King for his Divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous Colleges
Almoſt in Chriſtendom; ſhortly, I believe,
His ſecond Marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princeſs Dowager,
A Widow to Prince *Arthur*.
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's Buſineſs.
Suf. He has, and we ſhall ſee him,
For it, an Archbiſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.

Enter Wolſey *and* Cromwel.

The Cardinal.
Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.
Wol. The Packet, *Cromwel*,
Gav't you the King?
Crom. To his own Hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o'th' inſide of the Paper?
Crom. Preſently,
He did unſeal them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious Mind; a heed
Was in his Countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this Morning.
Wol. Is he ready to come Abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. [*Exit* Cromwel.
It ſhall be to the Dutcheſs of *Alenſon*, [*Aſide.*
The *French* King's Siſter; he ſhall marry her.

Anne

Anne Bullen!---No, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,——
There's more in't than fair Viſage——*Bullen*!——
No, we'll no *Bullens*——Speedily I wiſh
To hear from *Rome*——the Marchioneſs of *Pembrook*!——
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord for thy Juſtice.
Wol. [*Aſide.*] The late Queen's Gentlewoman!
A Knight's Daughter!
To be her Miſtreſs's Miſtreſs! the Queen's Queen!---
This Candle burns not clear, 'tis I muſt ſnuff it,
Then out it goes——What though I know her virtuous
And well-deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran, and not wholſom to
Our Cauſe!——that ſhe ſhould lye i'th' Boſom of
Our hard-rul'd King!——Again, there is ſprung up
An Heretick, an arch one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Norf. He's vex'd at ſomething.
Enter King, reading of a Schedule.
Sur. I would 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring
The Maſter-cord on's Heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of Wealth hath he accumulated
To his own Portion! and what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of Thriſt
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?
Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his Brain; he bites his Lip and ſtarts,
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the Ground,
Then lays his Finger on his Temple; ſtraight
Springs out into faſt Gate, then ſtops again,
Strikes his Breaſt hard, and then anon, he caſts
His Eye againſt the Moon, in moſt ſtrange Poſtures
We have ſeen him ſet himſelf.
King. It may well be,

There

There is a Mutiny in's mind. This Morning,
Papers of State he ſent me to peruſe,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my Conſcience put unwittingly,
Forſooth an Inventory, thus importing
The ſeveral parcels of his Plate, his Treaſure,
Rich Stuffs and Ornaments of Houſhold, which
I find at ſuch a proud Rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a Subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will,
Some Spirit put this Paper in the Packet,
To bleſs your Eye withal.

King. If we did think
His Contemplations were above the Earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual Objects, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his Muſings, but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the Moon, nor worth
His ſerious conſidering.

King takes his Seat, whiſpers Lovel, *who goes to* Wolſey.

Wol. Heaven forgive me——
Ever God bleſs your Highneſs——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heavenly Stuff, and bear the Inventory
Of your beſt Graces, in your Mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure, a brief ſpan
To keep your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deem you an ill Husband, and am glad
To have you therein my Companion.

Wol. Sir,
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of Buſineſs, which
I bear i'th' State; and Natute does require
Her times of Preſervation, which perforce
I her frail Son, amongſt my Brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.

King. You have ſaid well.

Wol. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well,
With my well ſaying.

King. 'Tis well ſaid again,

And

And 'tis a kind of good Deed to say well,
And yet Words are no Deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He said he did, and with this Deed did crown
His Word upon you. Since I had my Office
I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Havings, to bestow
My Bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*

Sur. The Lord increase this Business. [*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime Man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withal
If you are to bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your Royal Graces
Showr'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes require, which went
Beyond all Man's endeavours. My endeavours,
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine own Ends
Have been so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State: For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me, poor Undeserver, I
Can nothing render but Allegiant Thanks,
My Prayers to Heaven for you; my Loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till Death, that Winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:
A Loyal and Obedient Subject is
Therein illustrated, the Honour of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulness is the Punishment. I presume,
That as my Hand has open'd Bounty to you,
My Heart dropp'd Love, my Pow'r rain'd Honour, more
On you, than any; so your Hand and Heart,
Your Brain, and every Function of your Power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of Duty,
As 'twere in Love's particular, be more
To me, your Friend, than any.

Wol.

Wol. I do profeſs,
That for your Highneſs good, I ever labour'd
More than mine own; That am I, have been, and will be;
Though all the World ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet, my Duty,
As doth a Rock againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wild River break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken;
Take notice Lords, he has a loyal Breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't. Read o'er this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* Wolſey, *the Nobles throng after him whiſpering and ſmiling.*

Wol. What ſhould this mean?
What ſudden Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if Ruin
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lion
Upon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this Paper:
I fear, the Story of his Anger——'Tis ſo——
This Paper has undone me——'Tis th' Account
Of all that World of Wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends, indeed to gain the Popedom,
And ſee my Friends in *Rome*. O Negligence!
Fit for a Fool to fall by: What croſs Devil
Made me put this main Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his Brains?
I know 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this——*To the Pope?*
The Letter, as I live, with all the Buſineſs
I writ to's Holineſs. Nay, then farewel;
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſs,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting, I ſhall fall

Like

Like a bright Exhalation in the Evening,
And no Man ſee me more.
Enter to Wolſey, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*
Nor. Hear the King's pleaſure, Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render up the great Seal preſently
Into our hands, and to confine your ſelf
To *Aſher-houſe*, my Lord of *Wincheſter's*,
'Till you hear further from his Highneſs.
Wol. Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority ſo mighty.
Suf. Who dare croſs 'em,
Bearing the King's Will from his Mouth expreſsly?
Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
I mean your Malice, know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what courſe Metal ye are molded——Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgrace
As if it fed ye, and how ſleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my Ruin?
Follow your envious Courſes, Men of Malice;
You have a Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit Rewards. That Seal
You ask with ſuch a Violence, the King,
Mine, and your Maſter, with his own hand gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honours
During my life; and to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Wol. It muſt be himſelf then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieſt.
Wol. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe forty hours, *Surrey* durſt better
Have burnt that Tongue, than ſaid ſo.
Sur. Thy Ambition,
Thou ſcarlet Sinner, robb'd this bewailing Land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my Father-in-Law:
The Heads of all thy Brother Cardinals,

With

With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a Hair of his. Plague of your Policy,
You ſent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſs, out of holy Pity,
Abſolv'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my Credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble Jury, and foul Cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little Honeſty, as Honour,
That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth
Toward the King, my ever Royal Maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder Man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his Follies.
Sur. By my Soul,
Your long Coat, Prieſt, protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feel
My Sword i'th' Life-Blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Jaded by a piece of Scarlet,
Farewel Nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larks.
Wol. All Goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy Stomach.
Sur. Yes, that Goodneſs
Of gleaning all the Lands-wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by Extortion:
The goodneſs of your intercepted Packets
You writ to the Pope, againſt the King; your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you are truly noble,
As you reſpect the common Good, the State
Of our deſpis'd Nobility, our Iſſues,
Who, if he live, will ſcarce be Gentlemen,
Produce the grand ſum of his Sins, the Articles

Collected

Collected from his Life. I'll ſtartle you
Worſe than the facring Bell, when the brown Wench
Lay kiſſing in your Arms, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How much methinks I could deſpiſe this Man,
But that I am bound in Charity againſt it.
Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the King's Hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones,
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſs ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knows my Truth.
Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my Memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and cry Guilty, Cardinal,
You'll ſhew a little Honeſty.
Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worſt Objections: If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want Manners.
Sur. I had rather want thoſe, than my Head;
Have at you.
Firſt, that without the King's aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legat, by which power
You maim'd the Juriſdiction of all Biſhops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or elſe
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambaſſador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great Seal.
Sur. Item, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſalis*, to conclude
Without the King's Will, or the States allowance,
A League between his Highneſs and *Ferrara*.
Suf. That out of meer Ambition, you have caus'd
Your Holy-Hat to be ſtamp'd on the King's Coin.
Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
By what means got I leave to your own Conſcience,
To furniſh *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for Dignities, to the meer undoing

Of

Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my Mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Preſs not a falling Man too far; 'tis Virtue:
His Faults lye open to the Laws, let them,
Not you, correct him. My Heart weeps to ſee him
So little, of his great Self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you have done of late,
By your power Legantine, within this Kingdom,
Fall into the compaſs of a Præmunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the King's Protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King ſhall know it, and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* Wolſey.

Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel to all my Greatneſs.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes, to morrow Bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing Honours thick upon him:
The third Day comes a Froſt, a killing Froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſie Man, full ſurely
His Greatneſs is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton Boys that ſwim on Bladders,
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude Stream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the World, I hate ye;
I feel my Heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor Man that hangs on Princes Favours?

There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than Wars or Women have:
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell *ſtanding amaz'd*,

Why, how now, *Cromwell?*

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my Misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great Man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my ſelf now, and I feel within me,
A Peace above all Earthly Dignities,
A ſtill and quiet Conſcience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from theſe Shoulders
This ruin'd Pillar, out of pity, taken
A load would ſink a Navy, too much Honour.
O 'tis a Burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a Burden
Too heavy for a Man, that hopes for Heav'n.

Crom. I am glad your Grace
Has made that right uſe of it.

Wol. I hope I have:
I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of Soul, I feel,
To endure more Miſeries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted Enemies dare offer.
What News abroad?

Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.

Wol. God bleſs him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden——
But he's a learned Man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs favour, and do Juſtice
For Truth's-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his Bones,

When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in Bleſſings,
May have a Tomb of Orphans Tears wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's News indeed.

Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to Chappel; and the Voice is now
Only about her Coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one Woman I have loſt for ever.
No Sun ſhall ever uſher forth mine Honours,
Or gild again the noble Troops that waited
Upon my Smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
I am a poor fallen Man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord and Maſter. Seek the King,
That Sun, I pray may never ſet; I have told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble Nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needs forgo
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a Maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not Hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my Prayers
For ever and for ever ſhall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to ſhed a Tear
In all my Miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the Woman.
Let's dry our Eyes: And thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention

Of

Of me more muſt be heard: Say, I taught thee;
Say, *Wolſey*, that once trod the ways of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths and Shoals of Honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maſter miſt it.
Mark but my Fall, and that that ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that Sin fell the Angels; how can Man then,
The Image of his Maker, hope to win it?
Love thy ſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe Hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than Honeſty.
Still in thy right Hand, carry gentle Peace
To ſilence envious Tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O *Cromwell*,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serve the King; and prithee lead me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the laſt Penny, 'tis the King's. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heav'n, is all,
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
Had I but ſerv'd my God, with half the Zeal
I ſerv'd my King; he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of Court, my hopes in Heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* YOu're well met once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your Stand here, and behold
The Lady *Anne* paſs from her Coronation.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my Buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his Trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd Sorrow,
This, general Joy.
2 *Gen.* 'Tis well; the Citizens
I am ſure have ſhewn at-full their Royal Minds,
And let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shews,
Pageants, and Sights of Honour.
1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor I'll aſſure you better taken, Sir.
2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That Paper in your Hands?
1 *Gen.* Yes, 'tis the Liſt
Of thoſe that claim their Offices this Day,
By cuſtom of the Coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the firſt, and claims
To be high Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
He to be Earl Marſhal; you may read the reſt.
2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known thoſe Cuſtoms,
I ſhould have been beholding to your Paper:
But I beſeech you what's become of *Katharine*,
The Princeſs Dowager? How goes her Buſineſs?
1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too; the Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at *Dunſtable*, ſix Miles off
From *Ampthil*, where the Princeſs lay, to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And to be ſhort, for not Appearance, and
The King's late ſcruple, by the main aſſent
Of all theſe learned Men, ſhe was Divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was removed to *Kimbolton*,
Where ſhe remains now ſick.
2 *Gen.* Alas good Lady!
The Trumpets ſound; ſtand cloſe,
The Queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

The

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the Purſe and Mace before him.*
4. *Quiriſters ſinging.* [Muſick.
5. *Mayor of* London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter *in his Coat of Arms, and on his Head a Gilt Copper Crown.*
6. *Marqueſs of* Dorſet, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his Head a Demi-Coronal of Gold. With him, the Earl of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crown'd with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of* Suffolk, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his Head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A Canopy born by four of the* Cinque-ports, *under it the Queen in her Robe; in her Hair, richly adorned with Pearl, Crowned. On each ſide her the Biſhops of* London *and* Wincheſter.
9. *The old Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Counteſſes, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*

They paſs over the Stage in Order and State, and then Exeunt, *with a great Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

2 *Gen.* A Royal Train, believe me; theſe I know;
Who's that bears the Scepter?
1 *Gen.* Marqueſs *Dorſet.*
And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the Rod.
2 *Gen.* A bold brave Gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of *Suffolk.*
1 *Gen.* 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.
2 *Gen.* And that my Lord of *Norfolk*?
1 *Gen.* Yes.
2 *Gen.* Heav'n bleſs thee,
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt Face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel;
Our King has all the *Indies* in his Arms,
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady:
I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 *Gen.* They that bear
The Cloth of Honour over her, are four Barons
Of the *Cinque-Ports.*

2 *Gen.* Those Men are happy,
And so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the Train,
Is that old noble Lady, the Dutchess of *Norfolk.*

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their Coronets say so. These are Stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the croud i'th' Abby, where a Finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
With the meer Rankness of their Joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the Ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich Stream
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sate down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich Chair of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That ever lay by Man; which when the People
Had the full View of, such a noise arose,
As the shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up, and had their Faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd Women,
That had not half a Week to go, like Rams

In

In the old time of War, would ſhake the Preſs
And make 'em reel before 'em. No Man living
Could ſay, this is my Wife there, all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace roſe and with modeſt Paces
Came to the Altar, where ſhe kneel'd, and Saint-like
Caſt her fair Eyes to Heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the People:
When by the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*,
She had all the Royal makings of a Queen;
As holy Oil, *Edward* Confeſſor's Crown,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all ſuch Emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
With all the choiceſt Muſick of the Kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deum.* So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full State pac'd back again
To *York-Place*, where the Feaſt is held.

1 *Gen.* Sir,
You muſt no more call it *York-Place*, that's paſt,
For ſince the Cardinal fell, that Title's loſt,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall.*

3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old Name
Is freſh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two Reverend Biſhops
Were thoſe, that went on each ſide of the Queen?

3 *Gen. Stokeſly* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Wincheſter*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London.*

2 *Gen.* He of *Wincheſter*
Is held no great good Lover of the Archbiſhop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*

3 *Gen.* All the Land knows that:
However yet there is no great breach, when it comes,
Cranmer will find a Friend will not ſhrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may be that, I pray you?

3 *Gen, Thomas Cromwell,*
A Man in much eſteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King has made him

Maſter o'th' Jewel Houſe,
And one already of the Privy-Council.
2 Gent. He will deſerve more.
3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, Gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command; as I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Katharine *Dowager, ſick, led between* Griffith *her Gentleman-Uſher, and* Patience *her Woman.*

Grif. How does your Grace?
Kath. O *Griffith*, ſick to death:
My Legs like loaded Branches bow to Earth,
Willing to leave their Burthen: Reach a Chair——
So——now methinks I feel a little eaſe. [*Sitting down.*
Didſt thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou lead'ſt me,
That the great Child of Honour, Cardinal *Wolſey*,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave nó ear to't.
Kath. Prithee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my Example.
Grif. Well, the Voice goes, Madam;
For after the ſtout Earl *Northumberland*
Arreſted him at *York*, and brought him forward
As a Man ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his Mule.
Kath. Alas, poor Man.
Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Roads he came to *Leiceſter*,
Lodg'd in the Abby; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe Words. O Father Abbot,
An old Man broken with the Storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary Bones among ye;
Give him a little Earth for Charity.

So

So went to Bed; where eagerly his Sickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three Nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of Repentance,
Continual Meditations, Tears and Sorrows,
He gave his Honours to the World again,
His bleſſed part to Heaven, and ſlept in Peace.
Kath. So may he reſt,
His faults lye bury'd with him.
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with Charity; he was a Man
Of an unbounded Stomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with Princes. One that by Suggeſtion
Ty'd all the Kingdom; Simony was fair play,
His own Opinion was his Law. I'th' Preſence
He would ſay Untruths, and be ever double
Both in his Words and Meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to Ruin, pitiful.
His Promiſes were, as he then was, Mighty;
But his Performance, as he now is, Nothing;
Of his own Body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill Example.
Grif. Noble Madam,
Mens evil Manners live in Braſs, their Virtues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his Good now?
Kath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honour. From his Cradle
He was a Scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them that lov'd him not;
But to thoſe Men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer.
And though he were unſatisfied in getting,
Which was a Sin, yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely; ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and *Oxford*; one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it.

The

The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his Virtue.
His Overthrow heap'd Happineſs upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the Bleſſedneſs of being little.
And to add greater Honours to his Age
Than Man could give him; he dy'd, fearing God.
Kath. After my Death, I wiſh no other Herald,
No other Speaker of my living Actions,
To keep mine Honour from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler, as *Griffith.*
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me
With thy religious Truth and Modeſty,
Now in his Aſhes, Honour; Peace be with him.
Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſicians play me that ſad Note
I nam'd my Knell; whilſt I ſit meditating
On that Celeſtial Harmony, I go to.

Sad and ſolemn Muſick.

Grif. She is aſleep: Good Wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience.*

The Viſion. Enter ſolemnly tripping one after another, ſix Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their Head Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces, Branches of Bays or Palm in their Hands. They firſt Congee unto her, then Dance; and at certain Changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare Garland over her Head, at which the other four make reverend Curtſies. Then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the ſame to the other next two, who obſerve the ſame order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head. Which done, they deliver the ſame Garland to the laſt two, who likewiſe obſerve the ſame Order. At which, as it were by Inſpiration, ſhe makes, in her ſleep, ſigns of rejoycing, and holdeth up her Hands to Heaven. And ſo in their Dancing vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them. The Muſick continues.

Kath. Spirits of Peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?

Grif.

Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed Troop
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright Faces
Cast a thousand Beams upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternal Happiness,
And brought me Garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good Dreams
Possess your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her Face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her Eyes.
Grif. She is going, Wench. Pray, pray,——
Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace——
Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted Greatness
To use so rude Behaviour. Go to, kneel.
Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness Pardon,
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail me not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royal Nephew, and your Name *Capucius*.
Cap. Madam, the same, your Servant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,

What

What is your Pleaſure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt mine own Service to your Grace, the next
The King's requeſt that I would viſit you,
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good Comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phyſick given in time had cur'd me:
But now I am paſt all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highneſs?

Cap. Madam, in good Health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with Worms, and my poor Name
Baniſh'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Kath. Sir, I muſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Moſt willingly, Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his Goodneſs
The Model of our chaſte loves, his young Daughter,
The dews of Heaven fall thick in Bleſſings on her,
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a Noble modeſt Nature,
I hope ſhe will deſerve well, and a little
To love her for her Mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly.
My next poor Petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched Women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I ſhould not lye, but well deſerve
For Virtue, and true Beauty of the Soul,
For Honeſty, and decent Carriage,
A right good Husband, let him be a Noble,
And ſure thoſe Men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my Men, they are the pooreſt,
But Poverty could never draw 'em from me,

That

That they may have their Wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me by.
If Heav'n had pleas'd to have given me longer Life
And able Means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this World,
As you wiſh peace to Chriſtian Souls departed,
Stand theſe poor Peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt Right.

Cap. By Heaven I will,
Or let me looſe the faſhion of a Man.

Kath. I thank you, honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſs;
Say, his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this World. Tell him, in death I bleſt him,
For ſo I will; mine Eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord. *Griffith* farewel. Nay, *Patience*,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to Bed,
Call in more Women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be us'd with Honour, ſtrew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the World may know
I was a chaſt Wife to my Grave: Embalm me,
Then lay me forth, although un-Queen'd, yet like
A Queen, and Daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt*, *leading* Katharine.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovel.

Gard. IT'S one a Clock, Boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath ſtruck.

Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for Neceſſities,
Not for Delights; times to repair our Nature
With comforting Repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good hour of Night, Sir *Thomas*,
Whither ſo late?

Lov:

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, and left him at *Primero*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.
Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to Bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovel*; what's the matter?
It ſeems you are in haſte: And if there be
No great Offence belongs to't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late Buſineſs; Affairs that walk,
As they ſay Spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, than the Buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by Day.
Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durſt commend a Secret to your Ear
Much weightier than this Work. The Queen's in Labour
They ſay in great extremity, and fear'd
She'll with the Labour end.
Gard. The Fruit ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the Stock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conſcience ſays,
She is a good Creature, and ſweet Lady, does
Deſerve our better Wiſhes.
Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*,—— y'are a Gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you are Wiſe, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, tak't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two Hands, and ſhe,
Sleep in their Graves.
Lov. Now, Sir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i'th' Kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beſide that of the Jewel-houſe, is made Maſter
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade for more Preferments,
With which the Time will load him. Th' Archbiſhop
Is the King's Hand, or Tongue, and who dare ſpeak
One Syllable againſt him?

Gard.

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I my ſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my Mind of him; and indeed this Day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incens'd the Lords of the Council, that he is,
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt Arch-heretick, a Peſtilence
That does infect the Land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King, who hath ſo far
Given ear to our Complaint, of his great Grace
And Princely Care, foreſeeing thoſe fell Miſchiefs
Our Reaſons laid before him, hath commanded
To Morrow morning to the Council Board
He be Convented. He's a rank Weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long: Good Night, Sir *Thomas*.

[*Exeunt* Gardiner *and Page*.

Lov. Many good Nights, my Lord, I reſt your Servant.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. *Charles*, I will play no more to Night,
My Mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, *Charles*,
Nor ſhall not, when my Fancy's on my Play.
Now, *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the News?
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her Woman
I ſent your Meſſage, who return'd her Thanks
In the greateſt humbleneſs, and deſir'd your Highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? Ha!
To pray for her! What! is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her Woman, and that her ſuff'rance made
Almoſt each pang a death.
King. Alas, good Lady.
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Travel, to the gladding of
Your Highneſs with an Heir.
King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*,
Prithee to Bed, and in thy Prayers remember
The eſtate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;

For

For I must think of that, which Company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet Night, and my good Mistress will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. Charles, Good Night: [*Exit* Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! *Canterbury*!——
Denny. Ay, my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true——where is he, *Denny*?
Denny. He attends your Highness pleasure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit* Denny.
Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spake.
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Enter Cranmer *and* Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. [Lovel *seemeth to stay.*
Ha!——I have said——be gone. [*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Denny.
Cran. I am fearful: Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my Lord?
You do desire to know, wherefore
I sent for you.
Cran. It is my Duty
T'attend your Highness pleasure.
King. Pray you arise,
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury*:
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I have News to tell you.
Come, come, give me your Hand.
Ah my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows,
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous Complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us, and our Council, that you shall
This Morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your self,
But that 'till further Trial, in those Charges

Which

Which will require your Anſwer, you muſt take
Your Patience to you, and be well contented
To make your Houſe our *Tower*; you, a Brother of us.
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſs
Would come againſt you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highneſs,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion,
Moſt throughly to be winnow'd, where my Chaff
And Corn ſhall fly aſunder. For I know
There's none ſtands under more calumnious Tongues
Than I my ſelf, poor Man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
Thy Truth and thy Integrity is rooted
In us, thy Friend. Give me thy hand, ſtand up,
Prithee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of Man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I ſhould have ta'en ſome pains, to bring together
Your ſelf and your Accuſers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The Good I ſtand on, is my Truth and Honeſty:
If they ſhall fail, I, with mine Enemies,
Will triumph o'er my Perſon; which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe Virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your State ſtands i'th' World, with the whole World?
Your Enemies are many, and not ſmall; their Practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion; and not ever
The Juſtice and the Truth o'th' queſtion carries
The due o'th' Verdict with it. At what eaſe
Might corrupt Minds procure Knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you? Such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a Malice
Of as great a ſize. Ween you of better Luck,
I mean in perjur'd Witneſs, than your Maſter,
Whoſe Miniſter you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to,
You take a Precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own Deſtruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine Innocence, or I fall into
The Trap is laid for me.
King. Be of good Cheer,
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with Matters, to commit you;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If Intreaties
Will render you no Remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good Man weeps:
He's honest, on mine Honour. God's blest Mother,
I swear he is true-hearted, and a Soul
None better in my Kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* Cranmer.
He has strangled all his Language in his Tears.

Enter old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back; what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back, the tidings that I bring
Will make my Boldness Manners. Now good Angels
Fly o'er thy Royal Head, and shade thy Person
Under their blessed Wings.
King. Now by thy Looks
I guess thy Message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, Ay, and of a Boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely Boy; the God of Heaven
Both now, and ever bless her: 'Tis a Girl,
Promises Boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this Stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry is to Cherry.
King. Lovell.
Lov. Sir.
King. Give her an hundred Marks.
I'll to the Queen. [*Exit King.*

Lady.

Lady. An hundred Marks! By this Light, I'll ha' more:
An ordinary Groom is for such Payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Girl was like to him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. [*Exit Lady.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? What means this? Hoa?
Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so haply. The King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* Butts.
Cran. 'Tis *Butts*,
The King's Physician, as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his Eyes upon me;
Pray Heav'n he found not my Disgrace: for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their Hearts, I never sought their Malice)
To quench mine Honour; they would shame to make me
Wait else at Door: A Fellow-Councellor
'Mong Boys, Grooms, and Lackeys!
But their Pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with Patience.

Enter the King and Butts *at a Window above.*

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight——
King. What's that, *Butts?*

Butts. I think your Highneſs ſaw this many a Day.
King. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There, my Lord:
The high Promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at door 'mongſt Purſevants,
Pages, and Foot-boys.
King. Ha? 'tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted ſo much Honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt good Manners, as not thus to ſuffer
A Man of his Place, and ſo near our Favour,
To dance Attendance on their Lordſhips Pleaſures,
And at the Door too, like a Poſt with Packets:
By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's Knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtain cloſe,
We ſhall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Chairs and Stools, and placed under the State. Enter Lord-Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper end of the Table, on the Left Hand: A Seat being left void above him, as for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury's *Seat. Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Norfok, Surrey, *Lord-Chamberlain, and* Gardiner, *ſeat themſelves in Order on each ſide.* Cromwel *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the Buſineſs, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in Council?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The chief Cauſe concerns his Grace of *Canterbury.*
Gard. Has he knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without, my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your Pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer *approaches the Council Table.*

Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That Chair ſtand empty: But we all are Men
In our own Natures frail, and capable
Of our Fleſh, few are Angels; out of which Frailty
And want of Wiſdom, you that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd your ſelf, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Laws, in filling
The whole Realm, by your teaching and your Chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new Opinions
Divers and dangerous, which are Hereſies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But ſtop their Mouths with ſtubborn Bits, and ſpur 'em
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer,
Out of our Eaſineſs and childiſh Pity
To one Man's Honour, this contagious Sickneſs,
Farewel all Phyſick: And what follows then?
Commotions, Uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole State: As of late Days our Neighbours,
The Upper *Germany*, can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pitied in our Memories.

Cran. My good Lords; hitherto, in all the Progreſs
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little Study, that my Teaching,
And the ſtrong Courſe of my Authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to do well: Nor is there living,
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle Heart, my Lords)
A Man that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
Both in his private Conſcience, and his Place,
Defacers of the publick Peace, than I do:
Pray Heav'n the King may never find a Heart
With leſs Allegiance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked Malice, Nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Juſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth Face to Face,
And freely urge againſt me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that Vertue no Man dare accuſe you.
Gard. My Lord, becauſe we have Buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſs pleaſure,
And our conſent, for better Tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*,
Where being but a private Man again,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good Lord of *Wincheſter*, I thank you,
You are always my good Friend; if your Will paſs,
I ſhall both find your Lordſhip Judge and Juror,
You are ſo merciful. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and Meekneſs, Lord,
Become a Church-man better than Ambition:
Win ſtraying Souls with Modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear my ſelf,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my Patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do Conſcience
In doing daily Wrongs. I could ſay more,
But Reverence to your Calling makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted Gloſs diſcovers,
To Men that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.
Crom. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, you're a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; Men ſo Noble,
How ever faulty, yet ſhould find Reſpect
For what they have been: 'Tis a Cruelty
To load a falling Man.
Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your Honour's Mercy; you may, worſt
Of all this Table, ſay ſo.
Crom. Why, my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound, I ſay.
Crom. Would you were half ſo honeſt:
Mens Prayers then would ſeek you, not their Fears.

Gard.

Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold Life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for ſhame, my Lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord, it ſtands agreed,
I take it, by all Voices; that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a Priſoner;
There to remain 'till the King's further Pleaſure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of Mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' *Tower*, my Lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th' Guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard.
Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a Traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him.
And ſee him ſafe i'th' *Tower*.
Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there, my Lords;
By vertue of that Ring, I take my Cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel Men, and give it
To a moſt Noble Judge, the King my Maſter.
Cham. This is the King's Ring.
Gard. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis his right Ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dang'rous Stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our ſelves.
Nor. Do you think, my Lords,
The King will ſuffer but the little Finger
Of this Man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My Mind gave me,
In ſeeking Tales and Informations
Againſt this Man, whoſe Honeſty the Devil
And his Diſciples only envy at,
Ye blew the Fire that burns ye; now have at ye.
Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seat.
Gard. Dread Sovereign,
How much are we bound to Heaven,
In daily Thanks, that gave us ſuch a Prince;
Not only Good and Wiſe, but moſt Religious:
One that in all Obedience, makes the Church
The chief aim of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy Duty of our dear Reſpect,
His Royal Self in Judgment comes to hear
The Cauſe betwixt her and this great Offender.
King. You were ever good at ſudden Commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter.* But know, I come not
To hear ſuch Flattery now, and in my preſence,
They are too thin and baſe to hide Offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the Spaniel,
And think with wagging of your Tongue to win me:
But whatſoe'er thou tak'ſt me for, I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruel Nature, and a bloody.
Good Man, ſit down; now let me ſee the proudeſt [*To* Cran.
He that dares moſt, but wag his Finger at thee.
By all that's Holy, he had better ſtarve,
Then but once think, this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace,———
King. No, Sir, it does not pleaſe me,
I had had thought I had Men of ſome Underſtanding,
And Wiſdom, of my Council; but I find none:
Was it diſcretion, Lords, to let this Man,
This good Men, (few of you deſerve the Title,)
This honeſt Man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamber Door, and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget your ſelves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Counſellor, to try him,
Not as a Groom; there's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice than Integrity,

Would

Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye mean;
Which ye ſhall never have, while I do live.
Cham. Thus far,
My moſt dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace,
To let my Tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather,
If there be faith in Men, meant for his Trial,
And fair Purgation to the World, than Malice;
I'm ſure in me.
King. Well, well, my Lords, reſpect him;
Take him, and uſe him well; he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject, I
Am, for his Love and Service, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be Friends for ſhame, my Lords. My Lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a Suit, which you muſt not deny me.
There is a fair young Maid that yet wants Baptiſm,
You muſt be Godfather, and anſwer for her.
Cran. The greateſt Monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an Honour; how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble Subject to you?
King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd ſpare your Spoons:
You ſhall have two noble Partners with you; the old Dutcheſs of *Norfolk*, and the Lady Marqueſs of *Dorſet*?
Will theſe pleaſe you?
Once more, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this Man.
Gard. With a true Heart,
And Brother's love I do it.
Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſs, how dear I hold this Confirmation.
King. Good Man, thoſe joyful Tears ſhew thy true Heart;
The common Voice I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſays thus: Do my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turn, and he's your Friend for ever.
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Noiſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon, ye Raſcals; do you take the Court for *Paris Garden*? ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to the Gallows, and be hang'd, ye Rogue: Is this a Place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree Staves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but Switches to 'em: I'll ſcratch your Heads; you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtnings? Do you look for Ale and Cakes here, you rude Raſcals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
Unleſs we ſwept them from the Door with Cannons,
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep
On *May*-day Morning, which will never be:
We may as well puſh againſt *Pauls*, as ſtir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one ſound Cudgel of four Foot,
You ſee the poor remainder, could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I ſpar'd any
That had a Head to hit, either young or old,
He or ſhe, Cuckold, or Cuckold-maker;
Let me ne'er hope to ſee a Chine again,
And that I would not for a Cow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr. Puppy.
Keep the Door cloſe, Sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this *Moorfields* to Muſter in? Or have we ſome ſtrange *Indian* with the great Tool, come to Court, the Women ſo beſiege us? Bleſs me! what a fry of Fornication is at the Door? On my Chriſtian-Conſcience, this one Chriſtning will beget a thouſand, here will be Father, God-father, and all together.

Man.

Man. The Spoons will be the bigger, Sir; there is a Fellow ſomewhat near the Door, he ſhould be a Braſier by his Face, for o' my Conſcience twenty of the Dog-days now reign in's Noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the Line, they need no other Penance; that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the Head, and three times was his Noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a Mortar-piece to blow us up. There was Haberdaſher's Wife of ſmall Wit, near him, that rail'd upon me, 'till her pinck'd Porringer fell off her Head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the State. I miſt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cry'd out Clubs, when I might ſee from far, ſome forty Truncheons draw to her Succour, which were the hope o'th' Strand, where ſhe was quarter'd; they fell on, I made good my Place; at length they came to th' Broom-ſtaff to me, I defy'd 'em ſtill, when ſuddenly a File of Boys behind 'em, looſe ſhot, deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of Pibbles, that I was fain to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Work; the Devil was amongſt 'em, I think ſurely.

Port. Theſe are the Youths that thunder at a Play-houſe, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the Tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the Limbs of *Lime-Houſe*, their dear Brothers, are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three Days; beſides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me; what a Multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Fair here? where are theſe Porters?
Theſe lazy Knaves? Ye've made a find Hand, Fellows?
There's a trim Rabble let in; are all theſe
Your faithful Friends o'th' Suburbs? We ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they paſs back from the Chriſtning?

Port. And't pleaſe your Honour,
We are but Men, and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done;
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th'Heels, and ſuddenly; and on your Heads
Clap round Fines, for neglect: Y'are lazy Knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye ſhould do Service. Hark, the Trumpets ſound,
Th'are come already from the Chriſtning;
Go break among the Preſs, and find a way out
To let the Troop paſs fairly; or I'll find
A *Marſhalſea* ſhall hold ye play theſe two Months.
Port. Make way there, for the Princeſs.
Man. You great Fellow,
Stand cloſe up, or I'll make your Head ake.
Port. You i'th' Chamblet, get up o'th' Rail,
I'll peck you o'er the Pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Trumpets ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk *with his Marſhal's Staff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen, bearing great ſtanding Bowls for the Chriſtning Gifts: Then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *God-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle,* &c. *Train born by a Lady: Then follows the Marchioneſs of* Dorſet, *the other God-mother, and Ladies. The Troop paſs once about the Stage, and* Garter *ſpeaks.*

Gart. Heaven,
From thy endleſs Goodneſs ſend proſperous Life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of *England, Elizabeth.*
Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.
Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my ſelf thus pray,
All comfort, joy in this moſt gracious Lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.
King. Thank you good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth.

King.

King. Stand up, Lord;
With this Kiſs, take my Bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble Goſſips, y'have been too Prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: So ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe has ſo much *Engliſh.*

Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir,
For Heav'n now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none think Flattery; for they'll find 'em Truth.
This Royal Infant, Heav'n ſtill move about her,
Though in her Cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this Land, a thouſand thouſand Bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs: She ſhall be,
(But few now living can behold that Goodneſs,)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wiſdom, and fair Virtue,
Than this pure Soul ſhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up ſuch a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Virtues that attend the Good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall Nurſe her,
Holy and Heavenly Thoughts ſtill Counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corn,
And hang their Heads with Sorrow:
Good grows with her.
In her days every Man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of Honour,
And by thoſe claim their Greatneſs, not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this Peace ſleep with her; But as when
The Bird of wonder dies, the Maiden Phœnix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heir,
As great in admiration as her ſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her Bleſſedneſs to One,
(When Heav'n ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs,)
Who from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour

Shall Star-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terrour,
That were the Servants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where ever the bright Sun of Heav'n ſhall ſhine,
His Honour, and the greatneſs of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountain Cedar, reach his Branches,
To all the Plains about him: Our Children's Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs Heav'n.

King. Thou ſpeakeſt Wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be to the Happineſs of *England*,
An aged Princeſs; many days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more: But ſhe muſt die,
She muſt, the Saints muſt have her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt unſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſs
To th' Ground, and all the World ſhall mourn her.

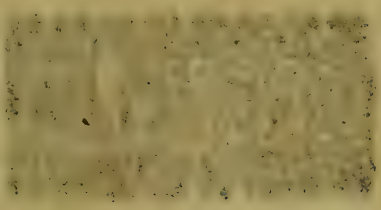
King. O Lord Archbiſhop,
Thou haſt made me now a Man; never, before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heav'n, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much Honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords;
Ye muſt all ſee the Queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day, no Man think
Has buſineſs at his Houſe, for all ſhall ſtay:
This little One ſhall make it Holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one this Play can never pleaſe
All that are here: Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleep out an Act or two; but thoſe we fear
We've frighted with our Trumpets: ſo 'tis clear,
They'll ſay it's naught. Others, to hear the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry That's witty;
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good w' are like to hear,
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful Conſtruction of good Women;
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: If they ſmile,
And ſay 'twill do; I know within a while,
All the beſt Men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.



P. 1809

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

THE PROLOGUE

THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lyes the Scene: From Isles of* Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high Blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *sent their Ships*
Fraught with the Ministers and Instruments,
Of Cruel War: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regal, from th' Athenian *Bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their Vow is made*
To ransack Troy, *within whose strong Immures,*
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *sleeps, and that's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their warlike Fraughtage: Now on Dardan *Plains,*
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks, *do pitch*
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's *six-gated City,*
Dardan, *and* Timbria, Helias, Cheras, Troien,
And Antenonidus, *with massy Staples,*
And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts,
Stir up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish Spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's Pen, or Actor's Voice; but suited
In like Conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those Broils,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or find fault, do as your Pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the Chance of War.

Drammatis

Dramatis Personæ.

PRiam,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,
} TROJANS.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites,
Calchas,
} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in Love with* Paris.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Cressida, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in Love with* Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

ALL here my Varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the Walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel Battel here within?
Each *Trojan* that is Maſter of his Heart,
Let him to Field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this Geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſs valiant:
But I am weaker than a Woman's Tear,
Tamer than Sleep, fonder than Ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the Virgin in the Night,
And skilleſs as unpractis'd Infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a Cake out of the Wheat, muſt needs tarry the Grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the Grinding; but you muſt tarry the Boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the Boulting; but you muſt tarry the Leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the Leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the Heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your Lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at Sufferance, than I do:
At *Priam*'s Royal Table I do ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my Thoughts, ——
So, Traitor! ——When ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence

Pan. Well,
She look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look,
Or any Woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my Heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceive me,
I have (as when the Sun doth light a Storm)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But Sorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming Gladneſs,
Is like that Mirth Fate turns to ſudden Sadneſs.

Pan. And her Hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s well——go to, there were no more Compariſon between the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they term it) praiſe it——but I would ſome Body had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your Siſter *Caſſandra*'s Wit, but——

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*——
When I do tell thee, there my Hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many Fathoms deep
They lye intrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s Love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is Fair,
Pour'ſt in the open Ulcer of my Heart,
Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice,

Handleſt

Handleſt in thy Diſcourſe——O that! her Hand!——
(In whoſe Compariſon, all Whites are Ink
Writing their own Reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The Cignets Down is harſh, and Spirit of Senſe
Hard as the Palm of Ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
As true thou tell'ſt me; when I ſay I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oil and Balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that Love hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than Truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; and ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is Kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; and ſhe were not Kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a-More, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a Fool to ſtay behind her Father: Let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*——

Pan. Pray you ſpeak no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious Clamours, peace rude Sounds.
Fools on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your Blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a Subject for my Sword:
But *Pandarus*—— O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandarus*,

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn, chaſt, againſt all ſute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s Love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her Bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes, a Pearl,
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides
Let it be call'd the mild and wandring Flood,
Our ſelf the Merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*
Our doubtful Hope, our Convoy, and our Bark.

Alarum. *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus?*
Wherefore not i'th' Field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this Woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What News, *Æneas*, from the Field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus.*

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to Scorn.
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* Horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good Sport is out of Town to day?

Troi. Better at home, if Would I might, were May——
But to the Sport abroad——are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſida *and a Servant.*

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen.*

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to the Eaſtern Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the Vale,
To ſee the Battel; *Hector*, whoſe Patience
Is as a Virtue fix'd, to day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his Armorer,
And like as there were Husbandry in War
Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt light,
And to the Field goes he; where ev'ry Flower
Did as a Prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s Wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of Anger?

Ser.

Ser. The noiſe goes this;
There is among the *Greeks*,
A Lord of *Trojan* Blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They ſay he is a very Man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all Men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no Legs.

Ser. This Man, Lady, hath robb'd many Beaſts of their particular Additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Bear, ſlow as the Elephant; a Man into whom Nature hath ſo crowded Humors, that his Valour is cruſht into Folly, his Folly ſauced with Diſcretion: There is no Man hath a Virtue, that he hath not a Glimpſe of, nor any Man an Attaint, but he carries ſome Stain of it. He is melancholy without Cauſe, and merry againſt the Hair; he hath the Joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of Joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many Hands and no uſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all Eyes and no Sight.

Cre. But how ſhould this Man (that makes me ſmile) make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he Yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the Battel and ſtruck him down, the Diſdain and Shame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your Unkle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant Man.

Ser. As may be in the World, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, Coſin *Creſſid*: what do you talk of? good morrow, *Alexander*; how do you, Couſin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This Morning, Unkle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone, e're ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'n ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his Anger.

Pan.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the Cauſe too, he'll lay about him to Day I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better Man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a Man if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay, For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas poor *Troilus*! I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelf no? he's not himſelf, would a were himſelf; well, the Gods are above, time muſt friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would my Heart were in her Body —— no, *Hector* is not a better Man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is Elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'other's not come to't, you ſhall tell me another Tale when th'others come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his Wit this Year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his Beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no Judgment, Neice; *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th'other Day, that *Troilus* for a brown Favor, (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſs) not brown neither ——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan.

Pan. Faith to ſay Truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the Truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his Complexion above *Paris.*

Cre. Why *Paris* hath Colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much; if ſhe prais'd him above, his Complexion is higher than his, he having Colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a Praiſe for a good Complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden Tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper Noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you,
I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris.*

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe doe. She came to him th'other Day into the compaſt Window, and you know he has not paſt three or four Hairs on his Chin.

Cre. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetic may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a Total.

Pan. Why he is very Young, and yet will he within three Pound lift as much as his Brother *Hector.*

Cre. Is he ſo young a Man, and ſo old a Lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white Hand to his cloven Chin.

Cre. Juno have Mercy, how came it Cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled.
I think his ſmiling becomes him better, than any Man in all *Phrigia.*

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a Cloud in Autumn.

Pan. Why go to then —— but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus.*

Cre. Troilus will ſtand to the
Proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. Troilus? why he eſteems her no more, than I eſteem an addle Egg.

Cre. If you love an addle Egg, as well as you love an idle Head, you would eat Chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot choſe but Laugh to think how ſhe tickled his Chin; indeed ſhe has a Marvel's white Hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white Hair on his Chin.

Cre. Alas, poor Chin! many a Wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing, Queen *Hecuba* laught that her Eye run o'er.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate Fire under the pot of her Eyes; Did her Eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the white Hair, that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s Chin.

Cre. And 'had been a green Hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the Hair as at his pretty Anſwer.

Cre. What was his Anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but two and fifty Hairs on your Chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her Queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: Two and fifty Hairs, quoth he, and one white, that white Hair is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sons. *Jupiter*, quoth ſhe, which of theſe Hairs is *Paris*, my Husband? The forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: But there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, Couſin,
I told you a thing Yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn 'tis true; he will weep you an 'twere a Man born in *April*. [*Sound a Retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his Tears, as 'twere a Nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the Field, ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them, as they paſs towards *Ilium*? good Neice do, ſweet Neice *Creſſida*.

Cre.

Cre. At your Pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent Place, here we may ſee moſt bravely, I'll tell you them all by their Names, as they paſs by, but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas *paſſes over the Stage.*

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave Man? he's one of the Flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you, but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over the Stage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrewd Wit, I can tell you, and he's a Man good enough, he's one o'th' ſoundeſt Judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper Man of Perſon; when comes *Troilus*? I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the Rich ſhall have more.

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that, there's a Fellow. Go thy way, *Hector*, there's a brave Man, Niece, O brave *Hector*! Look how he looks? there's a Countenance! is't not a brave Man?

Cre. O brave Man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a Man's Heart good, look you what hacks are on his Helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? Look you there? There's no jeſting; laying on, tak't off who will, as they ſay; there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with Swords?

Paris *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, and the Devil come to him, it's all one; by Godslid it does ones Heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: Look ye yonder, Neice, is't not a gallant Man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now: Who ſaid he came home hurt to Day? He's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s Heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troilus* now, you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that? *Helenus*

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus.* I marvel where *Troilus* is, that's *Helenus*——I think he went not forth to Day; that's *Helenus.*

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, Uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no——Yes, he'll fight indifferent well——I marvel where *Troilus* is; hark, do you not hear the People cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking Fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where! Yonder? That's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troilus!* There's a Man, Neice----hem----brave *Troilus;* the Prince of Chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus:* Look well upon him, Neice, look you how his Sword is bloodied, and his Helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable Youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus,* go thy way; had I a Siſter were a Grace, or a Daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable Man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change would give Mony to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, Fools, Dolts, Chaff and Bran, Chaff and Bran; Porridge after Meat. I could live and dye i'th' Eyes of *Troilus.* Ne'er look, ne'er look; the Eagles are gone, Crows and Daws, Crows and Daws: I had rather be ſuch a Man as *Troilus,* than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece.*

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles,* a better Man than *Troilus.*

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!----Why, have you any Diſcretion? Have you any Eyes? Do you know what a Man is? Is not Birth, Beauty, good Shape, Diſcourſe, Manhood, Learning, Gentleneſs, Virtue, Youth, Liberality, and ſo forth, the Spice and Salt that ſeaſons a Man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd Man, and then to be bak'd with no date in the Pye, for then the Man's date is out.

Pan.

Pan. You are ſuch another Woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my Back, to defend my Belly; upon my Wit, to defend my Wiles; upon my Secreſie, to defend mine Honeſty; my Mask to defend my Beauty, and you to defend all theſe; and at all theſe Wards I lye at a thouſand Watches.

Pan. Say one of your Watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own Houſe.

Pan. Good Boy, tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good Niece.

Cre. Adieu, Uncle——

Pan. I'll be with you, Niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, Uncle.

Pan. Ay, a Token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, Vows, Gifts, Tears, and Loves full Sacrifice,
He offers in another's Enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Than in the Glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, the Soul's joy lyes in doing:
That ſhe belov'd, knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That ſhe, was never yet, that ever knew
Love go ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beſeech.
Therefore this Maxim out of Love I teach;
That though my Hearts Content's firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine Eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. Princes;
What Grief hath ſet the Jaundiſe on your Cheeks?
The ample Propoſition that hopes make
In all deſigns begun on Earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs; checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of Actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting Sap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and divert his Grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That after ſeven years Siege, yet *Troy* Walls ſtand;
Sith every Action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, Trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied Figure of the thought
That gav't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with Checks abaſh'd, behold our Works,
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive Trials of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive Conſtancy in Men?
The fineneſs of which Metal is not found
In Fortune's love; for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wife and Fool, the Artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kins.
But in the Wind and Tempeſt of her Frown,
Diſtinction with a loud and powerful Fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath Maſs, or Matter by it ſelf,
Lies rich in Virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godly Seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt Words.
In the reproof of Chance,

Lies

Lies the true proof of Men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boats dare ſail
Upon her patient Breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of noble Bulk?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong ribb'd Bark thro' liquid Mountains cuts,
Bounding between the two moiſt Elements,
Like *Perſeus* Horſe: Where's then the ſawcy Boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo,
Doth Valour's ſhew, and Valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The Herd hath more annoyance by the Brize
Than by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting Wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oaks,
And Flies fled under ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame Key,
Retires to chiding Fortune.
Ulyſ. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great Commander, Nerve and Bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our Numbers, Soul, and only Spirit,
In whom the Tempers, and the Minds of all
Should be ſhut up: Hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' Applauſe and Approbation
The which, moſt Mighty, for thy Place and Merit, [*To* Aga.
And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out Life, [*To* Neſt.
I give to both your Speeches, which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the Hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in Braſs; and ſuch again
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of Air, ſtrong as the Axle-tree
On which the Heavens ride, knit all *Greeks* Ears
To his experienc'd Tongue: Yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great and Wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.
Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: and be't of leſs expect,
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen

Divide thy Lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff Jaws,
We ſhall hear Muſick, Wit, and Oracle.
Ulyſ. Troy, yet upon her Baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s Sword had lack'd a Maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And look how many *Grecian* Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plain, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the General is not like the Hive,
To whom the Foragers ſhall all repair,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the Mask.
The Heavens themſelves, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet *Sol*,
In noble Eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amidſt the other, whoſe med'cinable Eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets evil,
And poſts like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what Portents, what Mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calm of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is ſhaken,
(Which is the Ladder to all high Deſigns)
The Enterprize is ſick. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schools, and Brotherhoods in Cities,
Peaceful Commerce from dividable Shores,
The Primogeniture, and due of Birth,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) ſtand in Authentick Place?
Take but Degree away, untune that String,
And hark what Diſcord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded Waters
Would lift their Boſoms higher than the Shores,

And make a ſop of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength would be Lord of Imbecility,
And the rude Son would ſtrike his Father dead:
Force would be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong
(Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice reſides)
Would loſe their Names, and ſo would Juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelf in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an univerſal Wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with Will and Power)
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt, eat up himſelf.
Great *Agamemnon*,
This Chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he by the next;
That next, by him beneath: So every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace, that is ſick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious Fever
Of pale and bloodleſs Emulation.
And 'tis this Fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own Sinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The Fever, whereof all our Power is ſick.

Aga. The Nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the Remedy?

Ulyſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
The Sinew, and the Fore-hand of our Hoſt,
Having his Ear full of his airy Fame,
Grows dainty of his Worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our Deſigns. With him *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy Bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril Jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward Action,
(Which, Slanderer, he imitation calls)
He Pageants us. Sometime, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs Deputation he puts on;

And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe Conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden Dialogue and Sound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing, and the Scaffoldage,
(Such to-be-pitied, and o'er-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſs in) and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd;
Which from the Tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep Cheſt, laughs out a loud Applauſe:
Cries——excellent!----'tis *Agamemnon* juſt.——
Now play me *Neſtor*——hum, and ſtroke thy Beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration:
That's done; as near as the extreameſt Ends
Of Parallels; as like as *Vulcan* and his Wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, Excellent!
'Tis *Neſtor* right! Now play him, me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a Night-alarm——
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of Mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a Palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, O!——enough *Patroclus*——
Or, give me Ribs of Steel, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my Spleen. And in this faſhion
All our Abilities, Gifts, Natures, Shapes,
Severals and generals of Grace exact,
Atchievements, Plots, Orders, Preventions,
Excitements to the Field, or ſpeech for Truce,
Succeſs or Loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two, to make Paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the Imitation of theſe twain,
Who, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, Opinion crowns
With an Imperial Voice, many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his Head,
In ſuch a Rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, rail's on our ſtate of War,
Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A Slave (whoſe Gall coins Slanders like a Mint)

To

To match us in Compariſons with Dirt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.
Ulyſſ. They tax our Policy, and call it Cowardiſe,
Count Wiſdom as no Member of the War,
Fore-ſtall our Preſcience, and eſteem no Act,
But that of Hand: The ſtill and mental Parts,
That do contrive how many Hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſs calls them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant Toil, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a Finger's dignity;
They call this Bed-work, Mapp'ry, Cloſet-War:
So that the Ram, that batters down the Wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his Hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their Souls,
By Reaſon guide his Execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* Horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* Sons. [*Tucket ſounds.*
Aga. What Trumpet? Look *Menelaus.*
Men. From *Troy.*

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair Meſſage to his Kingly Ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles* Arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* Heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial Looks,
Know them from Eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. Ay: I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And on the Cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as Morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*:
Which is that God in Office, guiding Men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the Men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeem Soldiers, they have Galls,
Good Arms, ſtrong Joints, true Swords, and *Jove*'s accord,
Nothing ſo full of Heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace *Trojan*, lay thy Finger on thy Lips,
The worthineſs of Praiſe diſtains his worth,
If that he prais'd himſelf, bring the Praiſe forth:
What the repining Enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that Praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your ſelf, *Æneas*?
Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my Name.
Aga. What's your Affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s Ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately
That comes from *Troy*.
Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his Ear,
To ſet his Senſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the Wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud:
Send thy braſs Voice thro' all theſe lazy Tents,
And every *Greek* of Mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*The Trumpets ſound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long continu'd Truce,
Is ruſty grown, he bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his Honour higher than his Eaſe,
That ſeeks his Praiſe, more than he fears his Peril,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear,
That loves his Miſtreſs more than in Confeſſion,

(With

(With truant Vows to her own Lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty and her Worth,
In other Arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his Arms,
And will to Morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway between your Tents, and Walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall Honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are Sun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance; even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our Lovers, Lord *Æneas*,
If none of them have Soul in ſuch a kind,
We have left them all at home: But we are Soldiers;
And may that Soldier a meer Recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love;
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none, I'll be he.

Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one that was a Man
When *Hector*'s Granſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* mold,
One Nobleman, that hath one ſpark of Fire,
To anſwer for his Love; tell him from me,
I'll hide my Silver Beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his Grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the World; his Youth is flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of Blood.

Æne. Now Heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of Youth.

Ulyſ. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*,
Let me touch your Hand:
To our Pavillion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this Intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from Tent to Tent:
Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a Noble Foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſ. *Neſtor.*

Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſ. I have a young Conception in my Brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't?

Ulyſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a Nurſery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.

Neſt. Well, and how now?

Ulyſ. This Challenge that the valiant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general Name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as Subſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little Characters ſum up,
And in the publication make no ſtrain:
But that *Achilles*, were his Brain as barren
As Banks of *Lybia*, tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough, will with great ſpeed of Judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſ. And wake him to the Anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his Honour off,
If not *Achilles*? Though't be a ſportful Combat,
Yet in this Trial much Opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Palate: And truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly poiz'd
In this wild Action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall have a ſcantling
Of good or bad, unto the General:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall Pricks
To their ſubſequent Volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the Giant-maſs
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choice;
And choice being mutual act of all our Souls,

Makes

Makes Merit her Election, and doth boil
As 'twere from forth us all; a Man diſtill'd
Out of our Virtues; who miſcarrying,
What Heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part
To ſteel a ſtrong Opinion to themſelves,
Which entertain'd, Limbs are his Inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are Swords and Bows
Directive by the Limbs.

Ulyſ. Give pardon to my Speech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector:*
Let us, like Merchants, ſhew our fowleſt Wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange Followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old Eyes: What are they?

Ulyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould wear with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his Eyes,
Should he ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why then we did our main Opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt Man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector:* Among our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthyer Man,
For that will Phyſick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in lowd applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in Voices; if he fail,
Yet go we under our Opinion ſtill,
That we have better Men. But hit or miſs,
Our projects life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles* Plumes.

Neſt. Now *Ulyſſes*, I begin to reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtreight;

Two Curs ſhall tame each other; Pride alone
Muſt tar the Maſtiffs on, as 'twere their Bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

Ajax. Therſites.

Ther. *Agamemnon*---- how if he had Biles----full, all over generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. *Therſites.*

Ther. And thoſe Biles did run---- ſay ſo---- did not the General run, were not that a Botchy core?

Ajax. Dog.

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou Bitch-Wolf's Son, canſt thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The Plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou Mungrel beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, you whinid'ſt leaven, ſpeak, I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but I think thy Horſe will ſooner con an Oration, than thou learn a Prayer without Book: Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? A red Murrain o'thy Jades tricks.

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a Fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not Porcupine, do not; my Fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from Head to Foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece.*

Ajax. I ſay, the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s Beauty. I, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites.*

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf.

Ther. He would pun thee into Shivers with his Fiſt, as a Sailor breaks a Bisket.

Ajax. You whorſon Cur. [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a Witch.

Ther. Ay, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more Brain than I have in mine Elbows: An *Aſinico* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant Aſs, thou art here but to threſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* Slave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy Heel, and tell what thou art by Inches, thou thing of no Bowels, thou.

Ajax. You Dog.

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord.

Ajax. You Cur. [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his Idiot; do Rudeneſs, do Camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, Man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that Fool.

Ther. Ay, but that Fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he utters, his Evaſions have Ears thus long. I have bobb'd his Brain more than he has beat my Bones: I will buy nine Sparrows for a Penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth Part of a Sparrow. This Lord *(Achilles) Ajax*, who wears his wit in his Belly, and his Guts in his Head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil.

Achil. What? [Ajax *offers to ſtrike him,* Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit——

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the Eye of *Helen*'s Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, Foo'.

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the Fool will not; he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd Cur, I ſhall———.

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a Fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a Fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good Words, *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the Quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile Owl, go learn me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. We'll, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt Service was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no Man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an Impreſs.

Ther. E'en ſo----a great a deal of your wit too lies in your Sinews, or elſe there be Liars: *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your Brains, he were as good crack a fuſty Nut with no Kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites*?

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, whoſe Wit was mouldy e'er their Grandſires had Nails on their Toes, yoke you like draft Oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to———

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your Tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more Words, *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like Clotpoles, e'er I come any more to your Tents, I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the Faction of Fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Hoſt,
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To Morrow morning call ſome Knight to Arms,
That hath a Stomach, and ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'Tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his Man.

Ajax. O, meaning you, I will go learn more of it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, Speeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks*,
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As Honour, loſs of Time, Travel, Expence,
Wounds, Friends, and what elſe dear, that is conſum'd
In not digeſtion of this Cormorant War)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no Man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular; yet, dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more ſofter Bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, Who knows what follows,
Than *Hector* is; the wound of Peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The Beacon of the wiſe; the Tent that ſearches
To th'bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt Sword was drawn about this Queſtion,
Every Tithe Soul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes,
Hath been as dear as *Helen*, I mean of ours:
If we have loſt ſo many Tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our Name) the value of one ten;

What merit's in that reaſon, which denies
The yielding of her up?
Troi. Fie, fie, my Brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great is our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his Infinite?
And buckle in a waſt, moſt fathomleſs,
With Spans and Inches ſo diminutive,
As Fears and Reaſons? Fie for godly ſhame.
Hel. No marvel, tho' you bite ſo ſharp at Reaſons,
You are empty of them. Should not our Father
Bear the great ſway of his Affairs with Reaſons,
Becauſe your Speech hath none that tells him ſo?
Troi. You are for Dreams and Slumbers, Brother Prieſt,
You fur your Gloves with Reaſon: Here are your Reaſons,
You know an Enemy intends you harm:
You know, a Sword imploy'd is perillous,
And Reaſon flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his Sword, if he do ſet
The very wings of Reaſon to his Heels:
Or like a Star diſorb'd.——Nay, if we talk of Reaſon,
And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Let's ſhut our Gates and ſleep: Manhood and Honour
Should have hard Hearts, would they but fat their Thoughts
With this cramm'd Reaſon: Reaſon and Reſpect
Make Lovers pale, and luſtyhood deject.
Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth
What ſhe doth coſt the holding.
Troil. What's ought, but as 'tis valu'd?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular Will,
It holds his Eſtimate and Dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatry,
To make the Service greater than the God;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly it ſelf affects,
Without ſome Image of th' affected Merit.

Troi. I take to day a Wife, and my Election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
My Will enkindled in mine Eyes and Ears,
Two traded Pilots 'twixt the dangerous Shores
Of Will and Judgment. How may I avoid
(Although my Will diſtaſt what is elected)
The Wife I choſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by Honour.
We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant,
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris ſhould do ſome Vengeance on the *Greeks*;
Your Breath of full conſent bellied his Sails,
The Seas and Winds (old Wranglers) took a Truce,
And did him Service; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And for an old Aunt, whom the *Greeks* held Captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes ſtale the Morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our Aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a Pearl,
Whoſe Price hath launch'd above a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas Wiſdom, *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, Go, go:)
If you'll confeſs he brought home noble Prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your Hands)
And cry'd, Ineſtimable; why do you now
The iſſue of your proper Wiſdoms rate,
And do a Deed that Fortune never did,
Begger the Eſtimation, which you priz'd
Richer than Sea and Land? O Theft moſt baſe!
That we have ſtoln what we do fear to keep.
But Thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtoln,
That in their Country did them that Diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native Place.

Enter Caſſandra *with her Hair about her Ears.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry.
Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?
Troi. 'Tis our mad Siſter, I do know her Voice.
Caſ. Cry, *Trojans.*

Hect.

Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thouſand Eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick Tears.

Hect. Peace, Siſter, Peace.

Caſ. Virgins and Boys, mid-Age and wrinkled Old,
Soft Infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my Clamour: Let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of Moan to come.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practiſe your Eyes with Tears,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand,
Our Fire-brand Brother *Paris* burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, a *Helen* and a Wo;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not the high Strains
Of Divination in our Siſter work
Some touches of Remorſe? Or is your Blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of Reaſon,
Nor fear of bad Succeſs in a bad Cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troi. Why, Brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than Event doth form it;
Nor once deject the Courage of our Minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s; mad her brain-ſick Raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a Quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s Sons,
And *Jove* forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt Spleen,
To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the World convince of Levity,
As well my Undertakings, as your Counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave Wings to my Propenſion, and cut off
All Fears attending on ſo dire a Project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle Arms?
What Propugnation is in one Man's Valour
To ſtand the Puſh and Enmity of thoſe
This Quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,

Were

Were I alone to paſs the Difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet Delights;
You have the Hony ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be Valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelf,
The Pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the Soil of her fair Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great Worths, and Shame to me,
Now to deliver her Poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe Compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this,
Should once ſet foot within your generous Boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt Spirit on our Party,
Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: Nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe Life were ill beſtow'd, or Death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the Subject. Then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The World's large Spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well:
And on the Cauſe and Queſtion, now in hand,
Have gloſs'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young Men, whom graver Sages think
Unfit to hear moral Philoſophy.
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot Paſſion of diſtemper'd Blood,
Than to make up a free Determination
'Twixt Right and Wrong: For Pleaſure and Revenge,
Have Ears more deaf than Adders, to the voice
Of any true Deciſion. Nature craves
All Dues be rendred to their Owners; now
What nearer Debt in all Humanity,
Than Wife is to the Husband? If this Law
Of Nature be corrupted through Affection,

And that great Minds, of partial Indulgence
T their benummed Wills, reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordered Nation,
To curb thoſe raging Appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be Wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As it is known ſhe is) theſe moral Laws
Of Nature, and of Nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s Opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſpritely Brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a Cauſe that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joint and ſeveral Dignities.

Troi. Why there, you touch'd the Life of our Deſign:
Were it not Glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving Spleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* Blood
Spent more in her Defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a Theam of Honour and Renown,
A Spur to valiant and magnanimous Deeds,
Whoſe preſent Courage may beat down our Foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd Glory,
As ſmiles upon the Forehead of this Action,
For the wide World's Revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant Off-ſpring of great *Priamus*;
I have a roiſting Challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike Amazement to their drowſie Spirits.
I was advertis'd, their great General ſlept,
Whilſt Emulation in the Army crept:
This I preſume will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How, now, *Therſites?* what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy Fury? Shall the Elephant, *Ajax*, carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy Satisfaction! would it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to Conjure and raiſe Devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful Execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the Walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great Thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and *Mercury*, loſe all the Serpentine Craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little, wit from them that they have, which ſhort-arm'd Ignorance it ſelf knows, is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in Circumvention deliver a Fly from a Spider, without drawing the maſſy Irons and cutting the Web: After this, the Vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the Bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the Curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a Placket. I have ſaid my Prayers, and Devil, Envy, ſay Amen. What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites.* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembred a gilt Counter, thou would'ſt not have ſlip'd out of my Contemplation, but it is no matter, thy ſelf upon thy ſelf. The common Curſe of Mankind, Folly and Ignorance be thine in great Revenue; Heav'n bleſs thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not near thee. Let thy Blood be thy direction 'till thy Death, then if ſhe that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair Coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*, Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in a Prayer?

Ther. Ay, the Heav'ns hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my Lord.

Achil. Were, where? art thou come? why, my Cheeſe, my Digeſtion——why haſt thou not ſerved thy ſelf up to my Table, ſo many Meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon?*

Ther. Thy Commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patr. Thy Lord, *Therſites:* then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy ſelf?

Ther. Thy Knower, *Patroclus:* then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole Queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s Knower, and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patr. You Raſcal——

Ther. Peace, Fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd Man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool, *Achilles* is a Fool, *Therſites* is a Fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a Fool to ſerve ſuch a Fool, and *Patroclus* is a Fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a Fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it ſuffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no Body: Come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch Patchery, ſuch Jugling, and ſuch Knavery: all the Argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulatious Factions, and bleed to Death upon: Now the dry *Serpigo* on the Subject, and War and Lechery confound all.

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our Appertainments, viſiting of him:

Let

Let him be told of, leſt perchance he think
VVe dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Ulyſ. VVe ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, Lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it Melancholy, if you will favour the Man, but by my head, 'tis Pride; but why, why?—— let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my Lord. [To *Agamemnon.*

Neſt. VVhat moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Fool from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites*?

Ulyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack Matter, if he have loſt his Argument.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee he is his Argument, that has his Argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better, their Fraction is more our wiſh than their Faction; but it was a ſtrong Counſel that a Fool could diſunite.

Ulyſ. The Amity that Wiſdom knits not, Folly may eaſily untye. *Enter* Patroclus.
Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The Elephant hath Joints, but none for Courteſie; His Legs are Legs for neceſſity, not for flight.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your Sport and Pleaſure,
Did move your Greatneſs, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-Dinner's Breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with theſe Anſwers:
But his evaſion wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outflie our Apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon,
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his Virtues,
(Not virtuouſly of his own part beheld)
Do in our Eyes begin to loſe their Gloſs;

And like fair Fruit in an unwholſom Diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted; go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him, and you ſhall not ſin;
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
And under-honeſt; in Self-aſſumption greater
Than in the note of Judgment; and worthier than himſelf.
Here tend the ſavage Strangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy Strength of their command,
And under write in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lines, his ebbs, his flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this Action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an Engine
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring Action hither, this cannot go to War:
A ſtirring Dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping Gyant; tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond Voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter you.

[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think he thinks himſelf a better Man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his Thought, and ſay, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a Man be proud? How doth Pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your Mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your Virtues the fairer; he that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own Glaſs, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle, and whatever Praiſes it ſelf but in the Deed, devours the Deed in the Praiſe.

Enter

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud Man, as I hate the engendring of Toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: Is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the Field to Morrow.

Aga. What's his Excuſe?

Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the Stream of his Diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In Will peculiar, and in Self-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his Perſon, and ſhare the Air with us?

Ulyſ. Things ſmall as Nothing, for Requeſts ſake only
He makes Important: Poſſeſt he is with Greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a Pride
That quarrels at Self-breath. Imagin'd Wrath
Holds in his Blood ſuch ſwol'n and hot Diſcourſe,
That 'twixt his mental and his active Parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainſt it ſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his Tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt, a little from himſelf.

Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the Steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his Arrogance with his own Seam,
And never ſuffers matter of the World
Enter his Thoughts, ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf? Shall he be worſhip'd,
Of that we hold an Idol, more than he?
No, this Thrice Worthy, and Right Valiant Lord,
Muſt not ſo ſtale his Palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my Will aſſubjugate his Merit,
As amply Titl'd, as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*.
That were to enlard his Fat, already, Pride,
And add more Coles to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.

This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in Thunder, *Achilles* go to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the Vein of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up his Applauſe.

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed Fiſt, I'll paſh him o'er the Face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. And a be proud with me, I'll pheſe his Pride; let me go to him.

Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our Quarrel.

Ajax. A paultry Inſolent Fellow——

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf.

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſ. The Raven chides blackneſs.

Ajax. I'll let his Humours Blood.

Aga. He will be the Phyſician, that ſhould be the Patient.

Ajax. And all Men were a my Mind——

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. A ſhould not bear it ſo, a ſhould eat Swords firſt; ſhall Pride carry it?

Neſt. And 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſ. A would have ten ſhares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple, he's not yet through warm.

Neſt. Force him with Praiſes, pour in, pour in, his Ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My Lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a Man----but 'tis before his Face-----
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſ. Know the whole World, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorſon Dog! that ſhall palter thus with us——would he were a *Trojan.*

Neſt. What a Vice were it in *Ajax* now---

Ulyſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of Praiſe.

Ulyſ. Ay, or ſurly born.

Dio.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected. (poſure
Ulyſ. Thank the Heavens, Lord, thou art of a ſweet Com-
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of Nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all Erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy Arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide Eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy Vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield
To Sinewy *Ajax*: I will not praiſe thy Wiſdom
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe.
But pardon, Father *Neſtor*, were your Days
As green as *Ajax*, and your Brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him
But be as *Ajax*.
Ajax. Shall I call you Father?
Ulyſ. Ay, my good Son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.
Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our General,
To call together all this State of War;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to Morrow
We muſt with all our main of Power ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord (come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their Flower) *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.
Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light Boats may ſail ſwift, though great bulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt. Muſick ſounds within.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.*

Pan. FRiend! you! pray you a word: Do not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?
Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a Noble Gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pan. Grace, not ſo, Friend, Honour and Lordſhip are my Titles: What Muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is Muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the Muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, Friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love Muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, Friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe Men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris*, my Lord, who's there in Perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the Heart-blood of Beauty, Love's inviſible Soul.

Pan. Who, my Couſin *Creſſida?*

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her Attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, Fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental Aſſault upon him, for my Buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden Buſineſs, there's a ſtew'd Phraſe indeed.

Enter Paris *and* Helen.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair Company: Fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them, eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair Thoughts be your fair Pillow.

Helen.

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair Words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken Muſick.

Par. You have broken it, Couſin; and by my Life you ſhall make it whole again, you ſhall piece it out with a peice of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of Harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my Lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have Buſineſs to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, will you vouchſafe me a Word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out, we'll hear you ſing certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but, marry thus, my Lord, my dear Lord, and moſt eſteemed Friend, your Brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony-ſweet Lord,

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to——

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody:
If you do, our Melancholy upon your Head.

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queer, that's a ſweet Queen, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower Offence. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch Words, no, no——

Pan. And, my Lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very, very ſweet Queen?

Par. What Exploit's in hand, where ſups he to Night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord.

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my Couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer *Creſſida.*

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide, come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord; why ſhould you ſay *Creſſida*? No, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy——

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? Come, give me an Inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My Niece is horrible in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this, I'll ſing you a Song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now; by my troth, ſweet Lord, thou haſt a fine Fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Hel. Let thy Song be Love: This Love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, Love, Love, nothing but Love.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Love, Love, nothing but Love, ſtill more:
For O, Love's Bow
Shoots both Buck and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the Sore:
Theſe Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which ſeems they wound to kill,
Doth turn oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying Love lives ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho groans out for ha ha ha——hey ho.

Helen. In Love i'faith to the very tip of the Noſe.

Par. He eats nothing but Doves, Love, and that breeds hot Blood, and hot Blood begets hot Thoughts, and hot Thoughts beget hot Deeds, and hot Deeds are Love.

Pan.

Pan. Is this the Generation of Love? Hot Blood, hot Thoughts, and hot Deeds? why they are Vipers, Is Love a Generation of Vipers?
Sweet Lord, who's afield to Day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would fain have arm'd to Day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo.
How chance my Brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the Lip at ſomething; you know all, Lord *Pandarus.*

Pan. Not I, hony ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to Day:
You'll remember your Brother's excuſe?

Par. To a Hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your Neice.

Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from Field; let us to *Priam*'s Hall,
To greet the Warriors. Sweet *Helen,* I muſt woo you,
To help unarm our *Hector*: His ſtubborn Buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting Fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of Steel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* Sinews, you ſhall do more
Than all the Iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector.*

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be your Servant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in Beauty than we have:
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf.
Sweet, above thought, I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. How now, where's thy Maſter, at my Couſin *Creſſida*'s?

Ser. No, Sir, he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my Couſin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I ſtalk about her Door
Like a ſtrange Soul upon the *Stygian* Banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon,*
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe Fields,

Where

Where I will wallow in the Lilly Beds
Propos'd for the deſerver. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s Shoulder pluck his painted Wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' Orchard, I'll bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. I am giddy; Expectation whirles me round,
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my Senſe; what will it be
When that the watry Palates taſte indeed
Love's thrice reputed Nectar? Death, I fear me;
Sounding Deſtruction, or ſome Joy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the Capacity of my ruder Powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my Joys,
As doth a Battel when they charge on heaps
The Enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh, and fetches her Wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a Sprite: I'll fetch her; it is the prettieſt Villain, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new ta'en Sparrow. [*Exit* Pan.

Troi. Even ſuch a Paſſion doth embrace my Boſom:
My Heart beats thicker than a feverous Pulſe,
And all my Powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like Vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The Eye of Majeſty.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you bluſh? Shame's a Baby; here ſhe is now, ſwear the Oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again, you muſt be watch'd e'er you be made tame, muſt you? Come your ways, come your ways, and you draw backward we'll put you i'th' Files: Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this Curtain, and let's ſee your Picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light? and 'twere dark you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the Miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in Fee-farm? build there, Carpenter, the Air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your Hearts out e'er I part you. The Faulcon,

Faulcon has the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River: Go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all Words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no Debts, give her Deeds: But ſhe'll bereave you o'th' Deeds too, if ſhe call your Activity in queſtion: What, billing again? here's in witneſs whereof the Parties interchangeably——Come in, come in, I'll go get a Fire. [*Exit* Pan.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troil. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus?

Cre. Wiſht, my Lord! the Gods grant;——O, my Lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant; what makes this pretty abruption; what too curious Dreg eſpies my ſweet Lady in the Fountain of our Love?

Cre. More Dregs than Water, if my Tears have Eyes.

Troi. Fears make Devils of Cherubins, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that ſeeing Reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind Reaſon ſtumbling without fear; to fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O let my Lady apprehend no fear,
In all *Cupid's* Pageant there is preſented no Monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but their Undertakings, when we vow to weep Seas, live in Fire, eat Rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Miſtreſs to deviſe Impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any Difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſity in Love, Lady, that the Will is infinite, and the Execution confin'd; that the Deſire is boundleſs, and the Act a Slave to limit.

Cre. They ſay all Lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an Ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the Voice of Lions, and the act of Hares, are they not Monſters?

Troil. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: Our Head ſhall go bare, till merit crown it; no Perfection in reverſion ſhall have a Praiſe in preſent; we will not name Deſert before his Birth, and being born, his addition ſhall be humble; few Words to fair

fair Faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſida*, as what Envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his Truth; and what Truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your Hoſtages; your Uncle's Word and my firm Faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my Word for her too; our Kindred, though they be long e'er they are woo'd, they are conſtant being won: They are Burs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me Heart:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you Night and Day,
For many weary Months.

Troi. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won: But I was won, my Lord,
With the firſt glance that ever——Pardon me——
If I confeſs much, you will play the Tyrant:
I love you now, but not 'till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it——in faith I lye——
My Thoughts were like unbridled Children, grown
Too head-ſtrong for their Mother; ſee we Fools,
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelf a Man:
Or that the Women had Mens privilege
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my Tongue,
For in this Rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee your ſilence
Coming in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My Soul of Counſel from me. Stop my Mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet Muſick iſſues thence. [*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre.

Cre. My Lord, I do beſeech you pardon me;
Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a Kiſs:
I am aſham'd;—— O Heavens, what have I done!——
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.
Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid*?
Pan. Leave! and you take leave 'till to Morrow Morning——
Cre. Pray you, content you.
Troi. What offends you, Lady?
Cre. Sir, mine own Company.
Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.
Cre. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,
To be another's Fool. Where is my Wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak I know not what.
Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.
Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I ſhew more Craft than Love.
And fell ſo roundly to a large Confeſſion,
To angle for your Thoughts: But you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not; for to be wiſe and love,
Exceeds Man's might, and dwells with Gods above.
Troi. O that I thought it could be in a Woman;
And if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of Love,
To keep her Conſtancy in plight and youth,
Out-living Beauties outward, with a Mind
That doth renew ſwifter than Blood decays.
Or that Perſwaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnowed purity in Love:
How were I then up-lifted! But alas,
I am as true as Truth's Simplicity,
And ſimpler than the Infancy of Truth.
Cre. In that I'll war with you.
Troi. O virtuous Fight,
When right with right wars, who ſhould be moſt right?
True Swains in Love, ſhall in the World to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their Rhimes,

Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies: Truth tired with Iteration,
As true as Steel, as Plantage to the Moon,
As Sun to Day, as Turtle to her Mate,
As Iron to Adamant, as Earth to th' Center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As Truth's Authentick Author to be cited)
As true as *Troilus*, ſhall crown up the Verſe,
And ſanctifie the Numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be:
If I be falſe or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelf,
When Water-drops have worn the Stones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States caracterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let Memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in love,
Upbraid my Falſehood; when they 've ſaid as falſe,
As Air, as Water, as Wind, as ſandy Earth;
As Fox to Lamb, as Wolf to Heifer's Calf;
Pard to the Hind, or Step-dame to her Son;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the Heart of Falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid.*

Pan. Go to, a Bargain made: Seal it, ſeal it, I'll be the Witneſs. Here I hold your Hand; here my Couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch Pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-between, be call'd, to the World's end, after my Name: Call them all *Panders*; let all conſtant Men be *Troiluſſes*, all falſe Women *Creſſida's*, and all Brokers between, *Panders*; ſay, Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which Bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to Death: Away.

And *Cupid* grant all Tongue-ty'd Maidens here,
Bed, Chamber, and *Pander*, to provide this geer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Menelaus *and* Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the Service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: Appear it to your Mind,
That through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my Poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a Traitor's Name, expos'd my ſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt Conveniencies,
To doubtful Fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That Time, Acquaintance, Cuſtom, and Condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my Nature:
And here to do you Service am become
As new into the World, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many Regiſtred in Promiſe,
Which you ſay live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* Make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* Priſoner, call'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you, Thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great Exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: But this *Anthenor*,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their Affairs,
That their Negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting this Manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o' th' Blood, a Son of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: And her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all Service I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us: Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
With all, bring Word, if *Hector* will to Morrow
Be anſwer'd in his Challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Ex.it*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *in their Tent.*

Ulyſ. Achilles ſtands i'th' entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:
I will come laſt, 'tis like he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive Eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I have Deciſion medicinable,
To uſe between our Strangeneſs and his Pride,
Which his own Will ſhall have deſire to drink;
It may do good: Pride hath no other Glaſs
To ſhew it ſelf, but Pride; for ſupple Knees
Feed Arrogance, and are the proud Man's Fees.

Aga. We'll execute your Purpoſe, and put on
A form of Strangeneſs as we paſs along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more,
Then if not look'd on. I will lead the Way.

Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my Mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy.*

Aga. What ſays *Achilles,* would he ought with us?

Neſt. Would you, my Lord, ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good Day, good Day,

Men. How do you? How do you?

Achil. What, does the Cuckold ſcorn me?

Aja. How now, *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good Morrow, *Ajax.*

Aja. Ha.

Achil. Good Morrow.

Aja. Ay, and good next Day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean theſe Fellows? Know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They paſs ſtrangely: They were us'd to bend,
To ſend their Smiles before them to *Achilles:*
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep to Holy Altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fall'n out with Fortune,

Muſt

Muſt fall out with Men too: What the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the Eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: For Men, like Butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy Wings, but to the Summer;
And not a Man, for being ſimple Man,
Hath any Honour, but honour'd by thoſe Honours
That are without him; as Place, Riches, Favour,
Prizes of Accident, as oft as Merit:
Which when they fall (as being ſlippery ſtanders)
The Love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Dye in the Fall: But 'tis not ſo with me,
Fortune and I are Friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe Mens Looks, who do methinks find out
Something in me not worth that rich Beholding,
As they have often given. Here is *Ulyſſes*,
I'll interrupt his Reading.—— How now *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſ. Now, great *Thetis* Son!

Achil. What, are you reading?

Ulyſ. A ſtrange Fellow here
Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath;
Nor feels not what he ows, but by Reflection,
As when his Virtues ſhining upon others,
Heat them, and they retort that Heat again
To the firſt Giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes*,
The Beauty that is born here in the Face,
The Bearer knows not, but commends it ſelf,
Not going from it ſelf, but Eye to Eye oppos'd,
Salute each other, with each others Form.
For Speculation turns not to it ſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee it ſelf; this is not ſtrange at all.

Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the Poſition,
It is familiar; but at the Author's drift;
Who in his Circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no Man is the Lord of any thing,
(Tho' in and of him) there is much conſiſting,

'Till he communicate his Parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for ought,
'Till he behold them formed in th' Applauſe,
Where they're extended: Which like an Arch reverb'rates
The Voice again, or like a Gate of Steel,
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His Figure, and his Heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*.
Heavens! What a Man is there? A very Horſe,
That as he knows not Nature, what things are
Moſt abject in Regard, and dear in Uſe;
What things again moſt dear in the Eſteem,
And poor in Worth: Now ſhall we ſee to Morrow,
An act that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! O Heavens, what ſome Men do,
While ſome Men leave to do!
How ſome Men creep in skittiſh Fortune's Hall,
Whiles others play the Idiots in her Eyes:
How one Man eats into another's Pride,
While Pride is feaſting in his Wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe *Grecian* Lords; why, even already,
They clap the Lubber *Ajax* on the Shoulder,
As if his Foot were on brave *Hector*'s Breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.

Achil. I do believe it,
For they paſt by me, as Miſers do by Beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What, are my Deeds forgot?

Ulyſ. Time hath, my Lord, a Wallet at his Back,
Wherein he puts Alms for Oblivion:
A great-ſiz'd Monſter of Ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good Deeds paſt,
Which are devour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoon as done: Perſeverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps Honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty Male
In monumental Mock'ry: Take the inſtant way,
For Honour travels in a Straight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt, keep then the Path,
For Emulation hath a thouſand Sons,

That

That one by one purſue; if you give Way
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred Tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindmoſt;
Or like a gallant Horſe fall'n in firſt Rank,
Lye there for Pavement to the abject, near
O'er-run and trampl'd on: Then what they do in preſent
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours:
For Time is like a faſhionable Hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th' Hand;
And with his Arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps in the Comer; the Welcome ever ſmiles,
And Farewel goes out ſighing: O let not Virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for Beauty, Wit,
High-birth, Vigor of Bone, Deſert in Service,
Love, Friendſhip, Charity, are Subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time:
One touch of Nature makes the whole World Kin;
That all with one conſent praiſe new-born Gauds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And go to Duſt, that is, a little Gilt;
More Laud in Gilt o'er-duſted.
The preſent Eye, praiſes the preſent Object.
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat Man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to Worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion 'gin to catch the Eye;
Then what not ſtirs? the Cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thy ſelf alive,
And caſe thy Reputation in thy Tent;
Whoſe glorious Deeds, but in theſe Fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to Faction.

Achil. Of this my Privacy,
I have ſtrong Reaſons.

Vlyſ. But 'gainſt your Privacy,
The Reaſons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in Love
With one of *Priam*'s Daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyſ. Is that a wonder?
The Providence that's in a watchful State,
Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deep,
Keeps place with thought; and, almoſt like the Gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb Cradles:
There is a Myſtery (with whom relation
Durſt never meddle) in the Soul of State;
Which hath an Operation more divine,
Than Breath or Pen can give expreſſure to:
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame ſhall in her Iſland ſound her Trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* Girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hector*'s Siſter did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my Lord——I, as your Lover, ſpeak;
The Fool ſlides o'er the Ice that you ſhould break.
Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A Woman, impudent, and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man,
In time of Action: I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think my little ſtomach to the War,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouſe your ſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your Neck unlooſe his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the Lion's mane,
Be ſhook to airy Air.
Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*!----
Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much Honour by him.
Achil. I ſee my Reputation is at ſtake,
My Fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill that Men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary,
Seals a Commiſſion to a blank of Danger,
And Danger, like an Ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the Sun.

Achil.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*,
I'll ſend the Fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T' invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the Combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a Woman's longing,
An Appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the weeds of Peace,
Enter Therſites.
To talk with him, and to behold his Viſage,
Even to my full of view. A labour ſav'd——

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the Field, asking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to Morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical Cudgelling, that he raves, in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an Hoſteſs that hath no Arithmetick, but her Brain to ſet down her Reckoning; bites his Lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were Wit in his Head, and 'twou'd out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as Fire in a Flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The Man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his Neck i'th' Combat, he'll break't himſelf in Vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, Good morrow, *Ajax*. And he replies, Thanks *Agamemnon*. What think you of this Man, that takes me for the General? He's grown a very Land-fiſh----languageleſs----a Monſter; a plague of Opinion, a Man may wear it on both ſides, like a Leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador to him, *Therſites*.

Ther. Who? I?----why, he'll anſwer no Body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for Beggars; he wears his Tongue in's Arms; I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*---tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe Conduct for his Perſon, of the Magnanimous and moſt Illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven

ven times honour'd Captain, General of the *Grecian* Army, *Agamemnon, &c.* Do this.

Patr. *Jove* bleſs great *Ajax.*

Ther. Hum——

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum————

Patr. And to procure ſafe Conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* !——

Patr. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my Heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to Morrow be a fair Day, by eleven a Clock, it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me e'er he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my Heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus; what Muſick he will be in, when *Hector* has knockt out his Brains, I know not. But I am ſure none; unleſs the Fidler *Apollo* get his Sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable Creature.

Achil. My Mind is troubled like a Fountain ſtirr'd,
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. Would the Fountain of your Mind were clear again, that I might water an Aſs at it; I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than ſuch a valiant Ignorance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Troy.

Enter at one Door Æneas *with a Torch, at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Anthenor, *and* Diomede *with Torches.*

Par. SEE ho, who is that there?
Dei. It is the Lord *Æneas.*
Æne. Is the Prince there in Perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris,* nothing but heavenly buſineſs
Should rob my Bed-mate of my Company.
Dio. That's my Mind too: Good Morrow, Lord *Æneas.*
Par. A valiant *Greek, Æneas,* take his Hand,
Witneſs the proceſs of your Speech within;
You told, how *Diomede,* in a whole Week, by Days
Did haunt you in a Field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all queſtion of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black Defiance
As Heart can think, or Courage execute.
Dio. The one and th' other *Diomede* embraces.
Our Bloods are now in calm, and ſo long, health;
But when Contention and Occaſion meet,
By *Jove,* I'll play the Hunter for thy Life,
With all my Force, Purſuit and Policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lion that will flie
With his Face backward in humane gentleneſs:
Welcome to *Troy* —— now by *Anchiſes*'s Life,
Welcome indeed ——By *Venus* Hand I ſwear, ;
No Man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize. *Jove,* let *Æneas* live
(If to my Sword his Fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the Sun:
But in mine emulous Honour let him die,
With every Joint a wound, and that to Morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt deſpightfull'ſt, gentle Greeting;
The nobleſt, hateful Love, that e'er I heard of.
What Buſineſs, Lord, ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; it was, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas*'s Houſe, and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the fair *Creſſid*.
Let's have your Company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before us. I conſtantly do think
(Or rather call my Thought a certain Knowledge)
My Brother *Troilus* lodges there to Night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole Quality whereof, I fear
We ſhall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* born from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time, will have it ſo.
On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good Morrow all. [*Exit* Æneas.

Par. And tell me, Noble *Diomede*; faith tell me true,
Even in the Soul of good ſound Fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
My ſelf, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her that doth ſeek her,
Not making any ſcruple of her Soilure,
With ſuch a Hell of pain, and world of Charge.
And you as well to keep her that defend her,
Not palating the taſte of her Diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of Wealth and Friends;
He, like a puling Cuckold, would drink up
The Lees and Dregs of a flat tamed Piece;
You, like a Letcher, out of whoriſh Loins,
Are pleas'd to breed out your Inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, with heavier for a Whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her Country: Hear me, *Paris*,
For every falſe drop in her baudy Veins

A *Grecian*'s Life hath ſunk; for every Scruple
Of her contaminated Carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not given ſo many good Words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd Death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as Chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this Virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your ſelf; the Morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my Lord, I'll call my Uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the Gates.
Troi. Trouble him not———
To Bed, to Bed———ſleep kill thoſe pretty Eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy Senſes,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Cre. Good Morrow then.
Troi. I prithee now to Bed.
Cre. Are you a weary of me?
Troi. O *Creſſida*! but that the buſie Day
Wak'd by the Lark, has rous'd the Ribald Crows,
And dreaming Night will hide our Eyes no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cre. Night hath been too brief.
Troi. Beſhrew the Witch! with venomous weights ſhe ſtays,
As hideouſly as Hell; but flies the graſps of Love,
With Wings more momentary, ſwifter than Thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Cre. Prithee tarry----you Men will never tarry----
O fooliſh *Creſſida*---I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.
Pan. within.] What's all the Doors open here?
Troi. It is your Uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A Peſtilence on him; now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life———
Pan. How now, how now? how go Maiden-heads?
Hear, you Maid; where's my Couſin *Creſſid*?

Cre.

Cre. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking Uncle: You bring me to do———and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay, what: What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your Heart; you'll ne'er be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor Wretch; a poor *Chipochia*, haſt not ſlept to Night? Would he not (a naughty Man) let it ſleep; a Bug-bear take him. [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did I not tell you?—— Would he were knock'd i'th' Head.——Who's that at Door?---Good Uncle, go and ſee.—— My Lord, come you again into my Chamber:—— You ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha.——

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no ſuch thing. How earneſtly they knock---Pray you come in. [*Knock.* I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the Door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there, my Lord *Æneas?* By my troth, I knew you not; What News with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: What ſhould he do here?

Æne. Who---nay, then:---- Come, come, you'll do him wrong, e'er y' are aware: You'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you, My matter is ſo harſh: There is at hand,
Paris your Brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forth-with,
E'er the firſt Sacrifice, within this Hour, We

We muſt give up to *Diomedes* Hand
The Lady *Creſſida.*
Troi. Is it concluded ſo?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy.*
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troy. How many Atchievments mock me!
I will go meet them; and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance, you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my Lord; the ſecrets of Nature
Have not more Gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: The Devil take *Anthenor*; the young Prince will go mad: a Plague upon *Anthenor*; I would they had broke's Neck.
Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!——
Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my Lord? gone? Tell me, ſweet Uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deep under the Earth, as I am above.
Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prithee get thee in; would thou had'ſt ne'er been born; I knew thou would'ſt be his Death. O poor Gentleman! A Plague upon *Anthenor.*
Cre. Good Uncle, I beſeech you, on my Knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?
Pan. Thou muſt be gone, Wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*; thou muſt go to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'Twill be his death: 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.
Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.
Pan. Thou muſt.
Cre. I will not, Uncle: I have forgot my Father.
I know no touch of Conſanguinity:
No Kin, no Love, no Blood, no Soul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus*: O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſid*'s name the very Crown of Falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus*: Time and Death,
Do to this Body what extremity you can;
But the ſtrong Baſe and building of my Love
Is, as the very centre of the Earth,

Drawing

Drawing all things to it. I will go in and Weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright Hair, and ſcratch my praiſed Cheeks,
Crack my clear Voice with Sobs, and break my Heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*. [*Exit.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Anthenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. It is great Morning, and the Hour prefixt
Of her deliv'ry to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon: Good my Brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.

Troi. VValk into her Houſe:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his Hand when I deliver her,
Think it an Altar, and thy Brother *Troilus*
A Prieſt, there offering to it his Heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to Love,
And would, as I ſhall pity, I could help.
Pleaſe you walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The Grief is fine, full perfect that I taſte,
And no leſs in a ſenſe as ſtrong, as that
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my Affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder Palate,
The like allayment could I give my Grief;
My Love admits no qualifying croſs,

Enter Troilus.

No more my Grief in ſuch a precious loſs.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—— a ſweet Duck.——

Cre. O *Troilus, Troilus!*

Pan. VVhat a pair of Spectacles is here! let me embrace too: Oh Heart, as the goodly ſaying is; O Heart, heavy Heart, why ſitteſt thou without breaking? Look where he anſwers again; —Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart by Friendſhip,

Friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking; there was never a truer time; let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a Verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it: how now, Lambs?

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity;
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my Fancy,
More bright in Zeal, than the Devotion which
Cold Lips blow to their Deities, take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods Envy?

Pan. Ay, Ay, A, Ay, 'tis too plain a Caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?

Troi. A hateful Truth.

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Creſ. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of Chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our Lips
Of all rejoyndure; forcibly prevents
Our lock'd Embraſures; ſtrangles our dear Vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring Breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves,
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one;
Injurious time, now, with a Robber's haſte,
Crams his rich Thievery up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be Stars in Heaven,
With diſtinct Breath, and conſign'd Kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd Kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the Salt of broken Tears.

Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, Come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have Patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my Tears? Rain, to lay this Wind, or my Heart will be blown up by the Root.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*

Trri. No remedy.

Cre. A woful *Creſſid*, 'mongſt the merry *Greeks*.

Troi. When ſhall we ſee again?

Hear me, my Love; be thou but true of Heart——
Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?
Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe Expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy Heart;
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent Proteſtation: Be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
Cre. O you ſhall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as iminent: But I'll be true.
Troi. And I'll grow Friend with danger;
Wear this Sleeve.
Cre. And you this Glove.
When ſhall I ſee you?
Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly Viſitation:
But yet be true.
Cre. O Heavens! be true again.
Troi. Hear while I ſpeak it, Love:
The *Grecian* Youths are full of ſubtle Qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gift of Nature,
Flowing and ſwelling o'er with Arts and Exerciſe;
How Novelties may move, and Parts with Perſon——
Alas, a kind of godly Jealouſie,
Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous Sin,
Makes me afraid.
Cre. O Heavens, you love mē not!
Troi. Die I a Villain then:
In this I do not call your Faith in queſtion
So mainly as my Merit: I cannot Sing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor ſweeten Talk;
Nor play at ſubtle Games; fair Virtues all——
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each Grace of theſe,
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive Devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: But be not tempted.
Cre. Do not think, I will.
Troi. No, but ſomething may be done that we will not:
And ſometimes we are Devils to our ſelves,

When

When we will attempt the frailty of our Powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord.
Troi. Come kiſs, and let us part.
Paris within. Brother *Troilus.*
Troi. Good Brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My Lord, will you be true?
Troi. VVho I? Alas, it is my Vice, my fault:
While others fiſh with Craft for great Opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meer Simplicity:
While ſome with cunning gild their Copper Crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.
Fear not my Truth; the Moral of my Wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.
Welcome, Sir *Diomede*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Anthenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (Lord) I'll give her to thy Hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair, and by my Soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy Life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion.*
Diom. Fair Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the Thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your Eye, Heaven in your Cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage, and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be Miſtreſs, and command him wholly.
Troi. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly:
To ſhame the Seal of my Petition towards thee
By praiſing her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy Praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her Servant:
I charge thee uſe her well, even for my Charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy Guard)
I'll cut thy Throat.
Diom. Oh be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*;
Let me be privileg'd by my Place and Meſſage,
To be a Speaker free: When I am hence,

I'll anſwer to my Luſt: And know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: But that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my Spirit and Honour—— No.
Troi. Come to the Port----I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This Brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy Head:
Lady, give me your Hand——And as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful Talk.
[*Sound Trumpet.*
Par. Hark, *Hector*'s Trumpet!
Æne. How have we ſpent this Morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the Field.
Par. 'Tis *Troilus* fault. Come, come to Field with him.
Dio. Let us make ready ſtrait.
Æne. Yea, with a Bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s Heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair Worth, and ſingle Chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *Armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Calchas, *&c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating Time, With ſtarting Courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that the appalled Air
May pierce the Head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou Trumpet, there's my Purſe;
Now crack thy Lungs, and ſplit thy Braſen Pipe:
Blow Villain, 'till thy ſphered bias Cheek
Out-ſwell the Cholick of puft *Aquilon*:
Come ſtretch thy Cheſt, and let thy Eyes ſpout Blood:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Ulyſſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Enter

Enter Diomede *and* Creſſida.

Aga. Is't not young *Diomede* with *Calchas* Daughter?

Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his Gate,
He riſes on his Toe; that Spirit of his
In Aſpiration lifts him from the Earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſida*?

Dio. Even ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet Lady.

Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a Kiſs.

Ulyſ. Yet is your Kindneſs but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in general.

Neſt. And very courtly Counſel: I'll begin. So much for *Neſtor*.

Achil. I'll take that Winter from your Lips; fair Lady, *Achilles* bids you welcome.

Men. I had good Argument for kiſſing once.

Patr. But that's no Argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his Hardiment.

Ulyſ. Oh deadly Gall, and theme of all our Scorns,
For which we loſe our Heads to gild his Horns.

Patr. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſs---this mine---
Patroclus kiſſes you.

Men. O this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kiſſing do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,
The kiſs you take is better than you give; therefore no kiſs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd Man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd Man, Lady? every Man is odd.

Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.

Ulyſ. It were no match, your Nail againſt his Horn:
May I, ſweet Lady, beg a kiſs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyſ. I do deſire it.

Cre. Why beg then.

Ulyſ. Why then, for *Venus* ſake give me a kiſs:
When *Helen* is a Maid again, and his———

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyſ. Never's my Day, and then a kiſs of you.

Dio. Lady, a word——I'll bring you to your Father——

Neſt. A Woman of quick Senſe.

[Diomedes *leads out* Creſſida, *then returns.*

Ulyſ. Fie, fie upon her:
There's Language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip:
Nay, her Foot ſpeaks, her wanton Spirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her Body:
Oh theſe Encounters, are ſo glib of Tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome e'er it comes;
And wide unclaſp the Tables of their Thoughts,
To every tickling Reader: Set them down,
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of Opportunity,
And Daughters of the Game.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans* Trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.

Æne. Hail all you ſtate of *Greece*; what ſhall be done
To him that Victory commands? or do you purpoſe,
A Victor ſhall be known: Will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any Voice, or order of the Field: *Hector* bad ask?

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal deſpiſing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your Name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this,
Is the extremity of great and little:
Valour and Pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that which looks like Pride, is Curteſie;
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s Blood,

In

In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home:
Half Heart, half Hand, half *Hector*, comes to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.
Achil. A Maiden Battel then? O, I perceive you.
Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: Go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of their Fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach, the Combatants being kin,
Half ſtints their Strife before their ſtrokes begin.
Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.
Ajax. What *Trojan* is that ſame that looks ſo heavy?
Ulyſ. The youngeſt Son of *Priam*,
And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs, firm of Word,
Speaking in Deeds, and deedleſs in his Tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd, ſoon calm'd.
His Heart and Hand both open, and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he ſhews;
Yet gives he not 'till Judgment guide his Bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair Thought with Breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
For *Hector* in his blaze of Wrath ſubſcribes
To tender Objects; but he in heat of Action
Is more vindicative than jealous Love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the Youth,
Even to his Inches; and with private Soul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me. [*Alarum.*
Aga. They are in Action. [Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*
Neſt. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.
Troi. *Hector* thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His Blows are well diſpos'd; there *Ajax*. [*Trumpets*
Dio. You muſt no more. *ceaſe.*
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then, will I no more
Thou art, great Lord, my Father's Siſter's Son;
A Couſin German to great *Priam*'s Seed:

The obligation of our Blood forbids
A gory Emulation 'twixt us twain;
Were thy Commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this Hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the Sinews of this Leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*: My Mother's Blood
Runs on the dexter Cheek, and this Sinister
Bounds in my Father's: By *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* Member
Wherein my Sword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud; but the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy Mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortal Sword
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
By him that Thunders, thou haſt luſty Arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus——
Couſin, all honour to thee.

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a Man:
I came to kill thee, Couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy Death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright Creſt, Fame with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, This is he could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added Honour torn from *Hector*.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides;
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is Embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in Entreaties find ſucceſs,
As ſeld I have the chance; I would deſire
My famous Couſin to our *Grecian* Tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Æneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving Interview
To the expectors of the *Trojan* part:
Deſire him home. Give me thy Hand, my Couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights,

Aga.

Agamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching Eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.

Aga. Worthy of Arms; as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an Enemy.
But that's no welcome: Underſtand more clear,
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of Oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine Integrity,
From Heart of very Heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, moſt Imperious *Agamemnon.* [*To* Troi.

Aga. My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.

Men. Let me confirm my Princely Brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?

Æne. The Noble *Menelaus.*

Hect. O----you my Lord----by *Mars* his Gauntlet, thanks,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded Oath,
Your *quandom* Wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus* Glove,
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly Theme.

Hect. O pardon——I offend.

Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft
Labouring for Deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* Youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And ſeen thee ſcouring Forfeits and Subduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd Sword i'th' Air,
Not letting it decline on the declined:
That I have ſaid unto my Standers-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder dealing Life.
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy Breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. Thus I have ſeen,
But this thy Countenance, ſtill ſtock'd in Steel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a Soldier good,

But

But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old Man embrace thee,
And, worthy Warrior, welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd Hand in Hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.
Neſt. I would my Arms could match thee in Contention,
As they contend with thee in Courteſie.
Hect. I would they could.
Neſt. Ha? by this white Beard I'd fight with thee to Morrow. Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time---
Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder City ſtands,
When we have here the Baſe and Pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* Embaſſie.
Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My Propheſie is but half his Journey yet,
For yonder Walls that partly front your Town;
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the Clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own Feet.
Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* Stone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* Blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one Day end it.
Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, Lord *Ulyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector*, I have fed mine Eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achill. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand fair, I prithee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a Book of Sport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine Eye?
Achil. Tell me, you Heavens, in which part of his Body
Shall I deſtroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the local Wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great Spirit flew. Anſwer me, Heavens.
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud Man,
To anſwer ſuch a Queſtion: Stand again,
Think'ſt thou to catch my Life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice Conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the Forge that ſtythied *Mars* his Helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea o'er and o'er.
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His Inſolence draws folly from my Lips,
But I'll endeavour Deeds to match theſe Words,
Or may I never———
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe Threats alone
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have Stomach. The general State, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the Field,
We have had pelting Wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecian*'s Cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To Morrow do I meet thee, fell as Death,
To Night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy Hand upon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece* go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,

As

As *Hector*'s Leiſure, and your Bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him.
Beat loud the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow;
That this great Soldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My Lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt Princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to Night;
Who neither looks on Heav'n, nor on Earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Creſſid.*

Troi. Shall I, ſweet Lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no Lover there,
That wails her abſence?

Tro. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their Scars,
A mock is due: Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth.
But ſtill, ſweet Love is Food for Fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *before* Achilles *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his Blood with *Greekiſh* Wine to Night,
Patroclus, let us Feaſt him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Therſites.*

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the News?

Ther. Why, thou Picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and Idol of Idiot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther.

Thir. Why, thou full diſh of Fool, from *Troy*.

Patr. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeon's Box, or the Patient's Wound.

Patr. Well ſaid, Adverſity; and what need theſe Tricks?

Ther. Prithee be ſilent, Boy, I profit not by thy talk, thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s Male-Varlet.

Patr. Male-Varlet, you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten Diſeaſes of the South, Guts-griping, Ruptures, Catarrhs, loads o' Gravel i'th' Backs, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous Diſcoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable Box of Envy, thou, what mean'ſt thou to Curſe thus?

Ther. Do I Curſe thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous Butt, you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable Cur.

Ther. No? Why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial Skein of ſley'd Silk; thou green Sarcenet flap for a ſore Eye; thou Taſſel of a Prodigal's Purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor World is peſtred with ſuch Water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out Gall!

Ther. Finch Egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrow's Battel:
Here is a Letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A Token from her Daughter, my fair Love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An Oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it,
Fall *Greek*, fail Fame, Honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major Vow lyes here; this I'll obey:
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my Tent,
This Night in Banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exit.*

Ther. With too much Blood, and too little Brain, theſe two may run mad: But if with too much Brain, and too little Blood, they do, I'll be a Curer of Mad-men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt Fellow enough, and one that loves Quails, but he has not ſo much Brain as Ear-wax; and the good Transformation of *Jupiter* there his Brother, the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique Memorial of Cuckolds,

a thrifty ſhooting-horn in a Chain, hanging at his Brother's Leg; to what Form, but that he is, ſhould Wit larded with Malice, and Malice forced with Wit turn him to? to an Aſs were nothing, he is both Aſs and Ox; to an Ox were nothing, he is both Ox and Aſs; to be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toad, a Lizard, an Owl, a Puttock, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: But to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were *Therſites*; for I care not to be the Lowſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, Spirits and Fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomede, *with Lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good Night, *Ajax* commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good Night to the *Greek*'s General,

Men. Good Night, my Lord.

Hect. Good Night, ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet Draught---ſweet quoth a---ſweet Sink, ſweet Sewer.

Achil. Good Night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe that go or tarry.

Aga. Good Night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*, Keep *Hector* Company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important Buſineſs, The tide whereof is now; Good Night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your Hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Calchas*'s Tent, I'll keep you Company. [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo good Night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther.

Ther. That ſame *Diomede's* a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt unjuſt Knave; I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: He will ſpend his Mouth and Promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performs, Aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: The Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his Word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: They ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* Drab, and uſes the Traitor *Calchas* his Tent. I'll after—— Nothing but Lechery; all incontinent Varlets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Calchas *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomede*; *Calchas*, I think; where's your Daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the Torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſid.

Troi. *Creſſid*, come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now my ſweet Guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſ. She will ſing to any Man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any Man may find her, if he can take her life: ſhe's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſ. Liſt.

Cre. Sweet, Hony *Greek*, tempt me no more to Folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then.

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworn——

Cre.

Cre. In Faith I cannot: what would you have me do?
Ther. A jugling Trick, to be ſecretly open.
Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?
Cre. I prithee do not hold me to mine Oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.
Dio. Good Night.
Troi. Hold, Patience——
Ulyſ. How now, *Trojan?*
Cre. Diomede.
Dio. No, no, good Night: I'll be your Fool no more.
Troi. Thy better muſt.
Cre. Hark, one word in your Ear.
Troi. O Plague and Madneſs!
Ulyſ. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful Terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you——
Ulyſ. Nay, good my Lord go off:
You flow to great diſtraction: Come, my Lord.
Troi. I pray thee ſtay?
Ulyſ. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you ſtay; by Hell, and all Hell's Torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo good Night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Ulyſ. Why, how now, Lord?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian——why, *Greek*——
Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.
Cre. In Faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyſ. You ſhake, my Lord, at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She ſtroaks his Cheek.
Ulyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my Will, and all Offences,
A guard of patience, ſtay a little while.

Ther.

Ther. How the Devil Luxury with his fat Rump, and Potato Finger, tickles theſe together: Fry, Letchery, fry.

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In Faith I will come; never truſt me elſe.

Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, ſweet Lord,
I will not be my ſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all Patience.

Enter Creſſida.

Ther. Now the Pledge, now, now, now.

Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this Sleeve.

Troi. O Beauty! where is thy Faith?

Ulyſ. My Lord.

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that Sleeve; behold it well:---
He lov'd me:---O falſe Wench:----Give't me again.

Dio. Whoſe was't?

Cre. It is no matter now I have't again,
I will not meet with you to morrow Night:
I prithee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.

Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid Whetſtone.

Dio. I ſhall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O all you Gods——O pretty, pretty Pledge;
Thy Maſter now lyes thinking in his Bed,
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my Glove,
And gives memorial dainty Kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee.

Dio. Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.

Cre. He that takes that, takes my Heart withal.

Dio. I had your Heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did ſwear Patience.

Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede*: 'Faith you ſhall not,
I'll give you ſomething elſe.

Dio. I will have this: Whoſe was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?
Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Cre. By all *Diana*'s Waiting-women yonder,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my Helm,
And grieve his Spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'ſt it on thy Horn,
It ſhould be challenged.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not——
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then farewel,
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Cre. You ſhall not go;——one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtreight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto*: But that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour.
Cre. Ay, come:---O *Jove!*---do, come:---I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cre. Good Night: I prithee come:
Troilus, farewel; one Eye yet looks on thee,
But with my Heart, the other Eye doth ſee——
Ah poor our Sex; this fault in us I find,
The error of our Eye, directs our Mind.
What Error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by Eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my Mind is now turn'd Whore.
Vlyſ. All's done, my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Vlyſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my Soul,
Of every Syllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a Truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my Heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,

That

That doth invert that teſt of Eyes and Ears;
As if thoſe Organs had deceptious Functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Troi. She was not ſure.
Ulyſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troi. Why, my Negation hath no taſte of Madneſs.
Ulyſ. Nor mine, my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd for Woman-hood:
Think we had Mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn Criticks, apt without a Theme
For depravation, to ſquare the general Sex
By *Creſſid*'s Rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our Mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own Eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomede*'s *Creſſid:*
If Beauty have a Soul, this is not ſhe:
If Souls guide Vows, if Vows are Sanctimony,
If Sanctimony be the Gods delight,
If there be Rule in Unity it ſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of Diſcourſe!
That Cauſe ſets up, with and againſt thy ſelf,
By foul Authority; where Reaſon can revolt
Without Perdition, and Loſs aſſume all Reaſon,
Without Revolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid.*
Within my Soul, there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange Nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides more wider than the Sky and Earth,
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this Diviſion
Admits no Orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As *Ariachne*'s broken woof, to enter;
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Pluto*'s Gates;
Creſſid is mine, tied with the Bonds of Heav'n;
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as Heav'n it ſelf;
The Bonds of Heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd,
And with another Knot five finger'd tied:
The fractions of her Faith, orts of her Love,

The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie Reliques,
Of her o'er-eaten Faith, are bound to *Diomede.*
Ulyſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?
Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well.
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his Heart
I flam'd with *Venus*——never did young Man fancy
With ſo Eternal, and ſo fix'd a Soul——
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſida* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede:*
That Sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his Helm:
Were it a Cask compos'd by *Vulcan*'s Skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadful Spout,
Which Ship-men do the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in Maſs by the Almighty Finger
Shall dizzy with more Clamour *Neptune*'s Ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted Sword
Falling on *Diomede.*
Ther. He'll tickle it for his Concupy.
Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all Untruths ſtand by thy ſtained Name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.
Ulyſ. O contain your ſelf:
Your Paſſion draws Ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy.*
Ajax, your Guard, ſtays to Conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord, adieu.
Farewel; revolted fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a Caſtle on thy Head.
Ulyſ. I'll bring you to the Gates.
Troi. Accept diſtracted Thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meet that Rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this Whore:

Whore: The Parrot will not do more for an Almond, than he for a commodious Drab: Letchery, Letchery, ſtill Wars and Letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning Devil take them. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Troy.*

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his Ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By the everlaſting Gods, I'll go.
Andr. My Dreams will ſure prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my Brother *Hector*?
Andr. Here Siſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear Petition;
Purſue we him on Knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of Slaughter.
Caſ. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my Trumpet ſound.
Caſ. No Notes of ſally, for the Heavens, ſweet Brother.
Hect. Be gone, I ſay: The Gods have heard me ſwear.
Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh Vows;
They are polluted Offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted Livers in the Sacrifice.
Andr. O, be perſwaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by Theſts,
And rob in the behalf of Charity.
Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the Vow;
But Vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector.*
Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine Honour keeps the weather of my Fate:

Life every Man holds dear, but the dear Man
Holds Honour far more precious-dear than Life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to day?
Andr. Caſſandra, call my Father to perſwade.
[*Exit* Caſſandra.
Hect. No Faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy Harneſs, Youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of Chivalry:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the War.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave Boy,
I'll ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.
Troi. Brother, you have a vice of Mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lion, than a Man.
Hect. What Vice is that? Good *Troilus*, chide me for it.
Troi. When many times the Captive *Grecians* fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair Sword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fools Play, by Heaven, *Hector*.
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For th' love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the Hermit Pity with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armours buckled on,
The venom'd Vengeance ride upon our Swords,
Spur them to ruful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, Savage, fie.
Troi. Hector, then 'tis Wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not Fate, Obedience, nor the Hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fiery Truncheon my retire:
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on Knees,
Their Eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of Tears;
Nor you, my Brother, with your true Sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way;
But by my Ruin.

Enter

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy Crutch; now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee;
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy Wife hath Dreamt; thy Mother hath had Viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelf,
Am like a Prophet, ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is Ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Æneas* is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Even in the faith of Valour, to appear
This Morning to them.

Priam. Ay, but thou ſhalt not go.

Hect. I muſt not break my Faith:
You know me Dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your Conſent and Voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

Andr. Do not, dear Father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me; get you in.

[*Exit* Andromache.

Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious Girl,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look how thou dieſt; look how thy Eyes turn pale;
Look how thy Wounds do bleed at many vents;
Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her Dolour forth;
Behold Diſtraction, Frenzy and Amazement,
Like witleſs Anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead: O *Hector*!

Troi. Away,

Caſ. Farewel: Yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf, and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her Exclaim:
Go in and cheer the Town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds of praiſe, and tell you them at Night.

Priam. Farewel: The Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee.

[*Alarum.*

Troi. They are at it, hark: Proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to loſe my Arm, or win my Sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor Girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorſon Ptiſick, a whorſon raſcally Ptiſick, ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh Fortune of this Girl, and what one thing, and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'theſe days; and I have a Rheum in mine Eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my Bones, that unleſs a Man were Curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, Words, meer Words; no Matter from the Heart.
Th' Effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the Letter.*
Go Wind to Wind, there turn and change together:
My Love with Words and Errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her Deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you———

Troi. Hence, Brothel Lacquy, Ignominy and Shame
Purſue thy Life, and live ay with thy Name.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Field between* Troy *and the Camp.*

Alarum. *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: That diſſembling abominable Varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young Knave's Sleeve of *Troy*, there in his Helm: I would fain ſee them meet, that, that ſame young *Trojan* Aſs, that loves the Whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* Whore-maſterly Villain, with the Sleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious Drab,

Drab, of a ſleeveleſs Errant. O'th' t'other ſide, the Policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing Raſcals, that ſtale old Mouſe-eaten dry Cheeſe, *Neſtor*; and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes* is not prov'd worth a Blackberry. They ſet me up in Policy that mungril Cur *Ajax*, againſt that Dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the Cur *Ajax* prouder than the Cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to Day. Whereupon the *Grecians* began to proclaim Barbariſm, and Policy grows into an ill Opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft——here comes Sleeve, and t' other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the River *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of Multitude:
Have at thee. [*They go off fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy Whore, *Grecian*: Now for thy Whore, *Trojan*: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector*'s match? Art thou of Blood and Honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a Raſcal; a ſcurvy railing Knave; a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee——live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy Neck——for frighting me; what's become of the wenching Rogues? I think, they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that Miracle——yet in a ſort, Letchery eats it ſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my Servant, take thou *Troilus*'s Horſe,
Preſent the fair Steed to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my Service to her Beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polydamus*
Hath beat down *Menon*: Baſtard *Margarelon*

Hath

Hath *Doreus* Priſoner,
And ſtands, *Coloſſus* wiſe, waving his Beam,
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the Kings,
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*: *Polyxines* is ſlain;
Amphimachus and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our Numbers, haſte we, *Diomede*,
To Reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus*'s Body to *Achilles*,
And bid the Snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the Field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe,
And there lacks work; anon he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like ſcaled Sculls,
Before the belching Whale: Then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the Mower's Swath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying Appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That Proof is call'd Impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, Courage, Courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing Vengeance;
Patroclus's Wounds have rouz'd his drowſie Blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a Friend,
And foams at Mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to Day
Mad and fantaſtick Execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs Force, and forceleſs Care,
As if that Luck, in very ſpight of Cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou Coward, *Troilus*. [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou Boy-killer, ſhew thy Face:
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou Coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy Head.

Enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I ſay, where's *Troilus*?
Ajax. What would'ſt thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the General,
Thou ſhould'ſt have my Office,
E'er that Correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what, *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh Traitor *Diomede*!
Turn thy falſe Face, thou Traitor,
And pay thy Life, thou oweſt me for my Horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone, ſtand, *Diomede*.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come, both you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.
[*Exennt fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought, my youngeſt Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector*.
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*
Achil. I do diſdain thy Courteſie, proud *Trojan*,
Be happy that my Arms are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
'Till when, go ſeek thy Fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher Man,
Had I expected thee; how now, my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious Heaven
He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,

Or

Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I wreak not, though thou end my Life to Day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in Armor.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*,
Thou art a goodly Mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy Armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the Rivets all,
But I'll be Maſter of it; wilt thou not, Beaſt, abide?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy Hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*:
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep your ſelves in Breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your Weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your Arms,
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding Eye;
It is decreed——*Hector* the Great muſt die. [*Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold, and the Cuckold-maker are at it: Now Bull, now Dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double hen'd Sparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the Bull has the Game: 'ware Horns, ho. [*Exit* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, Slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A Baſtard Son of *Priam*'s.

Ther. I am a Baſtard too, I love Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in Mind, Baſtard in Valour, in every thing Illegitimate: One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard? Take heed, the Quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the Son of a Whore fight for a Whore, he tempts Judgment: Farewel, Baſtard.

Baſt. The Devil take the Coward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified Core! ſo fair without:——
Thy goodly Armor thus hath coſt thy Life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good Breath:
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of Blood and Death.

Enter

Enter Achilles, *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his Heels:
Even with the veil and darking of the Sun,
To cloſe the Day up, *Hector*'s Life is done.

[*They fall upon* Hector *and kill him.*

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek*.

Achil. Strike, Fellows, ſtrike, this is the Man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou: Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy Heart, thy Sinews and thy Bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain. [*Retreat.*
Hark, a Retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* Trumpets ſound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon Wing of Night o'er ſpreads the Earth,
And, Stickler-like, the Armies ſeparates;
My half ſupt Sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty Bit, thus goes to Bed.
Come, tye his Body to my Horſe's Tail:
Along the Field, I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound Retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?

Neſt. Peace, Drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain, *Achilles!*

Dio. The Bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles*.

Ajax. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a Man as he.

Aga. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his Death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp Wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand ho, yet are we Maſters of the Field,
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the Night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.

All. Hector!——the Gods forbid!

Troi.

Troi. He's dead, and at the Murtherer's Horſe's Tail,
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful Field.
Frown on, you Heavens, effect your rage with ſpeed:
Sit Gods upon your Thrones, and ſmile at *Troy*.
I ſay at once, let your brief Plagues be Mercy,
And linger not our ſure Deſtructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you do diſcomfort all the Hoſt.

Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of Death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and Men
Addreſs their Dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a Scrietch-Owl ay be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turn to Stone;
Make Wells, and *Niobes* of the Maids and Wives;
Cool Statues of the Youth; and, in a Word,
Scare *Troy* out of ſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: There is no more to ſay.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* Plains:
Let *Titan* riſe, as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou great ſiz'd Coward
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two Hates,
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked Conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth Goblins ſwift as Frenſies thoughts,
Strike a free march to *Troy*, with comfort go:
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward Woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, Brothel, Lacky, Ignominy and Shame
[*Strikes him.*
Purſue thy Life, and live aye with thy Name. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking Bones: O*h* World! World! World! thus is the poor Agent deſpis'd: Oh, Traitors and Bawds; how earneſtly are you ſet at Work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our Endeavour be ſo deſir'd, and the Performance ſo loath'd? What Verſe for it? what inſtance for it?——Let me ſee——

Full

Full merrily the Humble Bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his Hony and his Sting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed Tail,
Sweet Hony and ſweet Notes together fail.
Good Traders in the Fleſh, ſet this in your painted Cloathes;
As many as be here of *Pandar*'s Hall,
Your Eyes half out, weep out at *Pindar*'s Fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking Bones.
Brethren and Siſters of the hold-door Trade,
Some two Months hence, my Will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled Gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſs;
'Till then, I'll ſwear, and ſeek about for Eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my Diſeaſes. [*Exeunt.*

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CORIOLANUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

CAius Martius Coriolanus, *a Noble* Roman, *hated by the Common People.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians, *and*
Cominius, } *Friends to* Coriolanus.

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to* Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People, and E-*
Junius Brutus, } *nemies to* Coriolanus.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volſcians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Martius, *Son to* Coriolanus.

W O M E N.

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.

Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.

Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to* Aufidius, *aud other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is partly in* Rome *and partly in the Territory of the* Volſcians.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 *CITIZEN.*

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Martius* is chief Enemy to the People.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own Price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians good: What Authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholſome, we might gueſs they relieved us humanly: But they think we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our Miſery, is as an Inventory to particularize their Abundance;

our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, e'er we become Rakes: For the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius*?

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very Dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what Services he has done for his Country?

1 *Cit.* Very well: and could be content to give him good Report for't; but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end; though ſoft conſcienc'd Men can be content to ſay it was for his Country, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his Virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is Covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of Accuſations; he hath Faults, with ſurplus, to tire in Repetition.

[*Shouts within.*

What Shouts are thoſe? The other ſide o'th' City is riſen, why ſtay we prating here? To th' Capitol——

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft——who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, would all the reſt were ſo.

Men. What work's, my Countrymen, in hand? Where go you with your Bats and Clubs? The Matter—— Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our Buſineſs is not unknown to the Senate, they have had inkling, this Fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in Deeds: They ſay, poor Suiters have ſtrong Breaths, they ſhall know we have ſtrong Arms too.

Men. Why Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt Neighbours, will you undo your ſelves?

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you: for your Wants,
Your ſuffering in this Dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your Staves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* State; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand Curbs
Of more ſtrong link'd aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your Impediment. For the Dearth;
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your Knees to them, not Arms, muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you ſlander
The Helms o'th' State, who care for you, like Fathers,
When you curſe them as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!----True indeed, they ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Grain: Make Edicts for Uſury, to ſupport Uſurers; repeal daily any wholſom Act eſtabliſhed againſt the Rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chain up and reſtrain the Poor. If the Wars eat us not up, they will, and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs your ſelves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it,
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
I'll hear it, Sir——yet you muſt not think
To fob off our Diſgrace with a Tale:
But, and't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the Bodies Members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly; thus accus'd it——
That only like a Gulf it did remain
I'th' midſt o'th' Body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt: where th' other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the Appetite, and Affection common

Of the whole Body. The Belly answer'd.——
2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the Belly?
Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the Lungs, but even thus——
(For look you, I may make the Belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented Members, the mutinous Parts
That envied his Receit; even so most fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you——
2 *Cit.* Your Belly's answer——What
The Kingly crown'd Head, the vigilant Eye,
The Counsellor Heart, the Arm our Soldier,
Our Steed the Leg, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty Helps
In this our Fabrick, if that they——
Men. What then?——For me this Fellow speaks.
What then? what then?
2 *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant Belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'th' Body——
Men. Well,——what then?
2 *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly answer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'st hear the Belly's answer.
2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good Friend;
Your most grave Belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his Accusers, and thus answer'd;
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general Food at first
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the Rivers of your Blood
Even to the Court, th'Heart, to th' seat o'th' Brain,
And through the Cranks and Offices of Man,
The strongest Nerves, and small inferior Veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,

You,

You, my good Friends, (this ſays the Belly) mark me——
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once, cannot
See, what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Audit up, that all
From me do back receive the Flow'r of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What ſay you to't?
2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer——how apply you this?
Men. The Senators of *Rome* are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members; for examine
Their Counſels, and their Care; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weal o'th' Common, you ſhall find
No publick Benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelves. What do you think?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?
2 *Cit.* I the great Toe! Why the great Toe?
Men. For that being one o'th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou Raſcal, that art worſt in Blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiff Bats and Clubs,
Rome and her Rats are at the point of Battel:
The one ſide muſt have Bail.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hail, Noble *Martius.*
Mar. Thanks. What's the Matter, you diſſentious Rogues?
That rubbing the poor itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelves Scabs.
2 *Cit.* We have ever your good Word.
Mar. He that will give good Words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye Curs,
That like not Peace, nor War? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you Lions, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of Fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe Offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Juſtice, did it. Who deſerves Greatneſs,
Deſerves your Hate; and your Affections are

A ſick Man's Appetite, who deſires moſt that,
Which would encreaſe his Evil. He that depends
Upon your Favours, ſwims with fins of Lead,
And hews down Oaks with Ruſhes. Hang ye----truſt ye!
With every Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate,
Him vile, that was your Garland. What's the Matter,
That in the ſeveral Places of the City,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another? What's their ſeeking?

Men. For Corn at their own Rates, whereof they ſay,
The City is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay!——
They'll ſit by th' Fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side Factions, and give out
Conjectural Marriages; making Parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay, there's Grain enough!
Would the Nobility lay aſide their Ruth,
And let me uſe a Sword, I'd make a Quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd Slaves, as high
As I could pitch my Lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt throughly perſuaded:
For though abundantly they lack Diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other Troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd; hang 'em,
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Proverbs;
That Hunger broke Stone Walls——that Dogs muſt eat,——
That Meat was made for Mouths——that the Gods ſent not
Corn for the Rich Men only——With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings; which being anſwer'd,
And a Petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the Heart of Generoſity,
And make bold Power look pale; they threw their Caps
As they would hang them on the Horns o'th' Moon,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar.

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar Wiſdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. S'death,
The Rabble ſhould have firſt unrooſt the City
E'er ſo prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon Power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Inſurrections arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go get you home, you Fragments.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Here——what's the Matter?

Meſ. The News is, Sir, the *Volſcies* are in Arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity. See, our beſt Elders——

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *with other Senators.*

1 *Sen.* *Martius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volſcies* are in Arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I could wiſh me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the World by th' Ears, and he
Upon my Party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my Wars with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe Wars.

Com. It is your former promiſe.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus*'s Face.
What, art thou ſtiff? Stand'ſt out?

Tit. No, *Caius Martius*,
I'll lean upon one Crutch, and fight with t'other;
E'er ſtay behind this Buſineſs.

Men. Oh true bred.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* Your Company to th' Capitol; where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on; follow *Cominius*, we muſt follow you, right worthy your Priority.

Com. Noble *Martius.*

1 *Sen.* Hence to your Homes——be gone. [*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Let them follow,
The *Volſcies* have much Corn; take theſe Rats thither
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipful Mutineers,
Your Valour puts well forth; pray follow. [*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens ſteal away.* *Manent* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. Was ever Man ſo proud as is this *Martius?*

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were choſen Tribunes for the People——

Bru. Mark'd you his Lip and Eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his Taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modeſt Moon.

Bru. The preſent Wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.

Sic. Such a Nature, tickled with good Succeſs, diſdains the Shadow which he treads on at Noon, but I do wonder, his Inſolence can brook to be commanded under *Cominius?*

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the firſt; for what miſcarries
Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmoſt of a Man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had born the Buſineſs——

Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius.*

Bru. Come; half all *Cominius*'s Honours are to *Martius*,
Though *Martius* earn'd them not; and all his Faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honours, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent Action.

Bru.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Coriolus.

Enter Tullus Aufidius *with Senators of* Coriolus.

1 *Sen.* So, your Opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, e'er *Rome*
Had Circumvention? 'tis not four Days gone
Since I heard thence----these are the Words----I think
I have the Letter here, yes———here it is;
They have prest a Power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West; the Dearth is great,
The People Mutinous; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant *Roman*,
These three lead on this Preparation.
Whither 'tis bent———most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our Army's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery,
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many Towns, e'er (almost) *Rome*
Should know we are a-foot.
2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commission, hie you to your Bands,
Let us alone to guard *Coriolus*,
If they set down before's: for the remove
Bring up your Army: But, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that,
I speak from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already, And

And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If we and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike,
'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods aſſiſt you.

Auf. And keep your Honours ſafe.

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Rome.

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia, *They ſet them down on two low Stools, and Sew.*

Vol. I pray you, Daughter, Sing, or expreſs your ſelf in a more comfortable ſort: If my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won Honour, than in the Embracements of his Bed, where he ſhould ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my Womb; when Youth with Comlineſs plucked all gaze his way; when for a Day of Kings Entreaties, a Mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding, I, conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a Perſon, that it was no better than Picture-like to hang by th' Wall, if Renown made it not ſtir, was pleas'd to let him ſeek Danger where he was like to find Fame: To a cruel War I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his Brows bound with Oak. I tell thee, Daughter, I ſprang no more in Joy at firſt hearing he was a Man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the Buſineſs, Madam, how then?

Vol. Then his good Report ſhould have been my Son; I therein would have found Iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely: had I a dozen Sons each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven dye nobly for their Country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Vir. Beſeech you, give me leave to retire my ſelf.

Vol. Indeed thou ſhalt not: (As

Methinks I hear hither your Husband's Drum:
I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' Hair:
(As Children from a Bear) the *Volscies* shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus——and call thus——
Come on, ye Cowards, ye were got in fear
Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody Brow,
With his mail'd Hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harvest-Man, that's task'd to mow,
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody Brow! Oh *Jupiter*, no Blood.

Vol. Away, you Fool; it more becomes a Man
Than gilt his Trophy. The Breast of *Hecuba*,
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s Forehead, when it spit forth Blood
At *Grecian* Swords contending; tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her Welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my Lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius*'s Head below his Knee,
And tread upon his Neck.

Enter Valeria *with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My Ladies both, good Day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam——

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladiship——

Val. How do you both? You are manifest House-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot in good faith. How does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Ladiship: Well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the Swords, and hear a Drum, than look upon his School-master.

Val. A my Word, the Father's Son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty Boy. A my troth I look'd on him a *Wednesday* half an hour together---- h'as such a confin'd Countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his Teeth and did tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One o's Father's Moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a Noble Child.

Vir. A Crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play the idle Huswife with me this Afternoon.

Vir.

Vir. No, good Madam,
I will not out of Doors.

Val. Not out of Doors?

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the Threſhold, 'till my Lord return from the Wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your ſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy Strength, and viſit her with my Prayers, but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave Labour, nor that I want Love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they ſay, all the Yarn ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes*'s abſence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of Moths. Come, I would your Cambrick were ſenſible as your Finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent News of your Husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jeſt with you; there came News from him laſt Night.

Vir. Indeed Madam———

Val. In earneſt it's true, I heard a Senator ſpeak it. Thus it is---the *Volſcies* have an Army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* Power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius* are ſet down before their City *Coriolus*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief Wars. This is true, on my Honour, and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady, as ſhe is now,
She will but diſeaſe our better Mirth.

Val. In troth, I think ſhe would:
Fare you well then. Come, good ſweet Lady.
Prithee, *Virgilia*, turn thy ſolemneſs out a Door,
And go along with us.

Vir.

Virg. No:
At a word, Madam; indeed I muſt not,
I wiſh you Mirth.
Val. Well, then Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Walls of* Coriolus.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, *with Drum and Colours, with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Meſſenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes News:
A Wager they have met.
Lart. My Horſe to yours, no.
Mar. 'tis done.
Lart. Agreed.
Mar. Say, Has our General met the Enemy?
Meſ. They lye in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good Horſe is mine.
Mart. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: Lend him you, I will,
For half an hundred Years: Summon the Town.
Mar. How far off lye theſe Armies?
Meſ. Within a mile and half.
Mar. Then ſhall we hear their Larum, and they Ours.
Now *Mars*, I prithee make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoaking Swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded Friends. Come, blow the blaſt.
They ſound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls.
Tullus Aufidius is he within your walls?
1 *Senat.* No, nor a Man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little: [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, our Drums
Are bringing forth our Youth: We'll break our Walls
Rather than they ſhall pound us up; our Gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with Ruſhes,
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you far off.
[*Alarum far off.*
There is *Aufidius*. Liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven Army.
Mar. Oh, they are at it.
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders, ho.

Enter

Enter the Volſcies.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their City.
Now put your Shields before your Hearts, and fight
With Hearts more proof than Shields.
Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with Wrath. Come on, my Fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volſcie*,
And he ſhall feel mine Edge.

Alarum; the Romans *are beat back to their Trenches.*

Enter Martius.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*; you Herd of Biles and Plagues,
Plaiſter you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the Wind a Mile: You Souls of Geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of Men, how have you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beat? *Pluto* and Hell!
All hurt behind, Backs red, and Faces pale
With flight and agued fear? mend, and charge home,
Or by the Fires of Heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my Wars on you: Look to't, come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and Martius *follows them to the Gates, and is ſhut in.*

So, now the Gates are ope: Now prove good Seconds.
'Tis for the Followers, Fortune widens them,
Not for the Fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[*He Enters the Gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtleſs.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very Heels,
With them he enters; who upon the ſudden
Clapt to their Gates: He is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the City.

Lart.

Lart. Oh noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenſeleſs Sword,
And when it bows, ſtands up: Thou art left, *Martius*——
A Carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a Jewel. Thou waſt a Soldier
Even to *Calvus* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of the Sounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine Enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.

Lart. O, 'tis *Martius.*
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans *with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome.*

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I took this for Silver. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter Martius *and* Titus Lartius, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here theſe Movers, that do prize their Hours
At a crack'd Drachm: Cuſhions, leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Doublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe Slaves,
E'er yet the Fight be done, pack up; down with them.
And hark, what noiſe the General makes! To him,
There is the Man of my Soul's hate, *Aufidius,*
Piercing our *Romans*: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the Spirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius.*

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy Exerciſe hath been too violent,
For a ſecond Courſe of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My Work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The Blood I drop, is rather Phyſical
Than dangerous to me. To *Aufidius,* thus I will appear
Lart. Now the fair Goddeſs Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deep in Love with thee, and her great Charms

Miſguide thy Oppoſers Swords: bold Gentleman!
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewel.
Lart. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market-place,
Call thither all the Officers o'th' Town,
Where they ſhall know our Mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cominius *Retreating, with Soldiers.*

Com. Breath you, my Friends, well fought, we are come off
Like *Romans*, neither fooliſh in our Stands
Nor cowardly in Retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their Succeſſes, as we wiſh our own,
That both our Powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May give you thankful Sacrifice. Thy News?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Citizens of *Coriolus* have iſſued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battel.
I ſaw our Party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Tho' thou ſpeakeſt Truth,
Methinks thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Above an Hour, my Lord
Com. 'Tis not a Mile: Briefly we heard their Drums.
How could'ſt thou in a Mile confound an Hour,
And bring the News ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volſcies*
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four Miles about, elſe had I, Sir,
Half an Hour ſince brought my Report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were Flea'd? O Gods,
He has the ſtamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time ſeen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Taber,
More than I know the Sound of *Martius*'s Tongue

From

From every meaner Man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the Blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In Arms as ſound, as when I woo'd in Heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptial Day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius?*
Mar. As with a Man buſied about Decrees;
Condemning ſome to Death, and ſome to Exile,
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threatning th' other;
Holding *Coriolus* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slave
Which told me they had beat you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a Plague! Tribunes for them!)
The Mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think——
Where is the Enemy? Are you Lords o'th' Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battel? Know you on what ſide they have plac'd their Men of truſt.
Com. As I gueſs, *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th' Vaward are the Ancients
Of their beſt truſt: O'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battels wherein we have fought,
By th' Blood we have ſhed together,
By th' Vows we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Aufidius*, and his *Antiats*;
And that you not delay the preſent, but

Filling the Air with Swords advanc'd, and Darts,
We prove this very hour.——
Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your Action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this Painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſs for his Perſon, than an ill Report:
If any think, brave Death out-weighs bad Life,
And that his Country's dearer than himſelf,
Let him alone, (or, ſo many ſo minded)
Wave thus to expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius.*
They all Shout and wave their Swords, take him up in their Arms, and caſt up their Caps.
Oh! me alone, make you a Sword of me:
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volſcies*? None of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great *Aufidius*,
A Shield as hard as his. A certain number,
(Tho' thanks to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall bear the buſineſs in ſome other Fight
As cauſe will be obey'd: Pleaſe you to March,
And four ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which Men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all, with us. [*Exeunt.*
Titus Lartius *having ſet a Guard upon* Coriolus, *going with Drum and Trumpet toward* Cominius, *and* Caius Martius, *Enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*
Lart. So, let the Ports be guarded; keep your Duties
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our aid, the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding; if we loſe the Field,
We cannot keep the Town.

Lieu.

Lieu. Fear not our Care, Sir.
Lart. Hence, and ſhut your Gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th' *Roman* Camp conduct us. [*Exit.*
[*Alarum as in Battel.*

Enter Martius *and* Aufidius, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe than a Promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not *Africk* owns a Serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame and Envy; Fix thy Foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger die the other's Slave,
And the Gods doom him after.
Auf. If I fly, *Martius,* hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three Hours, *Tullus,*
Alone I fought in your *Coriolus* Walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my Blood,
Wherein thou ſee'ſt me mask'd; for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' higheſt.
Auf. Wert thou the *Hector,*
That was the Whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not 'ſcape me here.
[*Here they fight, and certain* Volſcies *come to the aid of* Aufid. Martius *fights 'till they be driven in breathleſs.*
Officious and not Valiant!—— you have ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Door Cominius, *with the* Romans: *At another Door* Martius, *with his Arm in a Scarf.*

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er, this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy Deeds: But I'll report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle Tears with Smiles;
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug;
I'th' end admire; where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſty *Plebeians,* hate thine Honours,
Shall ſay againſt their Hearts, we thank the Gods
Our *Rome* hath ſuch a Soldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſel of this Feaſt,
Having fully Din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius *with his Power, from the Purſuit.*

Lart. O General,
Here is the Steed, we the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld———

Mar. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who has a Charter to extol her Blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my Country:
He that has but effected his good Will,
Hath overta'en mine Act.

Com. You ſhall not be the Grave of your deſerving,
Rome muſt know the value of her own:
'Twere a Concealment worſe than a Theft,
No leſs than a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire and top of Praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: Therefore, I beſeech you,
In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our Army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome Wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt Ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with Death: Of all the Horſes,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore, Of all
The Treaſure in the Field atchiev'd, and City,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my Heart conſent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I do refuſe it,
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe,
That have beheld the doing.

A long Flouriſh. They all cry, Martius! Martius! *caſt up their Caps and Launces:* Cominius *and* Liartius *ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you prophane,
Never ſound more: When Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th' Field prove Flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing:

When

When Steel grows ſoft, as the Paraſites Silk,
Let him be made an Overture for th' Wars:
No more, I ſay, for that I have not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foil'd ſome debile Wretch.
Which without note, here's many elſe have done,
You ſhout me forth in Acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In Praiſes, ſauc'd with Lies.

Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruel to your good Report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: By your Patience,
If againſt your ſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in Manacles,
Then Reaſon ſafely with you: Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the World, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this War's Garland: In token of the which,
My noble Steed, known to the Camp, I give to him,
With all his trim belonging, and from this time,
For what he did before *Coriolus*, call him,
With all th' applauſe and clamour of the Hoſt,
Caius Martius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition Nobly ever.

Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.

Omnes. Caius Martius Coriolanus!

Mar. I will go waſh:
And when my Face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your Steed, and at all times
To under-creſt your good Addition,
To th' fairneſs of my Power.

Com. So, to our Tent:
Where, e'er we do repoſe us, we will write
To *Rome* of our Succeſs: You *Titus Lartius*
Muſt to *Coriolus* back; ſend us to *Rome*
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I ſhall, my Lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock mé;
I that but now refus'd moſt Princely Giſts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours; What is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Corolius*,
At a poor Man's Houſe: He us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Aufidius* was in my view,
And Wrath o'er-whelm'd my Pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor Hoſt freedom.
Com. O well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Son, he ſhould
Be free as is the Wind: Deliver him, *Titus.*
Lart. *Martius*, his Name.
Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:
I am weary; yea, my Memr'y is tir'd:
Have we no Wine here?
Com. Go we to our Tent:
The Blood upon your Viſage dries; 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: Come. [*Exeunt.*

A Flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The Town is ta'en.
Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good Condition.
Auf. Condition!
I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,
Being a *Volſcie*, be, that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treaty find
I'th' part that is at Mercy? Five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we Eat. By the Elements,
If e'er again I meet him Beard to Beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honour in't it had: For where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword; I'll potch at him ſome way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.
Sol. He's the Devil.
Auf. Bolder, tho' not ſo ſubtle: My Valour's poiſon'd,
With only ſuffering Stain by him: For him
Shall flie out of it ſelf; nor Sleep, nor Sanctuary,
Being Naked, Sick, nor Fane, nor Capitol,
The Prayers of Prieſts, nor time of Sacrifice:

Embark-

Embarkments all of fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten Privilege, and Cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my Brother's Guard, even there
Againſt the Hoſpitable Canon, would I
Waſh my fierce Hand in's Heart. Go you to the City,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be Hoſtages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cypreſs Grove. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mill) bring me word thither
How the World goes, that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my Journey.

Sol. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Menenius *with* Sicinius.

Men. THE Augurer tells me, we ſhall have News to Night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the Prayer of the People, for they love not *Martius*.

Sic. Nature teaches Beaſts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolf love?

Sic. The Lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry *Plebeians* would the noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lamb indeed, that baes like a Bear.

Men. He's a Bear indeed, that lives like a Lamb. You two are old Men, tell me one thing that I ſhall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what Enormity is *Martius* poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one Fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially Pride.

Bru

Bru. And topping all others in boaſt.

Men. This is ſtrange now! Do you two know how you are cenſured here in the City, I mean of us o'th' right hand File, do you?

Bru. Why---how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little Thief of Occaſion will rob you of a great deal of Patience:------ Give your Diſpoſitions the Reins, and be angry at your pleaſures, (at the leaſt) if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo———you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or elſe your Actions would grow wondrous ſingle; your Abilities are too Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride——Oh, that you could turn your Eyes towards the Napes of your Necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves. Oh that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty Magiſtrates, *alias* Fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a Cup of hot Wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: Said to be ſomething imperfect in favouring the firſt Complaint, haſty and Tinder-like, upon to trivial Motion: One that converſes more with the Buttock of the Night, than with the Forehead of the Morning. What I think I utter, and ſpend my Malice in my Breath. Meetting two ſuch Weals-men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurguſſes*) if the Drink you give me touch my Palate adverſly, I make a crooked Face at it. I can ſay, your Worſhips have deliver'd the Matter well, when I find the Aſs in compound with the Major part of your Syllables. And tho' I muſt be content to bear with thoſe that ſay you are Reverend Grave, yet they lye deadly that tell you have good Faces; if you ſee this in the Map of my Microcoſm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can

your

your Beſom Conſpectuities glean out of this Character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your ſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor Knaves Caps and Legs: You wear out a good wholſom Forenoon, in hearing a Cauſe between an Orange-wife and a Fauſet-ſeller, and then rejourn the Controverſie of Three Pence to a ſecond Day of Audience.——When you are hearing a Matter between a Party and Party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the Cholick, you make Faces like Mummers, ſet up the bloody Flag againſt all Patience——and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diſmiſs the Controverſie Bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the Peace you make in their Cauſe, is calling both the Parties Knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange Ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter Gyber for the Table, than a neceſſary Bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very Prieſts muſt become Mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous Subjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the Purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deſerve not ſo honourable a Grave, as to ſtuff a Botcher's Cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an Aſſes Pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, *Martius* is proud; who in a cheap Eſtimation, is worth all your Prodeceſſors ſince *Deucalion*, though peradventure ſome of the beſt of 'em were hereditary Hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worſhips; more of your Converſation would infect my Brain, being the Herdſmen of the beaſtly *Plebeians*. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Exeunt* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia *and* Valeria.

How now (my as fair as noble) Ladies, and the Moon were ſhe Earthly, no Nobler; whither do you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Men. Ha! *Martius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous Approbation.

Men.

Men. Take my Cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee——hoo! *Martius* coming home?

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very Houſe reel to Night: A Letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a Letter for you, I ſaw't.

Men. A Letter for me? it gives me an Eſtate of ſeven Years health; in which time I will make a Lip at the Phyſician: The moſt Sovereign Preſcription in *Galen* is but Emperictick, and to this Preſervative, of no better report than a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings a Victory in his Pocket? the Wounds become him.

Vol. On's Brows; *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Men. Has he diſciplin'd *Aufidius* ſoundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; and he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been ſo fiddiouſed for all the Cheſts in *Coriolus*, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Vol. Good Ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate has Letters from the General, wherein he gives my Son the whole Name of the War, he hath in this Action out-done his former Deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! Ay, I warrant you, and not without his true Purchaſing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true.

Vol. True? pow waw.

Men. True? I'll be ſworn they are true, where is he wounded, God ſave your good Worſhips? *Martius* is coming home; he has more cauſe to be proud: Where is he wounded?

Vol.

Vol. I'th' Shoulder, and i'th' left Arm, there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when he ſhall ſtand for his place; he receiv'd in the Repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeven hurts i'th' Body.

Men. One i'th' Neck, and two i'th' Thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before his laſt Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty ſeven, every gaſh was an Enemy's Grave. Hark, the Trumpets. [*A Shout and Flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are the Uſhers of *Martius*;
Before him he carries Noiſe,
And behind him he leaves Tears:
Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy Arm doth lye,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then Men dye.

A Sonnet. Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius *the General, and* Titus Lartius; *between them* Coriolanus, *crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Coriolus* Gates, where he hath won,
With Fame, a Name to *Caius Martius.*
Theſe in Honour follows, *Caius Martius, Coriolanus.*
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus.*
[*Sound. Flouriſh.*

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus.*

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my Heart; pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Cor. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my Proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good Soldier, up:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieving Honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife,

Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail:
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me Triumph? Ah, my Dear,
Such Eyes the Widows in *Coriolus* wear,
And Mothers that lack Sons.

Men.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee.
Com. And live you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, pardon.
Vol. I know not where to turn.
Oh welcome home; and welcome General,
And y'are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes:
I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light and heavy; welcome:
A Curſe begin at the very root on's Heart
That is not glad to ſee thee.
You are three that *Rome* ſhould dote on:
Yet by the Faith of Men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Reliſh.
Yet welcome Warriors;
We call a Nettle, but a Nettle,
And the faults of Fools, but Folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your Hand, and yours.
E'er in our own Houſe I do ſhade my Head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,
But with them, change of Honours.
Vol. I have lived,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancy;
Only there's one thing wanting,
Which, I doubt not but our *Rome*
Will caſt upon thee.
Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their Servant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol, [*Flouriſh.* *Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Bru. All Tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling Nurſe
Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: The Kitchin Maukin pins

Her

Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechy Neck,
Clambring the Walls to eye him;
Stalls, Bulks, Windows, are ſmother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: Seld-ſhown *Flamins*
Do preſs among the popular Throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar Station; our veil'd Dames
Commit the War of White and Damask
In their nicely gawded Cheeks, to th' wanton Spoil
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes; ſuch a pother,
As if that, whatſoever, God, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human Powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

Sic. On the ſudden, I warrant him Conſul.

Bru. Then our Office may, during his Power, go ſleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his Honours,
From where he ſhould begin and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.

Bru. In that there's Comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Upon their ancient Malice. will forget,
With the leaſt Cauſe, theſe his new Honours;
Which that he will give them, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i'th' Market-place, nor on him put
The Napleſs Veſture of humility,
Nor ſhewing, as the manner is, his Wounds
To th' People, beg their ſtinking Breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word:
Oh he would miſs it, rather than carry it,
But by the ſuit of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Sic. I wiſh no better, than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it in Execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Sic.

Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills;
A ſure Deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that to's Power he would
Have made them Mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſproportioned their Freedoms; holding them,
In human Action and Capacity,
Of no more Soul nor fitneſs for the World,
Than Camels in their War, who have their Provand
Only for bearing Burthens, and ſore Blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted,
At ſome time, when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall teach the People; which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogs on Sheep; we'll be his Fire
To kindle their dry Stubble; and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the Matter?

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Capitol:
'Tis thought that *Martius* ſhall be Conſul:
I have ſeen the dumb Men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to hear him ſpeak; Matrons flung Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarfs and Handkerchiefs,
Upon him, as he paſs'd; the Nobles bended
As to *Jove*'s Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower and Thunder, with their Caps and Shouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us Ears and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the Event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as in the Capitol.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here; how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay; but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.*

1. *Of.* That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the Common People.

2. *Of.* 'Faith, there have been many great Men that have flatter'd the People, who ne'er lov'd them, and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a Ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true Knowledge he has in their Disposition, and out of his noble Carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1. *Of.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither Good, nor Harm: But he seeks their Hate with greater Devotion, than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their Opposite. Now to seem to affect the Malice and Displeasure of the People, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *Of.* He hath deserv'd worthily of his Country: And his Ascent is not by such easie Degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further Deed, to have them at all into their Estimation and Report: But he hath so planted his Honours in their Eyes, and his Actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful Injury; to report otherwise, were a Malice, that giving it self the Lie, would pluck Reproof and Rebuke from ev'ry Ear that heard it.

1. *Of.* No more of him, he is a worthy Man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sonnet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius *the Consul:* Sicinius *and* Brutus *take their Places by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volscies,*
And to send for *Titus Lartius*; it remains,
As the main Point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his noble Service, that hath
Thus stood for his Country. Therefore, please you,
Most Reverend and Grave Elders, to desire
The present Consul, and last General,

In our well-found Succeſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Work perform'd
By *Caius Martius Coriolanus*; whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With Honours like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius:*
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our State's defective for Requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out. Maſters o' th' People,
We do requeſt your kindeſt Ear, and after,
Your loving Motion toward the common Body,
To yield what paſſes here.

Sic. We are convented upon a pleaſing Treaty, and have Hearts inclinable to Honour, and advance the Theam of our Aſſembly.

Bru. Which the rather we ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember a kinder Value of the People, than he hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off: I wou'd you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you to hear *Cominius* ſpeak?

Bru. Moſt willingly: But yet my Caution was more pertinent than the Rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your People, but tye him not to be their Bedfellow: Worthy *Cominius*, ſpeak.

[Coriolanus *riſes, and offers to go away.*

Nay, keep your Place.

1 *Sen.* Sir *Coriolanus*, never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your Honour's Pardon:
I had rather have my Wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope my Words diſ-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When Blows have made me ſtay, I fled from Words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But your People,
I love them as they weigh———

Men. Pray now, ſit down.

Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my Nothings monſter'd [*Exit* Coriolanus.

Men.

Me. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawn how can he flatter,
That's thouſand to one good one? when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbs for Honour,
Than one of's Ears to hear it. Proceed, *Cominius.*
Com. I ſhall lack Voice: The Deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That Valour is the chiefeſt Virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the Haver: If it be,
The Man I ſpeak of cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-pois'd. At ſixteen Years,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the Mark of others: Our then Dictator,
Whom with all Praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* Chin he drove
The briſtled Lips before him: He beſtrid
An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i'th' Conſul's view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his Knee: In that Day's Feats,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd beſt Man i'th' Field, and for his Meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oak. His Pupil-age
Man-enter'd thus, he waited like a Sea,
And in the Brunt of ſeventeen Battels ſince,
He lurcht all Swords o'th' Garland. For this laſt,
Before, and in *Coriolus*, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeak him home: He ſtopt the Fliers,
And by his rare Example, made the Coward
Turn Terror into Sport: As Waves before
A Veſſel under Sail, ſo Men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: His Sword (Death's Stamp)
Where it did mark, it took from Face to Foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whoſe every Motion
Was trimm'd with dying Cries: Alone he entred
The mortal Gate o'th' City, which he painted
With ſhunleſs Defamy: Aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden Re-enforcement ſtruck
Coriolus, like a Planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the Din of War 'gan pierce
His ready Senſe, when ſtreight his doubled Spirit
Requickn'd what in Fleſh was fatigate,

And to the Battel came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the Lives of Men, as if
'Twere a perpetual Spoil; and 'till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his Breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy Man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honours
Which we deviſe him.

Com. Our Spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck o'th' World: He covets leſs
Than Miſery it ſelf would give, rewards his Deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend his Time to end it.

Men. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus.*

Of. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus,* are well pleas'd to make thee Conſul.

Cor. I do owe them ſtill my Life, and Services.

Men. It then remains that you do ſpeak to the People.

Cor. I do beſeech you,
Let me o'erleap that Cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the Gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake, to give their Suffrages:
Pleaſe you that I may paſs this doing.

Sic. Sir, the People muſt have their Voices,
Neither will they Bate one jot of Ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you go fit you to the Cuſtom,
And take to you, as your Predeceſſors have,
Your Honour with your Form.

Cor. It is a Part that I ſhall bluſh in Acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Bru. Mark you that.

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th' unaking Scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the Hire
Of their Breath only.

Men.

Men. Do not ſtand upon't:
We recommend to you, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpoſe to them, and to our noble Conſul
Wiſh we all Joy and Honour.

Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all Joy and Honour.

[*Flouriſh Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the People.

Sic. May they perceive's Intent: He will require them
As if he did contemn, what he requeſted,
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on th' Market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once if he do require our Voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our ſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: For, if he ſhew us his Wounds, and tell us his Deeds, we are to put our Tongues into thoſe Wounds, and ſpeak for them: So, if he tells us his noble Deeds, we muſt alſo tell him of our noble Acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the Multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a Monſter of the Multitude; of the which, we being Members, ſhould bring our ſelves to be monſtrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: For once when we ſtood up about the Corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many, not that our Heads are ſome Brown, ſome Black, ſome Auburn, ſome Bald; but that our Wits are ſo diverſly Colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our Wits were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their Conſent of one direct Way, would be at once to all Points o'th' Compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? Which Way do you judge my Wit would flye?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your Wit will not ſo ſoon out as another Man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a Block-head: But if it were at Liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe it ſelf in a Fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dews, the fourth would return for Conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your Tricks,—— you may, you may.——

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your Voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier Man.

Enter Coriolanus *in a Gown of Humility, with* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility, mark his behaviour: We are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by Particulars, where every one of us has a ſingle Honour, in giving him our own Voices with our own Tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthieſt Men have done't?

Cor. What muſt I ſay, I pray, Sir?
Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My Tongue to ſuch a pace. Look, Sir—— my Wounds——
I got them in my Country's Service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own Drums.

Men. Oh me the Gods! you muſt not ſpeak of that,
You muſt deſire them to think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em.
I wou'd they wou'd forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines loſe by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: Pray you ſpeak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholeſome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two of the Citizens.

Cor. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keep their Teeth clean —— So, here comes a brace:
You know the Cauſe, Sirs, of my ſtanding here.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own Deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own Deſert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own Deſire.

1 *Cit.* How, not your own Deſire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my deſire yet to trouble the Poor with Begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then I pray, your Price o'th' Conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The Price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have Wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be yours in private: Your good Voice, Sir; what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A Match, Sir; there's in all two worthy Voices begg'd: I have your Alms, Adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to give again:——But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your Voices, that I may be Conſul, I have here the cuſtomary Gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deſerved Nobly.

Cor. Your Ænigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a Scourge to her Enemies; you have been a Rod to her Friends; you have not indeed loved the Common People.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more Virtuous, that I have not been common in my Love; I will, Sir, flatter my ſworn Brother, the People, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: And ſince the wiſdom of their Choice, is rather to have my Hat, than my Heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating Nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular Man, and give it bountiful to the deſirers: Therefore, beſeech you I may be Conſul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our Friend; and therefore give you our Voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many Wounds for your Country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your Knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your Voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you Joy, Sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet Voices ——

Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the Hire, which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this Woolviſh Gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needleſs Voucher? Cuſtom calls me to't ——
What Cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't?
The Duſt on antique Time would lye unſwept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honour go,
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more,

Here come more Voices.
Your Voices—— For your Voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your Voices; for your Voices, bear
Of Wounds, two dozen and odd: Battels, thrice ſix
I have ſeen, and heard of: For your Voices,
Have done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more:
Your Voices:—— For indeed I would be Conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt Man's Voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul: The Gods give him Joy, and make him a good Friend to the People,

All. Amen, Amen. God ſave thee, Noble Conſul. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy Voices——

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus, *and* Sicinius.

Men. You have ſtood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voice.
Remains, that in th' Official Marks inveſted,
You anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Cuſtom of Requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The People do admit you, and are ſummon'd

To

To meet anon upon your Approbation.
Cor. Where? at the Senate-houſe?
Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*
Cor. May I change theſe Garments?
Sic. You may, Sir.
Cor. That I'll ſtrait do: And knowing my ſelf again,
Repair to th' Senate-Houſe.
Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We ſtay here for the People.
Sic. Farewell, [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Men.
He has it now, and by his Looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's Heart.
Bru. With a proud Heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you diſmiſs the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my Maſters, have you choſe this Man?
1 *Cit.* He has our Voices, Sir.
Bru. We pray the Gods he may deſerve your Loves.
2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of Speech, he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave your ſelf, but ſays
He us'd us ſcornfully: He ſhou'd have ſhew'd us
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Country.
Sic. Why ſo he did, I am ſure.
All. No, no; no Man ſaw 'em.
3 *Cit.* He ſaid he had Wounds,
Which he could ſhew in private:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in Scorn,
I would be Conſul, ſays he: Aged Cuſtom,
But by your Voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your Voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was--- I thank you for your Voices--- thank you---
Your moſt ſweet Voices--- Now you have left your Voices,
I have nothing further with you. Was not this Mockery?
Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it of ſuch childiſh Friendlineſs,
To yield your Voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd; when he had no Power,

But

But was a petty Servant to the State,
He was your Enemy, ever ſpake againſt
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you bear
I'th' Body of the Weal: And now arriving
At place of Potency, and ſway o'th' State,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt Foe to th' *Plebeians*, your Voices might
Be Curſes to your ſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy Deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious Nature
Would think upon you for your Voices, and
Tranſlate his Malice towards you, into Love,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination; from him pluckt,
Either his gracious Promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly Nature;
Which eaſily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought; ſo putting him to Rage,
You ſhould have ta'en th' advantage of his Choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſollicit you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loves? And do you think
That his Contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why had your Bodies
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againſt the Rectorſhip of Judgment?

Sic. Have you, e'er now, deny'd the Asker:
And, now again of him that did not ask, but mock,
Beſtow your ſu'd-for Tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred Voices of that Sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their Friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe Friends,
They have choſe a Conſul that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voice
Than Dogs, that are as often beat for Barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic.

Sic. Let them assemble; and on a safer Judgment,
All revoke your ignorant Election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate unto you; besides, forget not,
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: But your Loves,
Thinking upon his Services, took from you
Th' Apprehension of his present portance.
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate Hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you must cast your Election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our Commandment,
Than as guided by your own true Affections, and that
Your Minds, pre-occupied with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To Voice him Consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his Country,
How long continued, and what Stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th' *Martians*; from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa*'s Daughter's Son,
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King:
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water brought by Conduits hither,
And, nobly nam'd *Martius*, so, twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his Person wrought,
To be set high in Place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed Enemy, and revoke
Your sudden Approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your Number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all repent in their Election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*

Bru.

Bru. Let them go on:
This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay paſt doubt for greater:
If, as his Nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To th' Capitol, come:
We will be there before the ſtream o'th' People:
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Cornets. *Enter* Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators.*

Cor. *Tullus Aufidius* then had made new Head?
Lart. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.
Cor. So then the *Volſcies* ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready when time ſhall prompt them, to make Road
Upon's again.
Com. They are worn, Lord Conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our Ages ſee
Their Banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you *Aufidius?*
Lart. On ſafe-guard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the *Volſcies*, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the Town; he is retired to *Antium.*
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my Lord.
Cor. How!——what!——
Lart. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things upon the Earth he hated
Your Perſon moſt: That he would pawn his Fortunes
To hopleſs Reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.
Cor. At *Antium* lives he?
Lart. At *Antium.*

Cor.

Cor. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his Hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.
Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth, I do deſpiſe them:
For they do prank them in Authority,
Againſt all noble Sufferance.
Sic. Paſs no further.
Cor. Hah!——what is that!————
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on——No further.
Cor. What makes this Change?
Men. The Matter?
Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Nobles, and the Commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had Childrens Voices?
Sen. Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to th' Market place.
Bru. The People are incens'd againſt him.
Sic. Stop, or all will fall in Broil.
Cor. Are theſe your Herd?
Muſt theſe have Voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their Tongues? What are your Offices?
You being their Mouths, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by Plot,
To curb the Will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot Rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.
Bru. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When Corn was given them, *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, Flatterers, Foes to Nobleneſs.
Cor. Why this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Com. You are like to do ſuch Buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be Conſul? By yond Clouds

Let

Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Sic. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtir; if you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler Spirit,
Or never be ſo Noble as a Conſul,
Nor yoak with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The People are abus'd, ſet on; this paltring
Becomes not *Rome*: Nor has *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd Rub, laid falſly
I'th' plain way of his Merit.

Cor. Tell me of Corn! this was my Speech,
And I will ſpeak't again——

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this Heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will——
My Nobler Friends, I crave their Pardons;
For the mutable rank-ſcented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inſolence, Sedition,
Which we our ſelves have plow'd for, ſow'd and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd Number,
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggars.

Men. Well, no more——

Sen. No more Words, we beſeech you——

Cor. How!——no more!
As for my Country I have ſhed my Blood,
Not fearing outward force; ſo ſhall my Lungs
Coin Words 'till their decay, againſt thoſe Meaſles
Which we diſdain ſhould Tetter us, yet ſeek
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You ſpeak o'th' People, as if you were a God
To puniſh, not a Man of their Infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well, we let the People know't.

Men. What, what! his Choler?

Cor.

Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight Sleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my Mind.
Sic. It is a Mind that ſhall remain a Poiſon
Where it is, not poiſon any further.
Cor. Shall remain?
Hear you this *Triton* of the Minnoues? Mark you
His abſolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Canon.
Cor. Shall!----O God!----but moſt unwiſe Patricians; why
You Grave, but wreakleſs Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuſe an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The Horn and Noiſe o'th' Monſters, wants not Spirit
To ſay, he'll turn your Current in a Ditch,
And make your Channel his? If he have Power,
Then vail your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learned,
Be not as common Fools; if you are not,
Let them have Cuſhions by you. You are *Plebeians*,
If they be Senators; and they are no leſs,
When both your Voices blended; the greateſt Taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chuſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts in his Shall,
His popular Shall, againſt a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himſelf,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my Soul akes
To know when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supream, how ſoon Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well——on to th' Market-place.
Cor. Who ever gave that Counſel, to give forth
The Corn o'th' Storehouſe, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece*——
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the People had more abſolute Power;
I ſay, they nouriſh'd Diſobedience, fed the ruin of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the People give,
One that ſpeaks thus, their Voice?

Cor.

Cor. I'll give my Reaſons,
More worthy than their Voices. They know the Corn
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'er did Service for't, being preſt to th'War,
Even when the Navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service
Did not deſerve Corn *gratis*. Being i'th' War,
Their Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour, ſpoke not for them. Th' Accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the Native
Of our ſo frank Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſom-multiplied, digeſt
The Senate's courteſie? Let Deeds expreſs
What's like to be their Words- -We did requeſt it--
We are the greater Poll, and in true fear
They gave us our Demands. --- Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time
Break open the Locks o'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crows to peck the Eagles——
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-meaſure.
Cor. No, take more.
What may be ſworn by, both Divine and Human,
Seal what I end withal. This double worſhip,
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all ſeaſon; where Gentry, Title, Wiſdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the Yea and No
Of general Ignorance, it muſt omit
Real Neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable Slightneſs: Purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore, beſeech you,
You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet,
That love the Fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble Life before a long, and wiſh
To jump a Body with a dangerous Phyſick,
That's ſure of Death without it; at once pluck out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their Poiſon. Your diſhonour

Mangles

Mangles true Judgment, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which ſhould become it:
Not having the Power to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as ſaid enough.

Sic. H'as ſpoken like a Traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traitors do.

Cor. Thou Wretch! deſpight o'er-whelm thee!—
What ſhould the People do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their Obedience fails
To th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen; in a better Hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
And throw their Power i'th' Duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt Treaſon——

Sic. This a Conſul? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho; let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go call the People, in whoſe Name my ſelf
Attach thee as a Traiterous Innovator:
A Foe to th' Publick Weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer. [*Laying hold on* Coriolanus.

Cor. Hence, old Goat.

All. We'll ſurety him.

Com. Aged Sir, Hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy Bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sic. Help me, Citizens.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your Power.

Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles*.

All. Down with him, down with him.

2 *Sen.* Weapons, Weapons, Weapons;
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens——what hoe——
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace.

Men. What is about to be?——I am out of Breath——
Confuſion's near——I cannot ſpeak.——You——Tribunes
To th' People----*Coriolanus*----patience---ſpeak, good *Sicinius.*

Sic. Hear me, People——peace——

All. Let's hear our Tribune——Peace; ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak.

Sic. You are at point to loſe your Liberties:
Martius would have all from you; *Martius*,
Whom late you have nam'd for Conſul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the City, but the People?

All. True, the People are the City.

Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſhed the Peoples Magiſtrates.

All. You ſo remain.

Men. And ſo are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the City flat,
To bring the Roof to the Foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of Ruin.

Sic. This deſerves Death.

Bru. Or let us ſtand to our Authority,
Or let us loſe it; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' People, in whoſe Power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of preſent Death,

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' Rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into Deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, ſeize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.

Men. Hear me a word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, hear me but a word——

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your Country's Friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poyſonous,

Where

Where the diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock. [Cor. *draws his Sword.*
Cor. No, I'll dye here;
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your ſelves, what you have ſeen me.
Men. Down with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay Hands upon him.
Men. Help *Martius*, help---you that be noble, help him young and old.
All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*
[*In this Mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the People are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your Houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Com. Stand faſt, we have as many Friends as Enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
Sen. The Gods forbid:
I prithee, noble Friend, home to thy Houſe,
Leave us to cure this Cauſe.
Men. For 'tis a Sore upon us,
You cannot Tent your ſelf; begone, 'beſeech you.
Com. Come, Sir, along with us.
Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans*, as they are not,
Though calved in the Porch o'th' Capitol:
Begone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Com. On fair Ground I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could my ſelf take up a Brace o'th' beſt of them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Fool'ry when it ſtands
Againſt a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tag return, whoſe Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o'er-bear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old Wit be in requeſt

With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Cominius.

1 *Sen.* This Man has marr'd his Fortune.

Men. His Nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to Thunder: His Heart's his Mouth:
What his Breaſt forges, that his Tongue muſt vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of Death. [*A noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tyber*.
What the vengeance, could he not ſpeak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the Rabble again.*

Sec. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the City, and be every Man himſelf?

Men. You worthy Tribunes——

Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous Hands; he hath reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorn him further Trial
Than the ſeverity of the Publick Power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know the noble Tribunes are
The Peoples Mouths, and we their Hands.

All. He ſhall ſure out.

Men. Sir, Sir.——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it that you have holp
To make this reſcue?

Men. Hear me ſpeak; as I do know
The Conſul's worthineſs, ſo can I name his Faults——

Sic. Conſul!——what Conſul?

Men. The Conſul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Conſul!——

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours, good People,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous Traitor; to eject him hence
Were but one Danger, and to keep him here
Our certain Death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to Night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our Renowned *Rome*, whoſe Gratitude
Towards her deſerved Children, is enroll'd
In *Jove*'s own Book, like an unnatural Dam
Should now eat up her own.

Sic. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a Limb, that has but a Diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy Death?
Killing our Enemies, the Blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an Ounce) he dropt it for his Country:
And what is left, to loſe it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and ſuffer it
A brand to th' end o'th' World.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Meerly awry:
When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.

Men. The ſervice of the Foot,
Being once gangreen'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was——

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Purſue him to his Houſe, and pluck him thence,
Leſt his Infection, being of a catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unskann'd ſwiftneſs, will (too late)
Tye leaden pounds to's Heels. Proceed by Proceſs,
Leſt Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If it were ſo———

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his Obedience?
Our *Ædiles* ſmote, our ſelves reſiſted, come———

Men. Conſider this; he hath been bred i'th' Wars
Since he could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language, Meal and Bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful Form,
In peace, to his utmoſt peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the human way: The other courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the Peoples Officer.
Maſters, lay down your Weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market-place; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me deſire your Company; he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus *with Nobles.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine Ears, preſent me
Death on the Wheel, or at wild Horſes heels,
Or pile ten Hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the Precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Cor. I muſe, my Mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Woollen Vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare Heads
In Congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my Ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of Peace, or War. I talk of you,

Why

Why did you wiſh me milder? Wou'd you have me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The Man I am.
Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir.
I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let's go.
Vol. You might have been enough the Man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo. Leſſer had been
The things that thwart your Diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
E'er they lack'd power to croſs you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius *with the Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſomething too rough: You muſt return, and mend it.
Sen. There's no Remedy,
Unleſs by not ſo doing, our good City
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.
Vo. Pray be counſell'd;
I have a Heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a Brain that leads my uſe of Anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well ſaid, noble Woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to th' Heart, but that
The violent Fit o'th' Times craves it as Phyſick
For the whole State, I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.
Cor. What muſt I do?
Men. Return to th' Tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.
Cor. For them? I cannot do it for the Gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too abſolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too Noble,
But when Extremities ſpeak. I have heard you ſay,
Honour and Policy, like unſever'd Friends,
I'th' War do grow together: Grant that, and tell me

In Peace, what each of them by th'other loſe,
That they combine not there?
Cor. Tuſh, tuſh——
Men. A good Demand.
Vol. If it be Honour in your Wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adopt your Policy: How is it leſs or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With Honour, as in War; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Becauſe, that
Now it lyes you on to ſpeak to the People:
Not by your own Inſtruction, nor by the Matter
Which your Heart prompts you to, but with ſuch Words
That are but roated in your Tongue:
Tho' but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no Allowance, to your Boſom's Truth.
Now, this no more Diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle Words,
Which elſe would put you to your Fortune, and
The hazard of much Blood.
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at Stake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in Honour. I am in this
Your Wife, your Son: Theſe Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather ſhew our general Lowts,
How you can frown, than ſpend a Fawn upon 'em,
For the Inheritance of their Loves and Safegard
Of what that Want might ruin.
Men. Noble Lady!
Come go with us, ſpeak fair: You may ſalve ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.
Vol. I prithee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this Bonnet in thy Hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buſſing the Stones: For in ſuch Buſineſs
Action is Eloquence, and the Eyes of th' Ignorant
More Learned than the Ears, waving thy Head,
Which often thus correcting, thy ſtout Heart

Now

Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the Handling: Or ſay to them,
Thou art their Soldier, and being bred in Broils
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou doſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In asking their good Loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt Power and Perſon.

Men. This but done,
Even as ſhe ſpeaks, why their Hearts were yours:
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As Words to little purpoſe.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go and be rul'd: Altho' I know thou hadſt rather
Follow thine Enemy to a fiery Gulf,
Than flatter him in a Bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius.*

Com. I have been i'th' Market-place, and Sir, 'tis fit
You have ſtrong Party, or defend your ſelf
By Calmneſs, or by Abſence: All's in Anger.

Men. Only fair Speech.

Com. I think 'twill ſerve, if he can thereto frame his Spirit.

Vol. He muſt and will:
Prithee now ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarbed Sconce? Muſt I with my baſe Tongue give to my noble Heart
A Lie, that it muſt bear well? I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle Plot, to loſe
This Mould of *Martius,* they to Duſt ſhould bring it,
And throw't againſt the Wind. To the Market-place:
You have put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to th' Life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, prithee now, ſweet Son, as thou haſt ſaid
My Praiſes made thee firſt a Soldier; ſo
To have my Praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.

Cor. Well, I muſt do't:
Away my Diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me

Some

Some Harlots Spirit: My Throat of War be turn'd,
Which quir'd with my Drum, into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin Voice
That Babies lulls asleep; The Smiles of Knaves
Tent in my Cheeks, and School-boys Tears take up
The Glasses of my Sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my arm'd Knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Alms. I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own Truth,
And by my Bodies Action, teach my Mind
A most inherent Baseness.

Val. At thy Choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more Dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, than fear
Thy dangerous Stoutness: For I mock at Death
With as big Heart as thou. Do as thou list
Thy Valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But own thy Pride thy self.

Cor. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll Mountebank their Loves,
Cog their Hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th' way of Flattery further.

Vol. Do your Will. [*Exit* Volumnia.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: Arm your self
To answer mildly: For they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The Word is, mildly. Pray you let us go.
Let them accuse me by Invention: I
Will answer in mine Honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly,

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. In this Point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical Power: If he evade us there,

In-

Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil got on the *Antiats*
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming,
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set down by th' Poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Assemble presently the People hither
And when they hear me say, it shall be so,
I'th' right and strength o'th' Commons; be it either
For Death, for Fine, or Banishment, then let them,
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the old Prerogative
And power i'th' truth o'th' Cause.
Æd. I will inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd,
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giv't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choler straight, he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of Contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd again to Temperance; then he speaks
What's in his Heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, *and* Cominius, *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an Hostler, that for the poorest peice
Will bear the Knave by th' Volume:
Th' Honoured Gods

Keep

Keep *Rome* in Safety, and the Chairs of Juſtice
Supplied with worthy Men, plant Love amongſt you,
Through our large Temples, with the ſhews of Peace,
Cor. And not our Streets with War.
1 *Sen.* Amen, Amen.
Men. A noble Wiſh.
Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.
Sic. Draw near, ye People.
Æd. Liſt to your Tribunes: Audience;
Peace, I ſay.
Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.
Both Tri. Well, ſay: Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the Peoples Voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful Cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, Citizens, he ſays he is content:
The warlike Service he has done, conſider; think
Upon the Wounds his Body bears, which ſhew
Like Graves i'th' holy Church-yard.
Cor. Scatches with Briars, Scars to move
Laughter only.
Men. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier; do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious Sounds:
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a Soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſul with full Voice,
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all ſeaſon'd Office, and to wind

Your

Your ſelf unto a Power Tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the People.
Cor. How? Traitor?
Men. Nay, temperately: your promiſe.
Cor. The Fires i'th' loweſt Hell, Fold in the People:
Call me their Traitor! thou injurious Tribune!——
Within thine Eyes ſate twenty thouſand Deaths,
In thy Hands clutch'd as many Millions, in
Thy lying Tongue, both Numbers, I would ſay,
Thou lyeſt unto thee, with a Voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sic. Mark you this, People?
All. To th' Rock with him.
Sic. Peace:
We need not put new Matter to his Charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your Officers, curſing your ſelves,
Oppoſing Laws with Stroaks, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great Power muſt try him,
Even this ſo Criminal, and in ſuch Capital kind,
Deſerves th' extreameſt Death.
Bru. But ſince he hath ſerv'd well for *Rome*——
Cor. What do you prate of Service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?——
Men. Is this the promiſe that you made your Mother?
Com. Know, I pray you.——
Cor. I'll know no farther:
Let them pronounce the ſteep *Tarpeian* Death,
Vagabond Exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a Grain a Day, I would not buy
Their Mercy, at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my Courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the People; ſeeking Means
To pluck away their Power; as now at laſt,
Given Hoſtile ſtroaks, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded Juſtice, but on the Miniſters
That do diſtribute it. In the Name o'th' People,

And in the Power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our City,
In peril of Precipitation
From off the Rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome*'s Gates. I'th' People's Name,
I ſay it ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo: Let him away:
He's Baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.

Com. Hear me, my Maſters, and my common Friends---

Sic. He's Sentenc'd: No more Hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak:
I have been Conſul, and can ſhew from *Rome*,
Her Enemies marks upon me. I do love
My Country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own Life,
My dear Wife's eſtimate, her Womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my Loyns: Then if I would
Speak that———

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As Enemy to the People, and his Country.
It ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of Curs, whoſe Breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten Fenns; whoſe Loves I prize,
As the dead Carkaſſes of unburied Men,
That do corrupt my Air: I Baniſh you,
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble Rumour ſhake your Hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes,
Fan you into Deſpair: Have the Power ſtill
To baniſh your Defenders, till at length,
Your Ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reſervation of your ſelves
Still your own Foes) deliver you
As moſt abated Captives, to ſome Nation
That won you without Blows, deſpiſing
For you the City. Thus I turn my Back;
There is a World elſewhere.

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *and others.*

[*The People ſhout, and throw up their Caps.*

Ædile.

Ædile. The Peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.
All. Our Enemy is baniſh'd; he is gone. Hoo, hoo.
Sic. Go ſee him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all deſpight,
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a Guard
Attend us through the City.
All. Come, come; lets ſee him out at the Gates, come.
The Gods preſerve our noble Tribunes, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *without the Walls of* Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of* Rome.

Cor. COme, leave your Tears: A brief farewel: The Beaſt
With many Heads butts me away. Nay, Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage: You were us'd
To ſay, Extremity was the Trier of Spirits,
That common Chances common Men could bear;
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble Cunning. You were us'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The Heart that conn'd them.
Vir. Oh Heavens! O Heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee Woman——
Vol. Now the Red Peſtilence ſtrike all Trades in *Rome*,
And Occupations periſh.
Cor. What! what! what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, Mother,
Reſume that Spirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your Husband ſo much Sweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; Adieu: Farewel my Wife, my Mother,
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy Tears are ſalter than a younger Man's,
And venomous to thine Eyes. My (ſometime) Genera!,
I have ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld Heart-

Heart-hardning Spectacles. Tell these sad Women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot not well
My hazards still have been your solace, and
Believ't not lightly, tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen: Your Son
Will, or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first Son,
Whither will you go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on some course
More than a wild exposure, to each Chance
That starts i'th way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast World, to seek a single Man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast Years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the War's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd; Bring me but out at Gate.
Come, my sweet Wife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: When I am forth,
Bid me Farewell, and smile. I pray you, come:
While I remain above the Ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any Ear can bear. Come, let's not weep,
If I could shake off but one seven Years
From these old Arms and Legs, by the good Gods
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy Hand, come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus, *with the Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru.

Bru. Now we have ſhewn our Power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home, ſay their great Enemy is gone,
And they, ſtand in their ancient ſtrength.
Bru. Diſmiſs them home. Here comes his Mother.
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.
Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They ſay ſhe's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: Keep on your way.
Vol. Oh y'are well met:
Th' hoorded Plague o'th' Gods requite your Love.
Men. Peace, peace, be not ſo loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear ——
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome. Will you be gone?
Virg. You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my Husband.
Sic. Are you Mankind?
Vol. Ay, Fool, is that a Shame? Note but this Fool,
Was not a Man my Father? Hadſt thou Foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words——
Sic. Oh bleſſed Heavens!
Vol. More noble Blows, than ever thou wiſe Words,
And for *Rome*'s good—— I'll tell thee what—— yet go——
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too—— I would, my Son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his Hand.
Sic. What then?
Virg. What then? He'd make an end of thy Poſterity.
Vol. Baſtards, and all.
Good Man, the Wounds that he does bear for *Rome*.
Men. Come, come, peace
Sic. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit, himſelf,
The noble Knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had! ——'Twas you incens'd the Rabble.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his Worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries which Heaven

Will not have Earth to know.

Bru. Pray let's go.

Vol. Now, pray Sir, get you gone.
You have done a brave deed: E'er you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meaneſt Houſe in *Rome*; ſo far my Son,
This Lady's Husband here, this (do you ſee)
Whom you have Baniſh'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why ſtand you to be Baited
With one that wants her Wits? [*Ex. Tribunes.*

Vol. Take my Prayers with you.
I wiſh the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my Curſes. Could I meet 'em
But once a Day it would unclog my Heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cauſe: You'll ſup with me?

Vol. Anger's my Meat, I ſup upon my ſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding: Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, come.
Fie, fie, fie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volſcie.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: Your Name, I think, is *Adrian.*

Vol. It is ſo, Sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, and my Services are as you are againſt 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? No.

Rom. The ſame, Sir.

Vol. You had more Beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the News in *Rome*? I have a Note from the *Volſcian* State to find you out here. You have well ſaved me a Day's Journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* ſtrange Inſurrections: The People againſt the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? Our State thinks not ſo;

ſo; they are in a moſt Warlike Preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their Diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive ſo to heart the Baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all Power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus Baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this Intelligence, *Nicanor.*

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, the fitteſt time to corrupt a Man's Wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in theſe Wars, his great Oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his Country.

Vol. He cannot chuſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall, between this and Supper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their Adverſaries. Have you an Army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt Royal one. The Centurions and their Charges diſtinctly billetted already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the Man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent Action. So, Sir, heart'ly well met, and moſt glad of your Company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus *in mean Apparel, diſguis'd and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly City is this *Antium.* City,
'Tis I that made thy Widows: Many an Heir
Of theſe fair Edifices, for my Wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: Then know me not,
Leſt that thy Wives with Spits, and Boys with Stones,
In puny Battel ſlay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his House this Night.

Cor. Which is his House, I beseech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*

Oh World, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double Bosoms seem to wear one Heart,
Whose Hours, whose Bed, whose Meal and Exercise
Are still together; who twine (as 'twere) in Love,
Unseparable, shall within this Hour,
On a dissention of a Doit, break out
To bittrest Enmity. So fellest Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots have broke their Sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some Trick not worth an Egg, shall grow dear Friends,
And inter-join their Issues. So with me,
My Birth-place have I, and my Lovers left; upon
This Enemy's Town I'll enter, if he slay me;
He does fair Justice: If he give me way,
I'll do his Country Service. [*Exit.*

SENE III. *A Hall in* Aufidius's *House.*

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine! What Service is here? I think our Fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus?* My Master calls for him: *Cotus.* [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly House;
The Feast smells; but I appear not like a Guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the Door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better Entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* *Enter second Servant.*

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? Has the Porter his Eyes in his Head, that he gives entrance to such Companions? Pray get you out.

Cor. Away!——

2 *Ser.* Away: Get you away. *Cor.*

Cor. Now thou'rt troubleſom.

2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The firſt meets him.

3 *Ser.* What Fellow's this?

1 *Ser.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th' Houſe: Prithee call my Maſter to him.

3 *Ser.* What have you to do here, Fellow? Pray you avoid the Houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your Hearth.

3 *Ser.* What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 *Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; ſo I am.

3 *Ser.* Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up ſome other Station, here's no place for you; pray you avoid: Come.

Cor. Follow your Function, go and batten on cold bits.

[*Puſhes him away from him.*

3. *Ser.* What, you will not? Prithee tell my Maſter, what a ſtrange Gueſt he has here.

2 *Ser.* And I ſhall. [*Exit ſecond Serving-man.*

3 *Ser.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the Canopy.

3 *Ser.* Under the Canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Ser.* Where's that?

Cor. I'th' City of Kites and Crows.

3 *Ser.* I'th' City of Kites and Crows? What an Aſs it is; then thou dwell'ſt with Daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy Maſter.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! Do you meddle with my Maſter?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honeſter Service, than to meddle with thy Miſtreſs: Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy Trencher: Hence. [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius, *with a Serving-man.*

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 *Ser.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a Dog, but for diſturbing the Lords within. (Nam

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? What would'ſt thou? Thy Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speak Man: VVhat's thy Name?

Cor. If, *Tullus*, not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not take me for the Man I am, neceſſity commands me name my Self.

Auf. What is thy Name?
Cor. A Name unmuſical to *Volſcians* Ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy Name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't; though thy Tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble Veſſel: What's thy Name?
Cor. Prepare thy Brow to frown; know'ſt thou me not?
Auf. I know thee not; thy Name?
Cor. My Name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volſcies*,
Great Hurt and Miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My Sirname, *Coriolanus*. The painful Service,
The extream Dangers, and the drops of Blood
Shed for my thankleſs Country, are requited
But with that Sirname; a good Memory
And witneſs of the Malice and Diſpleaſure
Which thou could'ſt bear me; only that Name remains.
The Cruelty and Envy of the People,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by th' voice of Slaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy Hearth, not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my Life; for if
I had fear'd Death, of all the Men i'th' World
I would have voided thee. But in meer ſpite
To be full quit of thoſe my Baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here: Then if thou haſt
A Heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular Wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy Country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn: So uſe it,
That my revengeful Services may prove
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my Cankred Country, with the ſpleen
Of all the under Fiends. But if ſo be,
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more Fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd, then in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My Throat to thee, and to thy ancient Malice:

Which

Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a Fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn Tuns of Blood out of thy Country's Breaſt,
And cannot live but to thy Shame, unleſs
It be to do thee Service.

Auf. Oh, *Martius*, *Martius*,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my Heart
A root of anciert Envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon Cloud ſpeak Divine things,
And ſay, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine Arms about that Body, where againſt
My grained Aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the Moon with Splinters; here I cleep
The Anvile of my Sword, and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy Love,
As ever in ambitious Strength, I did
Contend againſt thy Valour. Know thou, firſt
I lov'd the Maid I married; never Man
Sigh'd truer Breath. But that I ſee thee here,
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt Heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded Miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my Threſhold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
We have a Power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,
Or loſe mine Arm for't: Thou haſt bear me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dream't of Encounters 'twixt thy ſelf and me:
We have been down together in my Sleep,
Unbuckling Helms, fiſting each others Throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no Quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and pouring War
Into the Bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold Flood o'er-bear. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by th' Hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your Territories,
Though not for *Rome* it ſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods.

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own Revenges, take
The one half of my Commiſſion, and ſet down
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy Country's Strength and Weakneſs, thine own ways;
Whether to knock againſt the Gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, e'er deſtroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe that ſhall
Say yea to thy Deſires. A thouſand welcomes,
And more a Friend, than e'er an Enemy:
Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your Hand; moſt welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* Here's a ſtrange Alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my Hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a Cudgel, and yet my Mind gave me, his Clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an Arm he has, he turn'd me about with his Finger and his Thumb, as one would ſet up a Top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his Face that there was ſomething in him. He had, Sir, a kind of Face, methought——I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had ſo: looking, as it were---would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: He is ſimply the rareſt Man i'th' World.

1 *Ser.* I think he is; but a greater Soldier than he,
You wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my Maſter?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth ſix on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater Soldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that; for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an Aſſault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh Slaves, I can tell you News; News, you Raſcals.

Both.

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman* of all Nations; I had as Lieve be a condemn'd Man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius.*

1 *Ser.* Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not say thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are Fellows and Friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't; before *Coriolus,* he scotcht him and notcht him like a Carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been Cannibally given, he might have boil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy News.

3 *Ser.* Why he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to *Mars*: Set at upper end o'th' Table; no Question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a Mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's Hands, and turns up the white o'th' Eye to his Discourse. But the bottom of the News is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole Table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the Porter of *Rome* Gates by th' Ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any Man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: For look you, Sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies; which Friends, Sir, as it were, durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his Friends, whilst he's in Directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, Sir, his Crest up again, and the Man in Blood, they will out of their Burroughs (like Conies after Rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To Morrow, to Day, presently, you shall have the Drum struck up this Afternoon: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed e'er they wipe their Lips.

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* Why then we ſhall have a ſtirring World again: This Peace is worth nothing, but to ruſt Iron, encreaſe Tailors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have War, ſay I, it exceeds Peace, as far as Day does Night, it's ſprightly walking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very Apoplexy, Lethargy, mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible, a getter of more Baſtard Children, than Wars a deſtroyer of Men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis ſo, and as Wars in ſome ſort may be ſaid to be a Raviſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but Peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes Men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reaſon, becauſe they then leſs need one another: The Wars for my Mony. I hope to ſee *Romans* as cheap as *Volſcians*. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,
His Remedies are tame: the preſent Peace
And Quietneſs of the People, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his Friends
Bluſh, that the World goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious Numbers peſtring Streets, than ſee
Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their Shops, and going
About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown moſt kind of late: Hail, Sir.

Men. Hail to you both.

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſt, but with his Friends; the Commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His Mother and his Wife hear nothing from him.

Enter

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerve you both.

Sic. Good-e'en, Neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Our Selves, our Wives, and Children, on our Knees
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive.

Bru. Farewel, kind Neighbours:
We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier, and more comely time,
Than when theſe Fellows ran about the Streets,
Crying, Confuſion.

Bru. Caius Martius was
A worthy Officer i'th' War, but Inſolent,
O'ercome with Pride, Ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one ſole Throne, without aſſiſtance.

Men. I think not ſo.

Sic. We ſhould by this to all our Lamentation,
If he had gone forth Conſul, found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave, whom we have put in Priſon,
Reports the *Volſcies*, with two ſeveral Powers,
Are entred in the *Roman* Territories,
And with the deepeſt Malice of the War,
Deſtroy what lyes before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Auſidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius*'s Baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his Horns again into the World,
Which were In-ſhell'd, when *Martius* ſtood for *Rome*,
And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Martius*?

Bru. Go ſee this Rumourer whipt, it cannot be,
The *Volſcies* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have Record that very well it can,

And

And three Examples of the like have been
Within my Age. But reaſon with the Fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beat the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great Earneſtneſs are going
All to the Senate-houſe; ſome News is come
That turns their Countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this Slave:
Go whip him 'fore the Peoples Eyes: His raiſing;
Nothing but his Report.

Meſ. Yes, worthy Sir.
The Slave's Report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many Mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Power 'gainſt *Rome*,
And vows Revenge as ſpacious, as between
The youngeſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely.

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely,
He and *Aufidius* can no more atone,
Than violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearful Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O'er-born their way, conſum'd with Fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men.

Men. What News? What News?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own Daughters, and
To melt the City Leads upon your Pates,
To ſee your Wives diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Men. What's the news? What's the news?
Com. Your Temples burn'd in their Cement, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Auger's bore.
Men. Pray now the News?
You have made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Martius* ſhould be joyned with the *Volſcians.*
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity than Nature,
That ſhapes Man better; and they follow him
Againſt us Brats, with no leſs Confidence,
Than Boys purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your Apron men; you that ſtood ſo much
Upon the Voice of Occupation, and
The Breath of Garlick-eaters.
Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your Ears.
Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake down mellow Fruit:
You have made fair work.
Bru. But is this true, Sir?
Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly revolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fools: Who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his find ſomething in him.
Men. We are all undone, unleſs
The Noble Man have Mercy.
Com. Who ſhall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the People
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the Wolf
Do's of the Shepherds: For his beſt Friends, if they
Shou'd ſay, be good to *Rome*, they charg'd him, even,
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his Hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.

Men.

Men. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my Houſe, the Brand
That would conſume it, I have not the Face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You have made fair Hands,
You and your Crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How? Was't we? We lov'd him;
But, like Beaſts and cowardly Nobles,
Gave Way unto your Cluſters, who did hoot
Him out o'th' City.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The ſecond Name of Men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That *Rome* can make againſt them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens

Men. Here come the Cluſters. —
And is *Aufidius* with him? — You are they
That made the Air unwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus*'s Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a Hair upon a Soldiers Head
Which will not prove a Whip: as many Coxcombs
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your Voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he ſhou'd burn us all into one Coal,
We have deſerv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful News.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas Pity.

2 *Cit.* And ſo did I.

3 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us; that we did, we did for the beſt: And tho' we willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our Will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you Voices! —

Men. You have made you good work,
You and your Cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com.

Com. Oh, Ay, what elſe? [*Exeunt.*

Sic. Go, Maſters, get you Home, be no diſmaid.
Theſe are a Side, that wou'd be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear, Go Home
And ſhew no ſign of Fear

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: Come, Maſters, let's Home. I ever ſaid we were i'th' wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's Home. [*Ex. Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this News.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would half my Wealth
Would buy this for a Lie

Sic. Pray let's go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE V. *A Camp.*

Enter Aufidius *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they ſtill flie to th' *Roman*?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him; but
Your Soldiers uſe him as the Grace 'fore Meat,
Their talk at Table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this Action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the Foot
Of our Deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly
Even to my Perſon, that I thought he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in Commiſſion with him; but either have born
The action of your ſelf, or elſe to him had left it ſolely.

Auf. I underſtand thee well, and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him, although it ſeems
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar Eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhews good Husbandry for the *Volſcian* State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his Sword: Yet he hath left undone

That

That which ſhall break his Neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our Account.
Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'll carry *Rome?*
Auf. All places yield to him e'er he ſits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers; and their People
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*,
As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it
By Soveraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was
A noble Servant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honours even; whether 'twas Pride,
Which out of daily Fortune ever taints
The happy Man; whether defect of Judgment,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe Chances
Which he was Lord of; or whether Nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' Cask to th' Cuſhion, but commanding Peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the War. But one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd; but he has a Merit
To choak it in the utt'rance: So our Virtues,
Lye in th' interpretation of the time,
And Power, unto it ſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a Tomb ſo evident as a Chair
T'extol what it hath done.
One Fire drives out one Fire; one Nail, one Nail;
Rights by Rights fouler, Strengths by Strengths do fail.
Come let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all, then ſhortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *with others.*

Men. NO, I'll not go: You hear what he hath ſaid
Which was ſometime his General; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his Tent, fall down and kneel
The way into his Mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not ſeem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my Name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus,*
He would not anſwer to; forbad all Names,
He was a kind of Nothing, Titleleſs,
'Till he had forg'd himſelf a Name o'th' Fire
Of burning *Rome.*

Men. Why, ſo; you have made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for *Rome,*
To make Coals cheap: A noble Memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leſs expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare Petition of a State
To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Men. Very well, could he ſay leſs?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private Friends. His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them, in a pile
Of noiſom muſty Chaff. He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And ſtill to noſe the Offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of thoſe: his Mother, Wife, his Child,
And this brave Fellow too: we are the Grains,
You are the muſty Chaff, and you are ſmelt
Above the Moon. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our Diſtreſs. But ſure if you
Would be your Country's Pleader, your good Tongue,
More than the inſtant Army we can make,
Might ſtop our Country-man.
Men. No: I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your Love can do
For *Rome*, towards *Martius*.
Men. Well, and ſay that *Martius* return me,
As *Cominius* return'd, unheard: what then?
But as a diſcontented Friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs. Say't be ſo?
Sic. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from *Rome*, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The Veins unfill'd, our Blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conveyances of our Blood,
With Wine and feeding, we have ſuppler Souls
Than in our Prieſt-like Faſts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.
Bru. You know the very Rode into his Kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall e'er long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him. *Sic.* Not?
Com. I tell you, he does ſit in Gold, his Eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his Injury
The Goaler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, Riſe: diſmiſs'd me
Thus with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do

He

He ſent in Writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yield to his Conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his noble Mother,
And his Wife (who as I hear) mean to ſollicit him
For Mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our fair Intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Camp.*

Enter Menenius *to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Wat.* Stay: whence are you?

2 *Wat.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like Men, 'tis well. But by your leave I am an Officer of State, and come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

1 *Watch.* From whence? *Men.* From *Rome.*

1 *Wat.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our General will no more hear from thence.

2 *Wat.* You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with Fire, before You'll ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

Men. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome,*
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My Name hath touch'd your Ears; it is *Menenius.*

1 *Wat.* Be it ſo, go back: the virtue of your Name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, Fellow,
Thy General is my Lover: I have been
The Book of his good Acts, whence Men have read
His Fame unparallell'd, happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom he's Chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowl upon a ſubtil ground
I have tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the Leaſing. Therefore, Fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Wat.* Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, Fellow, remember my Name is *Menenius,* always Factionary on the party of your General.

2 *Wat.* Howſoever you have been his Liar, as you ſay you have; I am one that telling true under him, muſt ſay you cannot paſs. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'ſt thou tell? For I would not ſpeak with him 'till after Dinner.

1 *Wat.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men, I am, as thy General is.

1 *Wat.* Then you ſhould hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your Gates the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your Enemy your Shield, think to front his Revenges with the eaſie Groans of old Women, the Virginal Palms of your Daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotard, as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended Fire your City is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak Breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your Execution: you are condemn'd, our General has ſworn you out of Reprieve and Pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here,
He would uſe me with Eſtimation.

1 *Wat.* Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1 *Wat.* My General cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go; leſt I let forth your half Pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmoſt of your having, back.

Men. Nay, but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus *with* Aufidius.

Cor. What's the Matter?

Men. Now you Champion; I'll ſay an Errant for you; you ſhall know now that I am in Eſtimation; you ſhall perceive, that a Jack-gardant cannot Office me from my Son *Coriolanus*, gueſs but my Entertainment with him; if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th' State of Hanging, or of ſome Death more long in Spectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourly Synod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old Father *Menenius* does. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing Fire for us; look thee, here's Water to qnench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being aſſured

none

one but my ſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of our Gates with ſighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the Dregs of it upon this Varlet here: This, who like a Block hath denied my Acceſs to thee ——

Cor. Away.

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My Affairs
Are ſervanted to others: Though I owe
My Revenge properly, my Remiſſion lyes
In *Volſcian* Breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather
Than pity: Note how much, —— therefore be gone.
Mine Ears againſt your Suits are ſtronger than
Your Gates againſt my Force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would have ſent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee ſpeak. This Man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'ſt ——

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Wat.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 *Wat.* 'Tis a Spell you ſee of much Power:
You know the way home again.

1 *Wat.* Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your Greatneſs back?

2 *Wat.* What Cauſe do you think I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for th' World, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another: Let your General do his worſt. For you, be that you are, long; and your Miſery encreaſe with your Age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. [*Exit.*

1 *Wat.* A noble Fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Wat.* The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, the Oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the Walls of *Rome* to morrow
Set down our Hoſt. My Partner in this Action,
You muſt report to th' *Volſcian* Lords how plainly
I have born this Buſineſs.

Auf. Only their Ends you have reſpected; ſtopt
Your Ears againſt the general Suit of *Rome*:
Never admitted a private Whiſper, no not with ſuch Friends
That thought them ſure of you.
Cor. This laſt, old Man,
Whom with a crack'd Heart I have ſent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a Father;
Nay, Godded me indeed. Their lateſt Refuge,
Was to ſend him, for whoſe old Love, I have
(Tho' I ſhew'd ſow'ry to him) once more offer'd
The firſt Conditions, which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I have yielded to. Freſh Embaſſie, and Suits,
Nor for the State, nor private Friends hereafter
Will I lend Ear to. Ha! what ſhout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my Vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.
Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, *young* Martius, *with Attendants.*
My Wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd Mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and in her Hand
The Grand-child to her Blood. But our Affection,
All Bond and Privilege of Nature break;
Let it be Virtuous, to be Obſtinate.
What is that Court'ſie worth? Or thoſe Dove's Eyes,
Which can make Gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger Earth than others: My Mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a Mole-hill ſhould
In Supplication nod; and my young Boy
Hath an aſpect of Interceſſion, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the *Volſcies*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be ſuch a Goſling to obey Inſtinct: But ſtand
As if a Man were Author of himſelf, and knew no other Kin.
Vir. My Lord and Husband
Cor. Theſe Eyes are not the ſame I wore in *Rome*.
Virg. The Sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.
Cor. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my Part,
And I am out, even to a full Diſgrace. ſt of my Fleſh,
Forgive

Forgive my Tyranny, but do not ſay,
For that forgive our *Romans*. O a Kiſs
Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that Kiſs
I carried from thee, Dear; and my true Lip
Hath Virgin'd it e'er ſince. You Gods, I pray to you,
And the moſt noble Mother of the World
Leave unſaluted: Sink my Knee i'th' Earth; [*Kneels.*
Of the deep Duty, more Impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common Sons.
Vol. O ſtand up bleſt!
Whilſt with no ſofter Cuſhion than the Flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew Duty as miſtaken all the while, [*Kneels.*
Between the Child and Parent.
Cor. What's this? Your Knees to me? i
To your Corrected Son?
Then let the Pebbles on the hungry Beach
Fillop the Stars: Then, let the mutinous Winds
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring impoſſibility to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.
Vol. Thou art my Warrior, I hope to frame thee;
Do you know this Lady?
Cor. The noble Siſter of *Poplicola*:
The Moon of *Rome*, Chaſt as the Iſicle,
That's curdied by the Froſt from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s Temple: Dear *Valeria*——
Vol. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time,
May ſhew like all your ſelf.
Cor. The God of Soldiers,
With the conſent of ſupream *Jove*, inform
Thy Thoughts with Nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
To Shame unvulnerable, and ſtrike i'th' Wars,
Like a great Sea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that Eye thee.
Vol. Your Knee, Sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave Boy.
Vol. Even he, your Wife, this Lady, and my ſelf,
Are Suiters to you.

Cor. I beſeech you, Peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my Soldiers, or Capitulate
Again with *Rome*'s Mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not t' allay
My Rages and Revenges, with your colder Reaſons.
Vol. Oh, no more: No more:
You have ſaid you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing elſe to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask,
That if you fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs; therefore hear us.
Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volſcies*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private. Your Requeſt?
Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our Raiment
And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what Life
We have led ſince thy Exile. Think with thy ſelf,
How more unfortunate than living Women
Are we come hither; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our Hearts flow with Joy, Hearts dance with Comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with Fear and Sorrow,
Making the Mother, Wife, and Child to ſee,
The Son, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Country's Bowels out: And to poor we,
Thine Enmity's moſt Capital: Thou barr'ſt us
Our Prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray,
Whereto we are bound? Together with thy Victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we muſt loſe
The Country, our dear Nurſe, or elſe thy Perſon
Our comfort in the Country. We muſt find
An eminent Calamity, tho' we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhou'd win. For either thou
Muſt, as a Foreign Recreant be led
With Manacles through our Streets, or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy Country's Ruin,
And bear the Palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens Blood: For my ſelf, Son,

I purpoſe not to wait on Fortune, 'till
Theſe Wars determine: If I cannot perſwade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhall not) on thy Mother's Womb
That brought thee to this World.
Virg. Ay, and mine too, thatbrought you forth this Boy,
To keep your Name living to Time.
Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: I'll run away
Till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a Woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires no Child, nor Woman's Face to ſee:
I have ſate too long.
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were ſo, that our Requeſt did tend
To ſave the *Romans*, thereby to deſtroy
The *Volſcies*, whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our ſuit
Is that you reconcile them: While the *Volſcies*
May ſay, this Mercy we have ſhew'd; the *Romans*
This we receiv'd, and each in either ſide
Give the All-hail to thee, and cry, be bleſt
For making up this Peace. Thou know'ſt, Great Son,
The end of War's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a Name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The Man was Noble——
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out,
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his Name remains
To th' enſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speak to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the five ſtrains of Honour,
To imitate the Graces of the Gods.
To tear with Thunder the wide Cheeks o'th' Air,
And yet to change thy Sulphur with a Bolt,
That ſhould but rive an Oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Noble Man
Still to remember Wrongs? Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy,
Perhaps thy Childiſhneſs, will move him more

Then

Than can our Reaſons. There is no Man in the World
More bound to's Mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou haſt never in thy Life,
Shew'd thy dear Mother any Curteſie,
When ſhe (poor Hen) fond of no ſecond Brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the Wars, and ſafely home
Loaden with Honour. Say my Requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: But if it be not ſo,
Thou art not Honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mother's part belongs. He turns away;
Down Ladies; let us ſhame him with our Knees.
To his Sir-name, *Coriolanus*, 'longs more Pride,
Than Pity to our Prayers. Down; and end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to *Rome*,
And die among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's.
This Boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up Hands for Fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our Petition with more Strength,
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This Fellow had a *Volſcian* to his Mother;
His Wife is in *Coriolus*, and his Child
Like him by chance; yet give us our Diſpatch:
I am huſht until our City be afire, and then I'll ſpeak a little.

[*Holds her by the Hand, ſilent.*

Cor. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh, my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have won a happy Victory to *Rome*.
But for your Son, believe it, Oh believe it,
Moſt dangerouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt Mortal to him. But let it come: ——
Anfidius, though I cannot make true Wars,
I'll frame convenient Peace. Now, good *Anfidius*,
Were you in my ſtead, would you have heard
A Mother leſs? Or granted leſs, *Anfidius*?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be ſworn you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine Eyes to ſweat Compaſſion. But, good Sir,

What

What Peace you'll make, adviſe me: For my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this Cauſe. O Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy Mercy, and thy Honour
A difference in thee; out of that I'll work [*Aſide.*
My ſelf a former Fortune.

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you ſhall bear [*To* Vol. Virg, *&c.*
A better witneſs back than words, which we
On like Conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us: Ladies, you deſerve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In *Italy*, and her Confederate Arms
Could not have made this Peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Rome.

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. See you yond Coin o'th' Capitol, yond Corner Stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little Finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of *Rome*, eſpecially his Mother, may prevail with him. But I ſay, there is no hope in't, our Throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon Execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a Man.

Men. There is difference between a Grub and a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub; this *Martius* is grown from Man to Dragon: He has Wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his Mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: And he no more remembers his Mother now, than an eight years old Horſe. The tartneſs of his Face ſours ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves like an Engine, and the Ground ſhrinks before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corſlet with his Eye: Talks like a Knell, and his hum is a Battery. He ſits in his State as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but Eternity, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sic. Yes, Mercy, if you report him truly.

Men.

Men. I paint him in the Character. Mark what Mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him; there is no more Mercy in him, than there is Milk in a Male-Tyger; that ſhall our poor City find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us.

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: And he returning to break our Necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your Life flye to your Houſe,
The *Plebeians* have got your Fellow-Tribune,
And hale him up and down, all ſwearing, if
The *Roman* Ladies bring not Comfort home,
They'll give him Death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the News?

Meſ. Good News, good News, the Ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volſcians* are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier Day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend, art thou certain this is true?
Is't moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain as I know the Sun is Fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an Arch ſo hurried the blown Tide,
As the recomforted through th' Gates. Why, hark you.

[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*

The Trumpets, Sackbuts, Pſalteries and Fifes,
Tabors and Cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*
Make the Sun dance. Hark you. [*A ſhout within.*

Men. This is good News:
I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes, ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full; you have pray'd well to Day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your Throats,
I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

[*Sound ſtill with the Shouts.*

Sic. Firſt, the Gods bleſs you for your Tidings:
Next, accept my Thankfulneſs.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the City? *Meſ.*

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.
Sic. We'll meet them, and help the Joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies paſſing over the Stage with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our Patroneſs, the life of *Rome*:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant Fires, ſtrew Flowers before them:
Unſhout the Noiſe that baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry, welcome, Ladies, welcome.
All. Welcome Ladies, welcome. [*Exeunt.*
[*A Flouriſh with Drums and Trumpets.*

SCENE IV. Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the Lords o'th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this Paper: Having read it,
Bid them repair to th' Market-place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons Ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the People, hoping
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch.

Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius's *Faction.*

Moſt welcome.
1 *Con.* How is it with our General?
Auf. Even ſo, as with a Man by his own Alms impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlain.
2 *Con.* Moſt noble Sir, if you do hold the ſame intent,
Wherein you wiſh'd us Parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do find the People.
3 *Con.* The People will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor Heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good Conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honour for his Truth; who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new Plants with dews of Flattery,
Seducing ſo my Friends; and to this end, He

He bow'd his Nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his Stoutneſs
When he did ſtand for Conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping——
Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my Hearth,
Preſented to my Knife his Throat; I took him,
Made him joint Servant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chuſe
Out of my Files, his Projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt Men; ſerv'd his Deſignments
In mine own Perſon; hop'd to reap the Fame
Which he did make all his; and took ſome Pride
To do my ſelf this wrong; 'till at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wag'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had been Mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord:
The Army marvell'd at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd
For no leſs Spoil, than Glory———
Auf. There was it;
For which my Sinews ſhall be ſtretcht upon him:
At a few drops of Womens Rheum, which are
As cheap as Lies, he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.
[*Drums and Trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the People.*
1 *Con.* Your Native Town you enter'd like a Poſt,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Air with Noiſe.
2 *Con.* And patient Fools,
Whoſe Children he hath ſlain, their baſe Throats tear
With giving him Glory.
3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
E'er he expreſs himſelf, or move the People
With what he would ſay, let him feel your Sword,
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along,
After your way, his Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons with his Body.

Auf.

Auf. Say no more, here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What Faults he made before the laſt, I think
Might have found eaſie Fines: But there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, anſwering us
With our own Charge, making a Treaty where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus *marching with Drum and Colours, the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords, I am return'd, your Soldier;
No more infected with my Country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Wars, even to
The Gates of *Rome*: Our Spoils we have brought home
Doth more than Counterpoiſe a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made Peace
With no leſs Honour to the *Antiates*,
Than Shame to th' *Romans*: And we here deliver,
Subſcrib'd by th' Conſuls and Patricians,
Together with the Seal o'th' Senate, what
We have Compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Cor. Traitor!——How now!——

Auf. Ay, Traitor, *Martius.*

Cor. Martius!——

Auf. Ay, *Martius*, *Caius Martius*; doſt thou think
I'll grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtoln name
Coriolanus in *Coriolus*?
You Lords and Head o'th' State, perfidiouſly

He

He has betray'd your Buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of Salt, your City *Rome*,
I ſay your City, to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution like
A twiſt of rotten Silk, never admitting
Counſel o'th' War; but at his Nurſe's Tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and Men of Heart
Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, *Mars*?

Auf. Name not the God, thou Boy of Tears.

Cor. Ha!——

Auf. No more.

Cor. Meaſureleſs Liar, thou haſt made my Heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O Slave!---
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I was forc'd to ſcold. Your Judgments, my grave Lords,
Muſt give this Cur the Lie; and his own Notion,
Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him, that
Muſt bear my beating to his Grave, ſhall join
To thruſt the Lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volſcies*, Men and Lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! falſe Hound!——
If you have writ your Annals true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dove coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volſcies* in *Coriolus*.
Alone I did it. Boy!——

Auf. Why, Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind Fortune,
Which was your Shame, by this unholy Braggart,
'Fore your own Eyes and Ears?

All Con. Let him dye for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Son, my Daughter, he kill'd my Couſin
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho——no outrage——peace——
The Man is noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orb o'th' Earth; his laſt Offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the Peace.

Cor. O that I had him, with ſix *Auſidiuſſes*, or more;
His Tribe; to uſe my lawful Sword——

Auf. Inſolent Villain.

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The Conſpirators all draw, and kill* Martius, *who falls, and* Aufidius *ſtands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Lords, hear me ſpeak.

1 *Lord.* O, *Tullus*——

2 *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him---Maſters all, be quiet,
Put up your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
When you ſhall know (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this Man's Life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My ſelf your Loyal Servant, or endure
Your heavieſt Cenſure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his Body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Auſidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the beſt of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with Sorrow: Take him up:
Help three o'th' chiefeſt Soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the Drum that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel Pikes. Though in this City he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the Injury,
Yet he ſhall have a Noble memory. Aſſiſt.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of* Martius. *A dead March ſounded.*

P. 2,003.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

SAturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declar'd Emperor himſelf.*

Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in Love with* Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, *a Noble* Roman *General againſt the* Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.

Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius,
} *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.

Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,
} *Sons to* Tamora.

Aaron, *a* Moor, *Belov'd by* Tamora.

W O M E N.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths, *and afterwards Married to* Saturninus.

Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE Rome, *and the Country near it.*

Titus

Titus Andronicus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus *and his Followers at one Door, and* Bassianus *and his Followers at the other, with Drum and Colours.*

SATURNINUS.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the Justice of my Cause with Arms.
And Country-men and loving Followers,
Plead my successive Title with your Swords.
I was the first-born Son of him that last
Wore the Imperial Diadem of *Rome*:
Then let my Father's Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this Indignity.

Bas. Romans, Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right;
If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsar*'s Son,
Were gracious in the Eyes of Royal *Rome*,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not Dishonour to approach

Th' Imperial Seat to Virtue, Conſecrate
To Juſtice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Deſert in pure Election ſhine;
And, *Romans*, fight for Freedom in your Choice.
Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft with the Crown.*
Mar. Princes that ſtrive by Factions and by Friends,
Ambitiouſly for Rule and Empery;
Know, that the People of *Rome*, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial Party, have by Common Voice,
In Election for the *Roman* Empery,
Choſen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to *Rome*.
A Nobler Man, a braver Warrior,
Lives not this day within our City Walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary Wars againſt the barbarous *Goths*,
That with his Sons (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation ſtrong, train'd up in Arms.
Ten Years are ſpent ſince firſt he undertook
This Cauſe of *Rome*, and chaſtiſed with Arms
Our Enemies Pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant Sons
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at laſt, laden with Honour's Spoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in Arms.
Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's Right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength;
Diſmiſs your Followers, and as Suiters ſhould,
Plead your Deſerts in Peace and Humbleneſs.
Sat. How fair the Tribune ſpeaks,
To calm my Thoughts.
Baſ. *Marcus Andronicus*, ſo I do affie
In thy Uprightneſs and Integrity:
And ſo I Love and Honour thee and thine;
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sons,
And her (to whom our Thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich Ornament,

That

That I will here dismiss my loving Friends;
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Ex. Soldiers.*

Sat. Friends that have been
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the Love and Favour of my Country,
Commit my Self, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-House*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: The good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Virtue, *Rome*'s best Champion,
Successful in the Battels that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of *Rome*.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and thenenter Mutius *and* Marcus: *After them, two Men bearing a Coffin cover'd with black*; *then* Quintus *and* Lucius. *After them* Titus Andronicus; *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Goths, Alarbus, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *Prisoners, Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the Coffin, and* Titus *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, *Rome*,
Victorious in thy mourning Weeds!
Loe, as the Bark that hath discharg'd her Freight,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* with Laurel Boughs,
To re-salute his Country with his Tears;
Tears of true Joy, for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty Valiant Sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,

Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
Theſe that Survive, let *Rome* reward with Love;
Theſe that I bring unto their lateſt Home,
With burial among their Anceſtors.
Here *Goths* have given me leave to ſheath my Sword:
Titus unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy Sons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful Shoar of *Styx*?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.
[*They open the Tomb.*
There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in Peace, ſlain in your Country's Wars:
O ſacred Receptacle of my Joys,
Sweet Cell of Virtue and Nobility,
How many Sons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?
Luc. Give us the proudeſt Priſoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his Limbs, and on a Pile,
Ad manes Fratrum, Sacrifice his Fleſh,
Before this Earthly Priſon of their Bones,
That ſo the Shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with Prodigies on Earth.
Tit. I give him you, the nobleſt that ſurvives,
The Eldeſt Son of this diſtreſſed Queen.
Tam. Stay, *Roman* Brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the Tears I ſhed,
A Mother's Tears in Paſſion for her Son:
And if thy Sons were ever dear to thee,
Oh think my Sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman* Yoak;
But muſt my Sons be ſlaughter'd in the Streets,
For Valiant doings in their Country's Cauſe?
O! if to fight for King and Common-weal,
Were Piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtain not thy Tomb with Blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt-born Son.

Tit.

Tit. Patient your ſelf, Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are the Brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren ſlain,
Religiouſly they ask a Sacrifice;
To this your Son is markt, and die he muſt,
To appeaſe their groaning Shadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a Fire ſtraight.
And with our Swords upon a Pile of Wood,
Let's hew his Limbs 'till they be clean conſum'd.
[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius *with* Alarbus.
Tam. O cruel irreligious Piety!
Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.
Alarbus go to reſt, and we ſurvive,
To tremble under *Titus*'s threatning Looks,
Then, Madam, ſtand reſolv'd, but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*,
With opportunity of ſharp Revenge
Upon the *Thracian* Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit her bloody Wrongs upon her Foes.
Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius.
Luc. See, Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* Rites, *Alarbus*'s Limbs are lopt,
And Intrals feed the ſacrificing Fire,
Whoſe Smoke, like Incenſe, doth perfume the Sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our Brethren,
And with loud Larums welcome them to *Rome*.
Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewel to their Souls.
[*Then ſound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.*
In Peace and Honour reſt you here, my Sons,
Rome's readieſt Champions, repoſe you here in reſt,
Secure from worldly Chances and Miſhaps:
Here lurks no Treaſon, here no Envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned Grudges, here no Storms,
No Noiſe, but Silence and eternal Sleep:
In Peace and Honour reſt you here, my Sons.

Enter

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In Peace and Honour live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Lo at this Tomb my tributary Tears
I render, for my Brethrens Obſequies:
And at thy Feet I kneel, with Tears of Joy,
Shed on the Earth, for thy return to *Rome.*
O bleſs me here with thy victorious Hand,
Whoſe Fortune *Rome*'s beſt Citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*,
That haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The Cordial of mine Age, to glad mine Heart,
Lavinia, live, out-live thy Father's Days;
And Fame's eternal date for Virtue's praiſe.

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved Brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the Eyes of *Rome.*

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune,
Noble Brother *Marcus.*

Mar. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſsful Wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in Fame:
Fair Lords, your Fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Country's Service drew your Swords.
But ſafer Triumph is this Funeral Pomp
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon*'s Happineſs,
And triumphs over Chance in Honour's Bed.
Titus Andronicus, the People of *Rome*,
Whoſe Friend in Juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſs Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperor's Sons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a Head on headleſs *Rome.*

Tit. A better Head her Glorious Body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for Age and Feebleneſs:
What ſhould I don this Robe, and trouble you?
Be chooſe with Proclamations to Day,
To Morrow yield up Rule, reſign my Life,
And ſet abroach new Buſineſs for you all.
Rome, I have been thy Soldier forty Years,
And led my Country's Strength ſucceſsfully,

And buried one and twenty valiant Sons,
Knighted in Field, ſlain manfully in Arms,
In Right and Service of their Noble Country:
Give me a Staff of Honour for mine Age,
But not a Scepter to controul the World,
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtain and ask the Empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canſt thou tell?
Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus.*
Sat. *Romans*, do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and ſheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome*'s Emperor:
Andronicus, would thou wert ſhipt to Hell,
Rather than rob me of the Peoples Hearts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.
Tit. Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee,
The Peoples Hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My Faction, if thou ſtrengthen with thy Friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and thanks to Men
Of noble Minds is honourable Meed.
Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your Voices, and your Suffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Mar. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe Return to *Rome*,
The People will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldeſt Son,
Lord *Saturnine*; whoſe Virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan*'s Rays on Earth,
And ripen Juſtice in this Common-weal:
Then if you will Elect by my Advice,
Crown him, and ſay, Long live our Emperor.
Mar. With Voices and Applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and *Plebeians*, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome*'s great Emperor;
And ſay, Long live our Emperor *Saturnine.*
[*A long Flouriſh 'till they come down.*
Sat.

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this Day,
I give thee Thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an Onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy Name, and honourable Family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Rome's Royal Mistress, Mistress of my Heart,
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her Espouse:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this Motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and in this Match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide World's Emperor, do I Consecrate
My Sword, my Chariot and my Prisoners,
Presents well worthy *Rome*'s Imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensigns humbled at thy Feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, Father of my Life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy Gifts,
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you Prisoner to an Emperor,
To him that for your Honour and your State
Will use you nobly, and your Followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me, of the Hue,
That I would chuse, were I to chuse a-new:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy Countenance,
Tho' chance of War hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:
Princely shall be thy Usage every way.
Rest on my Word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your Hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord, sith true Nobility
Warrants these Words in Princely Courtesie.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*. *Romans*, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our Prisoners free,

Proclaim

Proclaim our Honours, Lords, with Trumpet and Drum.
Baſ. Lord *Titus*, by your leave this Maid is mine.
[*Seizing* Lavinia.
Tit. How, Sir? Are you in earneſt then, my Lord?
Baſ. Ay, noble *Titus*; and reſolv'd withal,
To do my ſelf this Reaſon and this Right.
[*The Emperor Courts* Tamora *in dumb ſhew.*
Mar. *Suum cuique*, is our *Roman* Juſtice:
This Prince in Juſtice ſeizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if *Lucius* live.
Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's Guard?
Treaſon, my Lord; *Lavinia* is ſurpriz'd.
Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?
Baſ. By him that juſtly may
Bear his Betroth'd from all the World away.
[*Exit* Baſſianus *with* Lavinia.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away.
And with my Sword I'll keep the Door cloſe.
Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.
Mut. My Lord, you paſs not here.
Tit. What Villain, Boy, barr'ſt me my way is *Rome*?
Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help. [*He kills him.*
Luc. My Lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo,
In wrongful Quarrel you have ſlain your Son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any Sons of mine.
My Sons would never ſo Diſhonor me.
Traitor, reſtore *Livinia* to the Emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his Wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd Love.
Emp. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy Stock;
I'll truſt by Leiſure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy Traiterous haughty Sons,
Confederates all, thus to Diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a Stale of
But *Saturnine*? Full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree theſe Deeds, with that proud Brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the Empire at thy Hands.
Tit. O Monſtrous! what reproachful Words are theſe?
Sat. But go thy ways, go give that changing Piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his Sword;
A Valiant Son-in-Law thou ſhalt enjoy: One

One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs Sons,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of *Rome*.
Tit. Theſe Words are Razors to my wounded Heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,
That like the ſtately *Phœbe* 'mongſt her Nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the Gallant'ſt Dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden Choice,
Behold I chuſe thee, *Tamora*, for my Bride,
And will create thee Empereſs of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, doſt thou applaud my Choice?
And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* Gods,
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo near,
And Tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not re-ſalute the Streets of *Rome*,
Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my Bride along with me.
Tam. And here in ſight of Heaven to *Rome* I ſwear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a Hand-maid be to his Deſires,
A loving Nurſe, a Mother to his Youth.
Sat. Aſcend, Fair Queen,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the Heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;
Whoſe Wiſdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There ſhall we conſummate our Sponſal Rites. [*Exeunt.*
Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this Bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonoured thus, and challenged of Wrongs?
Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Marcus.
Mar. O *Titus* ſee, O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad Quarrel ſlain a Virtuous Son.
Tit. No, fooliſh Tribune, no: No Son of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe Confederates in the Deed,
That hath Diſhonoured all our Family,
Unworthy Brother, and unworthy Sons.
Luc. But let us give him Burial as becomes,
Give *Mutius* Burial with our Brethren.

Tit.

Tit. Traitors away, he reſts not in this Tomb;
This Monument five hundred Years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
Here none but Soldiers, and *Rome*'s Servitors,
Repoſe in Fame: None baſely ſlain in Brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My Lord, this is Impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius*'s Deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his Brethren.

[Titus's *Sons ſpeak.*

Sons. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And ſhall? What Villain was it ſpake that Word?

[Titus's *Son ſpeaks.*

Quin. He that would vouch in any place but here.
Tit. What would you bury him in my Deſpight?
Mar. No, noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. *Marcus*, even thou haſt ſtruck upon my Creſt,
And with theſe Boys mine Honour thou haſt wounded,
My Foes, I do repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Luc. He is not himſelf, let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till *Mutius* Bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that Name doth Nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that Name doth Nature ſpeak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my Soul.
Luc. Dear Father, Soul and Subſtance of us all.
Mar. Suffer thy Brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble Nephew here in Virtues Neſt,
That died in Honour, and *Lavinia*'s Cauſe.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous:
The *Greeks* upon Advice did bury *Ajax*
That ſlew himſelf; And ev'n *Laertes* Son
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy Joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Riſe, *Marcus*, riſe ——
The diſmall'ſt Day is this that e'er I ſaw,
To be Diſhonoured by my Sons in *Rome*:

Well,

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the Tomb*

Luc. There lye thy Bones, ſweet *Mutius*, with thy Friends
'Till we with Trophies do adorn thy Tomb.

[*They all kneel, and ſay*

No Man ſhed Tears for noble *Mutius*.
He lives in Fame, that died in Virtue's Cauſe.

Mar. My Lord, to ſtep out of theſe ſudden Dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is,
Whether by deviſe or no, the Heavens can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholding to the Man,
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. *Enter the Emperor*, Tamora, Chiron *and* Demetrius *with the* Moor *at one Door*. *At the other Door* Baſſianus *and* Lavinia *with others.*

Sat. So, *Baſſianus*, you have plaid your Prize,
God give you Joy, Sir, of your Gallant Bride.

Baſ. And you of yours, my Lord; I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have Law, or we have Power,
Thou and thy Faction ſhall repent this Rape.

Baſ. Rape call you it, my Lord, to ſeize my own,
My true betrothed Love, and now my Wife?
But let the Laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very ſhort with us,
But if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.

Baſ. My Lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my Life,
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the Duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in Opinion and in Honour wrong'd,
That in the Reſcue of *Lavinia*,
With his own Hand did ſlay his youngeſt Son,
In Zeal to you, and highly mov'd to Wrath,
To be control'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,

That

That hath expreſt himſelf in all his Deeds,
A Father and a Friend to thee, and *Rome*.
Tit. Prince *Baſſianus*, leave to plead my Deeds;
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the Righteous Heavens be my Judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.
Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in thoſe Princely Eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak, indifferently, for all;
And at my Suit (Sweet) pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What, Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it up without Revenge?
Tam. Not ſo, my Lord,
The Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I ſhould be Author to diſhonour you,
But, on mine Honour dare, I undertake,
For good Lord *Titus*'s innocence in all;
Whoſe Fury not diſſembled ſpeaks his Griefs:
Then at my Suit look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a Friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre looks afflict his gentle Heart. ——
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt, [*Aſide.*
Diſſemble all your Griefs and Diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne;
Leſt then the People and Partricians too,
Upon a juſt Survey take *Titus* part,
And ſo ſupplant us for Ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous Sin,
Yield at Intreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a Day to Maſſacre them all,
And raze their Faction, and their Family,
The Cruel Father, and his Traiterous Sons,
To whom I ſued for my dear Son's Life:
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the Streets, and beg for Grace in vain.——
Come, come, ſweet Emperor, —— come *Andronicus*,
Take up this good old Man, and chear the Heart,
That dies in Tempeſt of thy angry Frown.
Sat. Riſe, *Titus*, riſe,
My Empreſs hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your Majeſty,

And her, my Lord.
These Words, these Looks, infuse new Life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This Day all Quarrels die, *Andronicus*,
And let it be my Honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your Friends and you.
For you, Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
My Word and Promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords;
And you, *Lavinia*,
By my Advice all humbled on your Knees,
You shall ask Pardon of his Majesty.
Luc. We do,
And vow to Heaven, and to his Highness,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our Sister's Honour and our own.
Mar. That on mine Honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperor we must all be Friends.
The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for Grace,
I will not be denied, Sweet-heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus,
For thy sake and thy Brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s Intreats,
I do remit these young Mens hainous Faults.
Stand up. *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churl,
I found a Friend, and sure as Death I swore,
I would not part a Batchelor from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two Brides,
You are my Guest, *Lavinia*, and your Friends;
This Day shall be a Love-day, *Tamora*.
Tit. To Morrow, and it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With Horn and Hound, we'll give your Grace *Bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it so, *Titus*, and Gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aaron. NOw climbeth *Tamora Olympus* top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders crack, or Lightning flash,
Advanced above pale Envies threatning reach;
As when the golden Sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the Ocean with his Beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his glistring Coach,
And over-looks the highest piering Hills:
So *Tamora.*
Upon her Wit doth early Honour wait,
And Virtue stoops and trembles at her Frown.
Then *Aaron* arm thy Heart, and fit thy Thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Imperial Mistress,
And mount her Pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast Prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous Chains,
And faster bound to *Aaron*'s charming Eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus.*
Away with slavish Weeds, and idle Thoughts,
I will be bright, and shine in Pearl and Gold,
To wait upon this new made Empereſs.
To wait, said I? To wanton with this Queen,
This Goddess, this *Semiramis*, this Queen,
This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome*'s *Saturnine*,
And see his Shipwrack, and his Common-weals.
Holla, what Storm is this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy Years want Wit, thy Wit wants Edge
And Manners, to intrude where I am Grac'd,
And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with Braves:
'Tis not the Difference of a Year or two
Makes me less Gracious, or thee more Fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my Mistress Grace,
And that my Sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my Paſſion for *Lavinia*'s Love.
Aar. Clubs, Clubs, theſe Lovers will not keep the Peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our Mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing Rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown to threat your Friends?
Go to; have your Lath glued within your Sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while Sir, with the little Skill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay Boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why now, Lords?
So near the Emperor's Palace dare you draw?
And maintain ſuch a Quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this Grudge.
I would not for a Million of Gold,
The Cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns.
Nor would your noble Mother, for much more,
Be ſo Diſhonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For ſhame put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have ſheath'd
My Rapier in his Boſom, and withal
Thruſt theſe reproachful Speeches down his Throat,
That he hath breath'd in my Diſhonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,
Foul ſpoken Coward! ——
Thou thundreſt with thy Tongue,
And with thy Weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.
Aar. Away, I ſay.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty Brabble will undo us all;
Why Lords —— and think you not how dangerous
It is to ſet upon a Prince's Right?
What is *Lavinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſſianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her Love ſuch Quarrels may be broacht,
Without Controulment, Juſtice, or Revenge?
Young Lords, beware —— and ſhould the Empreſs know
This Diſcord's ground, the Muſick would not pleaſe
Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the World,
I love *Lavinia* more than all the World.

Dem. Youngling,
Learn thou to make ſome better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder Brother's hope.
Aar. Why are ye mad! Or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook Competitors in Love?
I tell you Lords, you do but plot your Deaths
By this deviſe.
Chi. Aaron, a thouſand Deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her whom I do love?
Aar. To atchieve her——how!
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a Woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a Woman, therefore may be won,
She is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What Man, more Water glideth by the Mill
Than wots the Miller of, and eaſie it is
Of a cut Loaf to ſteal a Shive we know:
Tho' *Baſſianus* be the Emperor's Brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan*'s Badge.
Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.
Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court it
With Words, fair Looks, and Liberality?
What haſt thou not full often ſtruck a Doe,
And born her cleanly by the Keeper's Noſe?
Aar. Why then it ſeems ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerved.
Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, ha k ye, hark ye——and are you ſuch Fools
To ſquare for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aar. For ſhame be Friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis Policy and Stratagem muſt do
That you affect, and ſo muſt you reſolve,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more Chaſte

Than this *Lavinia*, *Baſſianus*'s Love;
A ſpeedier courſe than lingring Languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the Path.
My Lords, a ſolemn Hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* Ladies troop:
The Foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented Plots there are,
Fitted by kind for Rape and Villany:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſs with her ſacred Wit
To Villany and Vengeance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our Engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelves,
But to your wiſhes heighth advance you both.
The Emperor's Court is like the Houſe of Fame,
The Palace full of Tongues, of Eyes, of Ears:
The Woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave Boys, and take your turns.
There ſerve your Luſts, ſhadow'd from Heaven's Eye,
And revel in *Lavinia*'s Treaſury.

Chi. Thy Counſel, Lad, ſmells of no Cowardiſe.

Dem. Si fas aut nefas, 'till I find the ſtreams
To cool this Heat; a Charm to calm their Fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Foreſt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three Sons, making a noiſe with Hounds and Horns, and* Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the Morn is bright and gray,
The Fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a Hunter's Peal,
That all the Court may Eccho with the Noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperor's Perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my Sleep this Night,
But dawning Day new Comfort hath inſpir'd.

Wind

Wind Horns. Here a cry of Hounds, and wind Horns in a Peal; then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majeſty,
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace a Hunter's Peal.

Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

Baſ. Lavinia, How ſay you?

Lav. I ſay, No:
I have been awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, Horſe and Chariots let us have,
And to our Sport: Madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our *Roman* Hunting.

Mar. I have Dogs, my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the Chaſe,
And climb the higheſt Promontory top.

Tit. And I have Horſe will follow, where the Game
Makes away, and run like Swallows o'er the Plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with Horſe nor Hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to Ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aar. He that had Wit, would think that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know that this Gold muſt coin a Stratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of Villany;
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their unreſt,
That have their Alms out of the Empreſs Cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron,*
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſo ſad,
When every thing doth make a Gleeful boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on every Buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearful Sun,
The green Leaves quiver with the cooling Wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the Ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron,* let us ſit,
And whilſt the babling Eccho mocks the Hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd Horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise:
And after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a Counsel-keeping Cave,
We may each wreathed in the others Arms,
(Our Pastimes done) possess a Golden slumber,
Whilst Hounds and Horns, and sweet melodious Birds
Be unto us, as is a Nurse's Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe asleep.

Aar. Madam,
Though *Venus* govern your Desires,
Saturn is Dominator over mine;
What signifies my deadly standing Eye,
My Silence, and my cloudy Melancholy,
My Fleece of woolly Hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an Adder when she doth unrowl
To do some fatal Execution?
No, Madam, these are no Venereal signs,
Vengeance is in my Heart, Death in my Hand,
Blood and Revenge are hammering in my Head.
Hark, *Tamora*, the Empress of my Soul,
Which never hopes more Heaven than rests in thee,
This is the Day of Doom for *Bassianus*;
His *Philomel* must lose her Tongue to Day,
Thy Sons make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their Hands in *Bassianus*'s Blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal plotted Scrowl;
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful Booty,
Which dreads not yet their Lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus *and* Lavinia.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*,
Sweeter to me than Life.

Aar. No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* comes;
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy Sons
To back thy Quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Bas.

Baſ. Whom have we here?
Rome's Royal Empreſs!
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming Troop?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To ſee the general Hunting in this Foreſt?
Tam. Sawcy Controller of our private Steps:
Had I the Power that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently
With Horns, as was *Actæon*'s, and the Hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed Limbs,
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.
Lav. Under your Patience, gentle Empreſs,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are ſingled forth to try Experiments:
Jove ſhield your Husband from his Hounds to Day,
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſ. Believe me, Queen, your ſwarth Cymmerian
Doth make your Honour of his Body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your Train?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?
Lav. And being interrupted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord be rated
For Saucineſs; I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven-coloured Love,
This Valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſ. The King my Brother ſhall have notice of this.
Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign
And our gracious Mother,
Why does your Highneſs look ſo pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren and deteſted Vale you ſee it is.
The Trees, tho' Summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with Moſs, and baleful Miſſelto.
Here never ſhines the Sun, here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nighly Owl, or fatal Raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred Pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the Night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toads, as many Urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed Cries,
As any mortal Body hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh Tale,
But ſtreight they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the Body of a diſmal Yew,
And leave me to this miſerable Death.
And then they call'd me foul Adultereſs,
Laſcivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever Ears did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This Vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mother's Life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy Son. [*Stabs* Baſ.

Chi. And this for me,
Struck home to ſhew my Strength.

Lav. I come, *Semiramis*, nay barbarous *Tamora*,
For no Name fits thy Nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy Poinard; you ſhall know, my Boys,
Your Mother's Hand ſhall right your Mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her,
Firſt, thraſh the Corn, then after burn the Straw:
This Minion ſtood upon her Chaſtity,
Upon her Nuptial Vow, her Loyalty,
And with that painted hope ſhe braves your Mightineſs;
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her Grave?

Chi. And if ſhe do,
I would I were an Eunuch.
Drag hence her Husband to ſome ſecret Hole,
And make his dead Trunk Pillow to our Luſt.

Tam.

Tam. But when you have the Honey you desire,
Let not this Wasp out-live us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you, Madam, we will make that sure;
Come Mistress, now *per* force we will enjoy,
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a Woman's Face——
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word——
Dem. Listen, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To see her Tears; but be your Heart to them,
As unrelenting Flints to drops of Rain.
Lav. When did the Tygers young-ones teach the Dam?
O do not learn her wrath, she taught it thee,
The Milk thou suck'st from her did turn to Marble;
Even at thy Teat thou hadst thy Tyranny:
Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike;
Do thou intreat her, shew a Woman pity.
Chi. What!
Wouldst thou have me prove my self a Bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Lark:
Yet have I heard, O could I find it now,
The Lion mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his Princely Paws par'd all away.
Some say, that Ravens foster forlorn Children,
The whilst their own Birds famish in their Nests:
Oh be to me, tho' thy hard Heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.
Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Father's sake,
That gave thee Life, when well he might have slain thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf Ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in Person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:
Remember, Boys, I pour'd forth Tears in vain,
To save your Brother from the Sacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queen,

And

And with thine own Hands kill me in this Place;
For 'tis not Life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? Fond Woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present Death I beg, and one thing more,
That Womanhood denies my Tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worse than killing Lust,
And tumble me into some loathsom Pit,
Where never Man's Eye may behold my Body:
Do this, and be a charitable Murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sons of their Fee,
No, let them satisfie their Lust on thee.

Dem. Away.
For thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No Grace?
No Woman-hood? Ah beastly Creature,
The blot and Enemy of our general Name;
Confusion all———

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your Mouth———
Bring thou her Husband: [*Dragging off* Lavinia.
This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my Sons, see that ye make her sure;
Ne'er let my Heart know merry Cheer indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful Sons this Trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, *with* Quintus *and* Marcus.

Aaron. Come on, my Lords, the better Foot before,
Strait will I bring you to the loathsom Pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, what e'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our Sport to sleep a while.
[Marcus *falls into the Pit.*

Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtle Hole is this,
Whose Mouth is covered with rude growing Briars?
Upon whose Leaves are drops of new-shed Blood,
As fresh as Morning-Dew distill'd on Flowers?
A very fatal Place it seems to me:
Speak, Brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O Brother, With

With the dismal'st Object
That ever Eye, with sight, made Heart lament.
Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his Brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.
Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?
Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing Sweat o'er-runs my trembling Joints;
My Heart suspects more than mine Eye can see.
Mar To prove thou hast a true divining Heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the Den,
And see a fearful sight of Blood and Death.
Quin. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate Heart
Will not permit mine Eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O tell me how it is; for ne'er till now,
Was I a Child, to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lyes embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to the slaughter'd Lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking Pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how do'st thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine upon the dead Man's earthly Cheeks,
And shews the ragged intrails of the Pit.
So pale did shine the Moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden-blood.
O Brother help me, with thy fainting Hand;
If Fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring Receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus* misty Mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy Hand, that I may help thee out,
Or wanting strength, to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing Womb
Of this deep Pit, poor *Bassianus* Grave:
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loſe again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me, I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping Hollow of the Earth?

Mar. The unhappy Son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy Brother *Baſſianus* dead.

Sat. My Brother dead? I know thou doſt but jeſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord, the King?

Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing Grief.

Tam. Where is thy Brother *Baſſianus?*

Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my Wound,
Poor *Baſſianus* here lyes murthered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
The complot of this timely Tragedy,
And wonder greateſs that Man's Face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyranny.

[*She giveth* Saturninus *a Letter.*

Saturninus *reads the Letter.*

And if we miſs to meet him handſomly,
Sweet Huntſman, Baſſianus, *'tis we mean,*
Do thou ſo much as dig the Grave for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, look for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder-tree:
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame Pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus;
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting Friends.

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the Pit, and this the Elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the Huntſman out,
That ſhould have murthered *Baſſianus* here.

Aar.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the Bag of Gold.
Sat. Two of thy Whelps, fell Curs, of bloody kind
Have here bereft my Brother of his Life: [*To* Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the Pit unto the Priſon,
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What are they in this Pit?
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily Murder is diſcovered?
Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble Knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sons,
Accurſed, if the faults be prov'd in them——
Sat. If it be prov'd? you ſee it is apparent.
Who found this Letter, *Tamora*, was it you?
Tam. *Andronicus* himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my Lord,
Yet let me be their Bail.
For by my Father's reverend Tomb I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs Will,
To anſwer their Suſpicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them, ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murther'd Body, ſome the Murtherers,
Let them not ſpeak a word, the Guilt is plain,
For by my Soul, were there worſe end than Death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. *Andronicus*, I will intreat the King,
Fear not thy Sons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come,
Stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia, *her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out, and raviſh'd.*

Dem. So now go tell, and if thy Tongue can ſpeak,
Who 'twas that cut thy Tongue and raviſh'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And, if thy Stumps will let thee, play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcowl.
Chi. Go home,
Call for ſweet Water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent Walks.

Chi.

Chi. And 'twere my Cauſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.
Dem. If thou had'ſt Hands to help thee knit the Cord. *t*
[*Exeun.*

Wind Horns. Enter Marcus *from Hunting, to* Lavinia.
Mar. Who is this, my Niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a Word, where is your Husband?
If I do Dream, would all my Wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal Sleep.
Speak, gentle Niece, what ſtern ungentle Hands
Hath lop'd and hew'd, and made thy Body bare
Of her two Branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments,
Whoſe circling Shadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in,
And might not gain ſo great a Happineſs,
As half thy Love! Why do'ſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a crimſon River of warm Blood,
Like to a bubling Fountain ſtirr'd with Wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſy Lips,
Coming and going with thy Honey Breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath deflour'd thee,
And leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him, cut thy Tongue,
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy Face for Shame!
And notwithſtanding all this loſs of Blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet do thy Cheeks look red as *Titan*'s Face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud, ——
Shall I ſpeak for thee? Shall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy Heart, and knew the Beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the Heart to Cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, ſhe but loſt her Tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſewed her mind.
But lovely Niece, that mean is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty Fingers off
That could have better ſewed than *Philomel.*
Oh had the Monſter ſeen thoſe Lilly Hands
Tremble like Aſpen Leaves upon a Lute,
And make the ſilken Strings delight to kiſs them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his Life.

Or

Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Which that ſweet Tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his Knife and fell aſleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy Father blind,
For ſuch a ſight will blind a Father's Eye.
One hours Storm will drown the fragrant Meads,
What will whole Months of Tears thy Father's Eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh could our mourning eaſe thy Miſery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus *and* Quintus *bound, paſſing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. HEar me, grave Fathers, noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pity of mine Age, whoſe Youth was ſpent
In dangerous Wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my Blood in *Rome*'s great Quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty Nights that I have watcht,
And for theſe bitter Tears, which now you ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my Cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned Sons,
Whoſe Souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty Sons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in Honour's lofty Bed.
[Andronicus *lieth down, and the Judges paſs by him.*
For theſe, theſe, Tribunes, in the Duſt I write
My Heart's deep Languor, and my Soul's ſad Tears:
Let my Tears ſtanch the Earth's dry Appetite,
My Sons ſweet Blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O Earth! I will befriend thee more with Rain, [*Exeunt.*
That ſhall diſtil from theſe two ancient Ruins,
Than youthful *April* ſhall with all her Showers
In Summer's drought: I'll drop upon thee ſtill,
In Winter with warm Tears I'll melt the Snow,
And keep eternal Spring-time on thy Face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear Son's Blood.

Enter Lucius *with his Sword drawn.*

Oh Reverend Tribunes! gentle aged Men!
Unbind my Sons, reverſe the doom of Death,
And let me ſay (that never wept before)
My Tears are now prevailing Orators.

Luc. Oh, Noble Father, you lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no Man is by,
And you recount your Sorrows to a Stone.

Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy Brothers let me plead——
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you——

Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you ſpeak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, Man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me: Or if they did hear,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my Sorrows bootleſs to the Stones,
Who, tho' they cannot anſwer my Diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my Tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my Feet
Receive my Tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave Weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A Stone is as ſoft Wax,
Tribunes more hard than Stones:
A Stone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their Tongues doom Men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy Weapon drawn?

Luc. To reſcue my two Brothers from their Death,
For which attempt, the Judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of Baniſhment.

Tit. O happy Man, they have befriended thee:
Why, fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a Wilderneſs of Tygers?
Tygers muſt prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From theſe Devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our Brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus *and* Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy Noble Eyes to weep,
Or if not ſo, thy Noble Heart to break:
I bring conſuming Sorrow to thine Age.

Tit.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy Daughter.
Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.
Luc. Ah me, this Object kills me.
Tit. Faint-hearted Boy, arise and look upon her;
Speak my *Lavinia*, what accursed Hand
Hath made thee handless in thy Father's sight?
What Fool hath added Water to the Sea?
Or brought a Faggot to bright-burning *Troy?*
My Grief was at the heighth before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nilus* it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a Sword, I'll chop off my Hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding Life:
In bootless Prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the Service I require of them,
Is, that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no Hands,
For Hands to do *Rome* Service are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle Sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightful Engine of her Thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing Eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow Cage,
Where like a sweet melodious Bird it sung,
Sweet various Notes inchanting every Ear.
Luc. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this Deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Park,
Seeking to hide her self, as doth the Deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring Wound.
Tit. It was my Deer,
And he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand, as one upon a Rock,
Environ'd with a Wilderness of Sea,
Who makse the waxing Tide grow Wave by Wave,
Expecting ever when some envious Surge
Will in his brinish Bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched Sons are gone:
Here ſtands my other Son, a baniſh'd Man,
And here my Brother weeping at my Woes.
But that which gives my Soul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my Soul——
Had I but ſeen thy Picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lively Body ſo?
Thou haſt no Hands to wipe away thy Tears,
Nor Tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy Husband he is dead, and for his Death
Thy Brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look *Marcus*, ah Son *Lucius* look on her:
When I did name her Brothers, then freſh Tears
Stood on her Cheeks, as doth the Honey dew,
Upon a gather'd Lilly almoſt wither'd.

Mar. Perchance ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her Husband.
Perchance becauſe ſhe knows him Innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy Husband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the Law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a Deed,
Witneſs the Sorrow that their Siſter makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiſs thy Lips,
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Uncle, and thy Brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our Cheeks,
How they are ſtain'd like Meadows yet not dry
With miery ſlime left on them by a Flood:
And in the Fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
'Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a Brine-pit with our bitter Tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our Hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our Tongues, and in dumb Shows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful Days?
What ſhall we do? Let us that have our Tongues
Plot ſome deviſe of further miſeries
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet Father, ceaſe your Tears, for at your Grief
See how my wretched Siſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar.

Mar. Patience, dear Niece, good *Titus* dry thine Eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother, well I wot,
Thy Napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor Man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy Cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark, I underſtand her Signs,
Had ſhe a Tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her Brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful Cheeks.
Oh what a ſympathy of Woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from Bliſs.

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this Word, that if thou love thy Sons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your Hand,
And ſend it to the King; he for the ſame
Will ſend thee hither both thy Sons alive,
And that ſhall be the Ranſom for their Fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle *Aaron*!
Did ever Raven ſing ſo like a Lark,
That gives ſweet Tydings of the Sun's upriſe?
With all my Heart, I'll ſend the Emperor my Hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, Father, for that noble Hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many Enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my Hand will ſerve the turn.
My Youth can better ſpare my Blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my Brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your Hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battel-ax,
Writing Deſtruction on the Enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My Hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſome my two Nephews from their Death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whoſe Hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My Hand ſhall go.

Luc. By Heaven it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd Herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy Son,
Let me redeem my Brothers both from Death.

Mar. And for our Father's ſake, and Mother's care,
Now let me ſhew a Brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my Hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an Ax.

Mar. But I will uſe the Ax. [*Exeunt.*

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy Hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never whilſt I live deceive Men ſo;
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'll ſay e'er half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *Hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now ſtay your Strife; what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majeſty my Hand:
Tell him, it was a Hand that warded him
From thouſand Dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merited: That let it have.
As for my Sons, ſay, I account of them,
As Jewels purchas'd at an eaſie Price,
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy Hand
Look by and by to have thy Sons with thee:
Their Heads I mean.——Oh, how this Villany [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
Let Fools do good, and fair Men call for Grace,
Aaron will have his Soul black like his Face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear!——I lift this one Hand up to Heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the Earth,
If any Power pities wretched Tears,
To that I call: What wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear Heart, for Heaven ſhall hear our Prayers,
Or with our ſighs we'll breath the Welkin dim,
And ſtain the Sun with Fog, as ſometime Clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting Boſoms.

Mar. Oh, Brother, ſpeak with Poſſibilities,

And

And do not break into these two Extreams.
Tit. Is not my Sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my Passions bottomless with them.
Mar. But yet let Reason govern thy Lament.
Tit. If there were Reason for these Miseries
Then into limits could I bind my Woes;
When Heaven doth weep, doth not the Earth o'er-flow?
If the Winds rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the Welkin with his big-swoln Face?
And wilt thou have a Reason for this Coil?
I am the Sea, hark how her Sighs do blow;
She is the weeping Welkin, I the Earth:
Then must my Sea be moved with her Sighs,
Then must my Earth with her continual Tears
Become a Deluge, over-flow'd and drown'd:
For why, my Bowels cannot hide her Woes,
But like a Drunkard must I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave,
To ease their Stomachs with their bitter Tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two Heads and a Hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd,
For that good Hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
Here are the Heads of thy two noble Sons,
And here's thy Hand in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy Griefs, their Sports, thy Resolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy Woes,
More than Remembrance of my Father's Death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my Heart an ever-burning Hell;
These Miseries are more than may be born.
To weep with them that weep, doth ease some deal,
But Sorrow flouted at is double Death.
Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a Wound,
And yet detested Life not shrink thereat;
That ever Death should let Life bear his Name,
Where Life hath no more Interest but to breathe.
Mar. Alas, poor Heart, that Kiss is comfortless,
As frozen Water to a starved Snake.
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Mar. Now farewel Flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two Sons Heads,

Thy warlike Hand, thy mangled Daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd Son with this dear Sight
Struck pale and bloodleſs, and thy Brother I,
Even like a ſtony Image, cold and numb.
Ah now no more will I controul my Griefs,
Rent off thy Silver Hair, thy other Hand
Gnawing with thy Teeth, and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of our moſt wretched Eyes;
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this Hour.

Tit. Why I have not another Tear to ſhed;
Beſides, this Sorrow is an Enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry Eyes,
And make them blind with tributary Tears,
Then which way ſhall I find Revenges Cave?
For theſe two Heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to Bliſs,
Till all theſe Miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their Throats that have committed them.
Come let me ſee what Task I have to do——
You heavy People circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my Soul to right your Wrongs.
The Vow is made, come Brother take a Head,
And in this Hand the other will I bear,
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe things;
Bear thou my Hand, ſweet Wench, between thy Teeth;
As for thee, Boy, go get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay.
Hie to the *Goths*, and raiſe an Army there,
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel *Adronicus*, my noble Father,
The woful'ſt Man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
Farewel, proud *Rome*, till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his Pledges dearer than his Life;
Farewel *Lavinia*, my noble Siſter,
O would thou wert as thou to fore haſt been,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives

But

But in Oblivion and hateful Griefs;
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your Wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empreſs
Beg at the Gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen,
Now will I to the *Goths* and raiſe a Power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

A Banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and the Boy.*

Tit. So, ſo, now ſit, and look you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much Strength in us,
As will revenge theſe bitter Woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that Sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy Niece and I, poor Creatures, want our Hands
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold Grief,
With folded Arms. This poor Right-Hand of mine
Is left to Tyrannize upon my Breaſt,
And when my Heart, all mad with Miſery,
Beats in this hollow Priſon of my Fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.
Thou Map of Wo, that thus doſt talk in Signs,
When thy poor Heart beats with outragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill;
Wound it with Singing, Girl, kill it with Groans;
Or get ſome little Knife between thy Teeth,
And juſt againſt thy Heart make thou a hole,
That all the Tears that thy poor Eyes let fall
May run into that Sink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting Fool in Sea-ſalt Tears.

Mar. Fie, Brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent-Hands upon her tender Life.

Tit. How now! Has Sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no Man ſhould be mad but I;
What violent Hands can ſhe lay on her Life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of Hands, ——
To bid *Æneas* tell the Tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O handle not the Theam, no talk of Hands,
Leſt we remember ſtill that we have none.
Fie, fie, how Frantickly I ſquare my Talk,
As if we ſhould forget we had no Hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of Hands?

Come,

Come, let's fall too, and gentle Girl eat this,
Here is no Drink: Hark, *Marcus*, what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr'd Signs,
She says, she drinks no other Drink but Tears,
Brew'd with her Sorrows, mesh'd upon her Cheeks.
Speechless complaint—— O I will learn thy Thought.
In thy dumb Action will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy Prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy Stumps to Heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a Sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an Alphabet,
And by still Practice, learn to know thy Meaning.
Boy. Good Grandsire leave these bitter deep Laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing Tale.
Mar. Alas the tender Boy, in Passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his Grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace tender Sapling, thou are made of Tears,
And Tears will quickly melt thy Life away.
Marcus *strikes the Dish with a Knife.*
What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy Knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a Fly.
Tit. Out on thee, Murderer; thou kill'st my Heart,
Mine Eyes are cloy'd with view of Tyranny:
A deed of Death done on the Innocent
Becomes not *Titus* Brother; get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my Company.
Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a Fly.
Tit. But —— how if that Fly had a Father and Mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded Wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the Air?
Poor harmless Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing Melody,
Came here to make us merry,
And thou hast kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, Sir,
It was a black ill-favour'd Fly,
Like to the Empress, *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him,
Tit. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable Deed;
Give me thy Knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering my ſelf, as if it were the *Moor*,
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thy ſelf, and that's for *Tamora*: Ah Sirra!
Yet I think we are not brought ſo low,
But that between us, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a Cole-black *Moor*.
Mar. Alas poor Man, Grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe Shadows for true Subſtances.
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
I'll to thy Cloſet, and go read with thee
Sad Stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, Boy, and go with me, thy Sight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begin to dazle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter young Lucius *and* Lavinia *running after him, and the Boy flies from her, with his Books under his Arm. Enter* Titus *and* Marcus.

Boy. HEelp, Grand-ſire, help, my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus*, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes:
Alas, ſweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, Boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my Father was in *Rome* ſhe did.
Mar. What means my Neece *Lavinia* by theſe Signs?
Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean:
See *Lucius*, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, Boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her Sons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and *Tully*'s Oratory:
Can'ſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome Fit or Frenzie do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my Grand-ſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of Grief would make Men mad,
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*

Ran

Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to fear;
Although, my Lord, I know my noble Aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my Youth,
Which made me down to throw my Books, and flie
Cauſeleſs perhaps; but pardon me, ſweet Aunt,
And, Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* go,
I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.
Mar Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
Some Book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it, Girl, of theſe? Open them, Boy,
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd,
Come and make choice of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy Sorrow, 'till the Heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What Book?
Why lifts ſhe up her Arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think ſhe means that there was more than one
Confederate in the Fact. Ay, more there was:
Or elſe to Heaven ſhe heaves them, to revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what Book is that ſhe toſſes ſo?
Boy. Grand-ſire, 'tis *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*,
My Mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft! ſee how buſily ſhe turns the Leaves!
Help her: What would ſhe find? *Lavinia*, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick Tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus* Treaſon and his Rape;
And Rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, Brother, ſee, note how ſhe quotes the Leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet Girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy Woods?
See, ſee; Ay, ſuch a Place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never never hunted there)
Pattern'd by that the Poet here deſcribes,
By Nature made for Murders and for Rapes.
Mar. O why ſhould Nature build ſo foul a Den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in Tragedies?

Tit.

Tit. Give Signs, ſweet Girl, for here are none but Friends,
What *Roman* Lord it was durſt do the deed;
Or ſunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Camp to ſin in *Lucrece* Bed?

Mar. Sit down, ſweet Neece; Brother, ſit down by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me, that I may this Treaſon find.
My Lord, look here; look here *Lavinia*.
He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.
This ſandy Plot is plain, guide, if thou canſt,
This after me, when I have writ my Name,
Without the help of any Hand at all.
Curſt be that Heart that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good Niece, and here diſplay at leaſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for Revenge;
Heaven guide thy Pen, to print thy Sorrows plain,
That we may know the Traitors, and the Truth.
She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps, and Writes.

Tit. Oh do you read, my Lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Mar. What, what!—— the luſtful Sons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle Lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this Earth,
To ſtir a Mutiny in the mildeſt Thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to Exclaims.
My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel, ſweet Boy, the *Roman Hector*'s hope,
And ſwear with me, as with the woful Peer,
And Father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece* Rape,
That we will proſecute (by good Advice)
Mortal revenge upon theſe Traiterous *Goths*,
And ſee their Blood, or die with this Reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hurt theſe Bear-whelps, then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if ſhe wind you once,

She's

She's with the Lion deeply ſtill in League,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her Back,
And when he ſleeps will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You are a young Huntſman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of Braſs,
And with a Gad of Steel will write theſe Words,
And lay it by; the angry Northern Wind
Will blow theſe Sands like *Sybils* leaves abroad,
And where's your Leſſon then? Boy, what ſay you!

Boy. I ſay, my Lord, that if I were a Man,
Their Mother's Bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad Bond-men to the Yoak of *Rome.*

Mar. Ay, that's my Boy, thy Father hath full oft
For his ungrateful Country done the like.

Boy. And, Uncle, ſo will I, and if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine Armory,
Lucius I'll fit thee, and withal, my Boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſs Sons,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do my Meſſage, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my Dagger in their Boſom, Grandſire.

Tit. No, Boy, not ſo, I'll teach thee another Courſe,
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my Houſe,
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,
Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. O Heavens, can you hear a good Man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his Extaſie,
That hath more Scars of Sorrow in his Heart,
Than Foe-mens Marks upon his batter'd Shield,
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the Heavens for old *Andronicus.* [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one Door: And at another Door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of Weapons, and Verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the Son of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome Meſſage to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, ſome mad Meſſage from his mad Grandfather,

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.

Dem.

Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the News?
Boy. For Villains mark'd with Rape. May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſire well advis'd hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt Weapons of his Armory,
To gratifie your honourable Youth,
The hope of *Rome*, for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his Gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody Villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a Scrole, and written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O 'tis a Verſe in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.
Aar. Ay juſt, a Verſe in *Horace*---right, you have it----
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſs?
Here's no ſound Jeſt, th' old Man hath found their Guilt,
And ſends the Weapons wrap'd about with Lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her reſt, in her unreſt a while.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy Star
Led us to *Rome*, Strangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the Palace Gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us Gifts.
Aar. Had he not reaſon, Lord *Demetrius?*
Did you not uſe his Daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thouſand *Roman* Dames
At ſuch a Bay, by turn to ſerve our Luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of Love.
Aar. Here lacks but your Mother for to ſay, Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved Mother in her Pains.
Aar. Pray to the Devils, the Gods have given us over.
Flouriſh.
Dem.

Dem. Why do the Emperor's Trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emperor hath a Son.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurſe with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, Lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the *Moor?*
Aar. Well, more or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or wo betide thee evermore.
Aar. Why, what a Caterwalling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine Arms?
Nur. O that which I would hide from Heav'ns Eye,
Our Empreſs ſhame, and ſtately *Rome*'s diſgrace,
She is delivered, Lords, ſhe is delivered.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, ſhe is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good reſt.
What hath he ſent her?
Nur. A Devil.
Aar. Why then ſhe is the Devil's Dam: a joyful Iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black and ſorrowful Iſſue,
Here is the Babe, as loathſome as a Toad,
Amongſt the faireſt Breeders of our Clime,
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy Stamp, thy Seal,
And bids thee Chriſten it with thy Dagger's point.
Aar. Out, you Whore, is Black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet Blowſe, you are a beauteous Boſſom ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. That which thou canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our Mother.
Dem. And therein, helliſh Dog, thou haſt undone——
Wo to her Chance, and damn'd her loathed Choice,
Accurs'd the Off-ſpring of ſo foul a Fiend.
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not die.
Nur. *Aaron* it muſt, the Mother wills it ſo.
Aar. What, muſt it, Nurſe? Then let no Man but I
Do Execution on my Fleſh and Blood.
Dem. I'll broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurſe, give it me, my Sword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.

Aar.

Aar. Sooner this Sword ſhall plough thy Bowels up.
Stay, murtherous Villains, will you kill your Brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the Sky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies upon my Cymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born Son and Heir.
I tell you, Younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning Band of *Typhon*'s Brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of War,
Shall ſeiz this Prey out of his Father's Hands:
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow-hearted Boys,
Ye white-limb'd Walls, ye Alehouſe painted Signs,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the Water in the Ocean
Can never turn the Swan's black Legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the Flood.
Tell the Empereſs from me, I am of Age
To keep mine own, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble Miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My Miſtreſs is my Miſtreſs; this, my ſelf;
The Vigour, and the Picture of my Youth:
This, before all the World do I prefer;
This, maugre all the World, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in *Rome*.
Dem. By this our Mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. *Rome* will deſpiſe her for this foul Eſcape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her Death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this Ignominy.
Aar. Why there's the privilege your Beauty bears:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betary with bluſhing
The cloſe Enacts and Counſels of the Heart:
Here's a young Lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black Slave ſmiles upon the Father;
As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine own.
He is your Brother, Lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you,
And from that Womb where you impriſoned were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he is your Brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my Seal be ſtamped on his Face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:
Save thou the Child, ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My Son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there, now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the Ground.*
Dem. How many Women ſaw this Child of his?
Aar. Why ſo, brave Lords, when we all join in league,
I am a Lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed Boar, the Mountain Lioneſs,
The Ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the Child?
Nur. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my ſelf.
And none elſe but the delivered Empreſs.
Aar. The Empreſs, the Midwife, and your ſelf——
Two may keep Counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid—— [*He kills her.*
Weck, weck, ſo cries a Pig prepar'd to th'Spit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou, *Aaron*?
Wherefore didſt thou this?
Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of Policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this Guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling Goſſip? No, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my Country-man,
His Wife but yeſternight was brought to Bed,
His Child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the Mother Gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their Child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperor's Heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this Tempeſt whirling in the Court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, Lords, ye ſee I have given her Phyſick,
And you muſt needs beſtow her Funeral,
The Fields are near, and you are gallant Grooms:
This done, ſee that you take no longer Days,
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.

The

The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. Aaron, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the Air with Secrets.
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelf and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*
Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this Treaſure in mine Arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs Friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd Slave, I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:
I'll make you feed on Berries, and on Roots,
And feed on Curds, and Whey, and ſuck the Goat,
And Cabin in a Cave, and bring you up
To be a Warrior, and command a Camp. [*Exit.*
Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with Bows, and* Titus *bears the Arrows with Letters on the end of them.*
Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come Kinſmen, this is the way.
Sir Boy, now let me ſee your Archery,
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtræa reliquit—— be you remembred, *Marcus*——
She's gone, ſhe's fled——Sirs, take you to your Tools,
You, Couſins, ſhall go ſound the Ocean,
And caſt your Nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little Juſtice as at Land——
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with Mattock and with Spade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the Earth:
Then when you come to *Pluto*'s Region,
I pray you to deliver him this Petition,
Tell him it is for Juſtice, and for Aid,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with Sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.
Ah, *Rome!*——Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the Peoples Suffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a Man of War unſearch'd;
This wicked Emperor may have ſhip'd her hence,
And Kinſmen then we may go pipe for Juſtice.

Mar. O, *Publius*, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble Unkle thus diſtract?
Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By Day and Night t'attend him carefully:
And feed his Humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget ſome careful Remedy.
Mar. Kinſmen, his Sorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful War,
Take wreak on *Rome* for this Ingratitude,
And Vengeance on the Traitor *Saturnine*.
Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my Maſters,
What have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will have Revenge from Hell, you ſhall:
Marry for Juſtice ſhe is ſo imploy'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in Heav'n, or ſome where elſe;
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
I'll dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the Heels.
Marcus, we are but Shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd Men, fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But Metal, *Marcus*, Steel to the very Back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our Backs can bear.
And ſith there's no Juſtice in Earth nor Hell,
We will ſollicit Heav'n, and move the Gods,
To ſend down Juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you are a good Archer, *Marcus*.
[*He gives them the Arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you---here *ad Apollonem*----
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelf;
Here Boy, to *Pallas*——here to *Mercury*——
To *Cœlus* and to *Saturn*——not to *Saturnine*——
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the Wind.
To it, Boy, *Marcus*——looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unſollicited.
Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your Shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his Pride. [*They ſhoot.*
Tit. Now, Maſters, draw; Oh well ſaid, *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgo*'s Lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the Moon;
Your Letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus*'s Horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the Rams Horns in the Court,
And who should find them but the Empress, Villain:
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor* he should not chuse
But give them to his Master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter a Clown with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, News from Heaven;
Marcus, the Post is come.
Sirrah, what Tydings? have you any Letters?
Shall I have Justice, what says *Jupiter*?

Clow. Who? the Gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the Man must not be hang'd 'till the next Week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my Life.

Tit. Why Villain, art not thou the Carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my Pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from Heaven?

Clow. From Heaven? Alas, Sir, I never came there.
God forbid I should be so bold to press into Heaven in my young Days. Why I am going with my Pigeons to the Tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my Uncle and one of the Emperials Men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperor with a Grace?

Clow. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say Grace in all my Life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou shalt have Justice at his Hands.
Hold, hold——mean while here's Mony for thy Charges.

Give me a Pen and Ink.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his Foot, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then look for your Reward. I'll be at hand, Sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a Knife? Come, let me see it,
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant,
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my Door, and tell me what he says.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go, *Publius* follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the Arrows in his Hand that Titus *shot.*

Sat. Why Lords,
What Wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal Justice, us'd in such Contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
(However the disturbers of our Peace
Buz in the Peoples Ears) there nought hath past,
But even with Law against the wilful Sons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His Sorrows have so over-whelm'd his Wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frensie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to Heaven for his redress.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of War:
Sweet Scrowls to fly about the Streets of *Rome*.
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would say, in *Rome* no Justice were.
But if I live, his feigned Extasies
Shall be no shelter to these Outrages:

But

But he and his ſhall know, that Juſtice lives
In *Saturninus* health, whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proudeſt Conſpirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my Life, Commander of my Thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus* Age,
Th'effects of Sorrow for his valiant Sons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his Heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt,
For theſe Contempts. Why thus it ſhall become
High witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy Life-blood on't: If *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good Fellow, wouldſt thou ſpeak with us?
Clow. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperial.
Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the Emperor.
Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-e'en,
I have brought you a Letter and a couple Pigeons here.

[*He reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.
Clow. How much Mony muſt I have?
Tam. Come, Sirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd! by'r Lady, then I have brought up a Neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*
Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable Wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous Villany?
I know from whence this ſame Device proceeds:
May this be born? As if his Traiterous Sons,
That dy'd by Law for Murther of our Brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the Villain hither by the Hair,
Nor Age nor Honour ſhall ſhape Privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy Slaughter-man;
Sly frantick Wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelf ſhould govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Nuntius Æmilius.

Sat. What News with thee, *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm, my Lords, *Rome* never had more cauſe;
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power
Of high-reſolv'd Men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under the Conduct
Of *Lucius*, Son to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in courſe of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?
Theſe Tydings nip me, and I hang the Head
As Flowers with Froſt, or Graſs beat down with Storms.
Ay, now begin our Sorrows to approach,
'Tis he the Common People love ſo much,
My ſelf hath often heard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private Man)
That *Lucius* Baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? Is not our City ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the Citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy Thoughts imperious like thy Name.
Is the Sun dim'd, that Gnats do fly in it?
The Eagle ſuffers little Birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the Shadow of his Wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody;
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy Men of *Rome*.
Then cheer thy Spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With Words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to Fiſh, or Honey-ſtalks to Sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious Food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his Son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will,
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged Ear
With golden Promiſes, that were his Heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old Ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both Ear and Heart obey my Tongue.

Go

Go thou before as our Ambaſſador, [*To* Æmilius.
Say, that the Emperor requeſts a Parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
Sat. *Æmilius*, do this Meſſage honourably,
And if he ſtand on Hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what Pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, ſweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy Fear in my Devices.
Sat. Then go ſucceſsfully and plead for me. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Camp.*

Enter Lucius *with* Goths, *with Drum and Soldiers.*

Luc. APproved Warriors, and my faithful Friends,
I have received Letters from great *Rome*,
Which ſignifie what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be as your Titles witneſs,
Imperious and impatient of your Wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble Satisfaction.
Goth. Brave Slip, ſprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whoſe Name was once our Terror, now our Comfort,
Whoſe high Exploits, and Honourable Deeds,
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul Contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'ſt:
Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt Summer's Day,
Led by their Maſter to the flower'd Fields,
And be aveng'd on curſed *Tamora*.
Omn. And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.
Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a luſty *Goth?*

Enter

Enter a Goth *leading* Aaron *with his Child in his Arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our Troops I ſtraid
To gaze upon a ruinous Monaſtery,
And as I earneſtly did fix mine Eye
Upon the waſted Building, ſuddenly
I heard a Child cry underneath a Wall;
I made unto the Noiſe, when ſoon I heard,
The crying Babe control'd with this Diſcourſe:
Peace, Tawny Slave, half me, and half thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe Brat thou art,
Had Nature lent thee but thy Mothers's look,
Villain, thou might'ſt have been an Emperor:
But where the Bull and Cow are both Milk-white,
They never do beget a Cole-black Calf;
Peace, Villain, Peace, (even thus he rates the Babe)
For I muſt bear thee to a truſty *Goth*,
Who when he knows thou art the Empreſs Babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mother's ſake.
With this, my Weapon drawn I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
To uſe, as you think needful of the Man.

Luc. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate Devil,
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good Hand;
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empreſs's Eye,
And here's the baſe Fruit of his burning Luſt.
Say, wall-ey'd Slave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing Image of thy Fiend-like Face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? what deaf? no! Not a word?
A Halter, Soldiers hang him on this Tree,
And by his ſide his Fruit of Baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royal Blood,

Luc. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
Firſt hang the Child, that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vex the Father's Soul withal.

Aar. Get me a Ladder, *Lucius*, ſave the Child,
And bear it from me to the Empreſs;
If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; but Vengeance rot you all.

Luc. Say on, and if it pleaſe me, which thou ſpeak'ſt

Thy

Thy Child ſhall live, and I will ſee it Nouriſh'd.
Aar. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy Soul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of Murthers, Rapes, and Maſſacres,
Acts of black Night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Miſchief, Treaſon, Villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my Death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me my Child ſhall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind,
I ſay thy Child ſhall live.
Aar. Swear that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by?
Thou believeſt no God,
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an Oath?
Aar. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called Conſcience,
With twenty Popiſh Tricks and Ceremonie
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy Oath, for that I know
An Idiot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the Oath, which by that God he ſwears,
To that I'll urge him; —— therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſo e'er it be
That thou adoreſt and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my Boy, nouriſh and bring him up,
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my God I ſwear to thee, I will.
Aar. Firſt know thou,
I begot him on thy Empereſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate luxurious Woman!
Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a Deed of Charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two Sons that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy Siſter's Tongue, and Raviſh'd her,
And cut her Hands off, and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. Oh deteſtable Villain!
Call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aar. Why ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh barbarous beaſtly Villains, like thy ſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their Tutor to inſtruct them,
That codding Spirit had they from their Mother,
As ſure a Card, as ever won the Set;
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at Head;
Well, let my Deeds be Witneſs of my Worth.
I train'd thy Brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queen and her two Sons.
And what not done that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of Miſchief in it?
I plaid the Cheater for thy Father's Hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my Heart with extream Laughter.
I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his Hand, he had his two Sons Heads,
Beheld his Tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine Eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſs of this Sport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing Tale,
And for my Tidings, gave me twenty Kiſſes.
Goth. What can'ſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?
Aar. Ay, like a black Dog, as the ſaying is.
Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous Deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the Day, and yet I think
Few come within the Compaſs of my Curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome notorious Ill,
As kill a Man, or elſe deviſe his Death,
Raviſh a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuſe ſome Innocent, and forſwear my ſelf,
Set deadly Enmity between two Friends,
Make poor Mens Cattle break their Necks,
Set Fire on Barns and Hay-ſtacks in the Night,
And bid the Owners quench them with their Tears;
Oft have I digg'd up dead Men from their Graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear Friends Doors,
Even when their Sorrow almoſt was forgot,

And

And on their Skins, as on the Bark of Trees,
Have with my Knife carved in Roman Letters,
Let not your Sorrow die, though I am Dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the Devil, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a Death, as Hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be Devils, would I were a Devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting Fire,
So I might have your Company in Hell,
But to torment you with my bitter Tongue.

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his Mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Meſſenger from *Rome*
Deſires to be admitted to your Preſence.

Luc. Let him come near. ——
Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the News from *Rome*?

Æmi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me,
And, for he underſtands you are in Arms,
He craves a Parley at your Father's Houſe,
Willing you to demand your Hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What ſays our General?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his Pledges
Unto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Titus's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *Diſguis'd.*

Tam. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad Habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous Wrongs:
Knock at the Study, where they ſay he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange Plots of dire Revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work Confuſion on his Enemies.

[*They knock, and* Titus *appears above.*

Tit.

Tit. Who doth moleſt my Contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the Door,
That ſo my ſad Decrees may fly away,
And all my Study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody Lines I have ſet down;
And what is written, ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No not a word: How can I grace my Talk,
Wanting a Hand to give it Action?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didſt know me,
Thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witneſs this wretched Stump,
Witneſs theſe Crimſon Lines,
Witneſs theſe Trenches, made by Grief and Care,
Witneſs the tyring Day and heavy Night;
Witneſs all Sorrow, that I knew thee well
For our proud Empreſs, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy coming for my other Hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad Man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend;
I am Revenge, ſent from the infernal Kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing Vulture of thy Mind,
By working wreakful Vengeance on thy Foes.
Come down and welcome me to this World's light;
Confer with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cave, or lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity or miſty Vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their Ears tell them my dreadful Name,
Revenge, which makes the foul Offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? And art thou ſent to me,
To be a Torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me ſome Service, e'er I come to thee:
Lo by thy ſide, where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy Chariot Wheels,

And

And then I'll come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the Globes:
Provide two proper Palfries black as Jet,
To hale thy vengeful Waggon swift away,
And find out Murders in their guilty Caves.
And when thy Car is loaden with their Heads,
I will dismount, and by thy Waggon Wheel
Trot like a servile Foot-man all day long;
Even from *Hyperion*'s rising in the East,
Untill his very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy Task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy Ministers; what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take Vengeance on such kind of Men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress Sons they are,
And you the Empress: But we Worldly Men,
Have miserable mad mistaking Eyes:
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one Arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* Titus *from above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his Lunacy,
What e'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your Speech
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad Thought,
Ill make him send for *Lucius* his Son:
And whilst I at a Banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning Practice out of Hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See here he comes, and I must play my Theam.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful House;
Rapine and Murther, you are welcom too:
How like the Empress, and her Sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all Hell afford you such a Devil?
For well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her Company there is *Moor*; And

And would you repreſent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had ſuch a Devil:
But welcome, as you are, what ſhall we do?
Tam. What wouldſt thou have us do, *Andronicus*?
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, I'll deal with him.
Chi. Shew me a Villain that hath done a Rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a Thouſand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked Streets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'ſt a Man that's like thy ſelf,
Good Murder ſtab him, he's a Murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a Raviſher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
I pray thee do on them ſome violent Death;
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well haſt thou Leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant Son,
Who leads towards *Rome* a Band of Warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy Houſe.
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſs and her Sons;
The Emperor himſelf, and all thy Foes,
And at thy Mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry Heart:
What ſays *Andronicus* to this Deviſe?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis ſad *Titus* calls;
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Brother *Lucius*;
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him Encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empreſs too,

Feaſts

Feaſt at my Houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them;
This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Father's Life.
Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy Buſineſs,
And take my Miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or elſe I'll call my Brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but *Lucius.*
Tam. What ſay you, Boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determined jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I turn again.
Tit. I know them all, tho' they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own Deviſes,
A pair of curſed Hell-hounds and their Dam. [*Aſide.*
Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a Complot to betray thy Foes. [*Exit* Tamora.
Tit. I know thou doſt, and ſweet Revenge farewel.
Chi. Tell us, Old Man, how ſhall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do,
Publius, come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine.*
Enter Publius *and Servants.*
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know ye theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſs Sons
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius.*
Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's Name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure. [*Exit* Titus.
Chi. Villains, forbear, we are the Empreſs' Sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their Mouths; let them not ſpeak a Word.
Is he ſure bound? look that ye bind them faſt.
Enter Titus Andronicus *with a Knife, and* Lavinia *with a Baſon.*
Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy Foes are bound;

Sirs, ſtop their Mouths, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful Words I utter.
Oh Villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!
Here ſtands the Spring whom you have ſtain'd with Mud,
This goodly Summer with your Winter mixt:
You kill'd her Husband, and for that vile Fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to Death,
My Hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt,
Both her ſweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more dear
Than Hands or Tongue, her ſpotleſs Chaſtity,
Inhuman Traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains!——for ſhame you could not beg for Grace.
Hark, Wretches, how I mean to Martyr you.
This one Hand yet is left to cut your Throats,
Whilſt that *Lavinia* 'twixt her Stumps doth hold
The Baſon that receives your guilty Blood.
You know your Mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls her ſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad——
Hark, Villains, I will grind your Bones to Duſt,
And with your Blood and it, I'll make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffin will I rear,
And make two Paſties of your ſhameful Heads,
And bid that Strumpet, your unhallowed Dam,
Like to the Earth, ſwallow her own Increaſe.
This is the Feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than *Philomel* you us'd my Daughter,
And worſe than *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,
And now prepare your Throats: *Lavinia*, come,
[*He cuts their Throats, and* Lavinia *receives the Blood in a Baſon.*
Receive the Blood, and when that they are dead
Let me go grind their Bones to Powder ſmall,
And with this hateful Liquor temper it;
And in that Paſte let their wild Heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this Banquet, which I wiſh might prove
More ſtern and bloody than the *Centaurs* Feaſt.
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the Cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt the Mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths *with* Aaron *Priſoner.*

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Father's mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befal what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous Tiger, this accurſed Devil,
Let him receive no Suſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperor's Face,
For Teſtimony of theſe foul proceedings,
And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some Devil whiſper Curſes in my Ear,
And prompt me, that my Tongue may utter forth
The venemous Malice of my ſwelling Heart.

Luc. Away, inhuman Dog, unhallowed Slave,
[*Exeunt* Goths *with* Aaron.
Sirs, help our Uncle, to convey him in. [*Flouriſh.*
The Trumpets ſhew the Emperor is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empreſs, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firmament more Suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thy ſelf a Sun?

Mar. Rome's Emperor and Nephew break the Parley,
Theſe Quarrels muſt be quietly Debated:
The Feaſt is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to *Rome*:
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus *like a Cook, placing the Meat on the Table, and* Lavinia *with a Veil over her Face.*

Titus. Welcome, my gracious Lord,
Welcome, Dread Queen,
Welcome, ye Warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all; although the Cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your Stomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.

Sa. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus?*

Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good *Andronicus.*

Tit. And if your Highneſs knew my Heart, you were;
My Lord, the Emperor, reſolve me this?

Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his Daughter with his own Right-Hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.
Tit. Your Reaſon, mighty Lord?
Sat. Becauſe the Girl ſhould not ſurvive her Shame,
And by her Preſence ſtill renew his Sorrows.
Tit. A Reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,
A Pattern, Preſident and lively Warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy Shame with thee,
And with thy Shame thy Father's Sorrow die. [*He kills her.*
Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her for whom my Tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more Cauſe than he.
Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the Deed?
Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat,
Will't pleaſe your Highneſs feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only Daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her Tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this Wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pye,
Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the Fleſh that ſhe her ſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witneſs my Knife's ſharp Point.
[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*
Sat. Die, frantick Wretch, for this accurſed Deed.
[*He ſtabs* Titus.
Luc. Can the Son's Eyes behold his Father bleed?
There's meed for meed, Death for a deadly Deed.
[Lucius *ſtabs the Emperor.*
Mar. You ſad-fac'd Men, People and Sons of *Rome*,
By uprore ſever'd, like a flight of Fowl,
Scatter'd by Winds and high tempeſtuous Guſts,
O let me teach you, how to knit again
This ſcatter'd Corn into one mutual Sheaf,
Theſe broken Limbs again into one Body.
Goth. Let *Rome* her ſelf be bane unto her ſelf,
And ſhe whom mighty Kingdoms curtſie to, Like

Like a forlorn and desperate Cast-away,
Do shameful Execution on her self.
Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of Age,
Grave Witnesses of true Experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my Words,
Speak, *Rome*'s dear Friend; as erst our Ancestor, [*To* Lucius.
When with his solemn Tongue he did discourse
To Love-sick *Dido*'s sad attending Ear,
The Story of that baleful burning Night,
When subtile *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam*'s *Troy*:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our Ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal Engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome* the civil wound.
My Heart is not compact of Flint nor Steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter Grief,
But floods of Tears will drown my Oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind Hand, Commiseration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale,
Your Hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Were they that Murdered our Emperor's Brother;
And they it were that ravished our Sister:
For their fell faults our Brothers were Beheaded,
Our Father's Tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true Hand, that fought *Rome*'s Quarrel out,
And sent her Enemies into the Grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly Banished,
The Gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome*'s Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true Tears,
And op'd their Arms to embrace me as a Friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my Blood,
And from her Bosom took the Enemy's point,
Sheathing the Steel in my adventrous Body.
Alas, you know I am no Vaunter, I,
My Scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my Report is just, and full of Truth:

But

But ſoft, methinks I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs Praiſe: Oh Pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, Men praiſe themſelves.
Mar. Now is my Tongue to ſpeak: behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The Iſſue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief Architect and plotter of theſe woes;
The Villain is alive in *Titus* Houſe,
And as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge what cauſe had *Titus* to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt Patience,
Or more than any living Man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you *Romans*?
Have we done ought amiſs? ſhew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
Will Hand in Hand all headlong caſt us down,
And on the ragged Stones beat out our Brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our Houſe:
Speak, *Romans*, ſpeak, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Lo Hand in Hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.
Æm. Come, come, thou Reverend Man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy Hand,
Lucius our Emperor: For well I know,
The common Voice do cry it ſhall be ſo.
Mar. Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s Royal Emperor;
Go, go into old *Titus*'s ſorrowful Houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering Death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked Life.
Lucius all hail! *Rome*'s gracious Governor.
Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans*, may I Govern ſo,
To heal *Rome*'s harm, and drive away her woe.
But, gentle People, give me aim a while,
For Nature puts me to a heavy Task:
Stand all aloof; but Uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious Tears upon this Trunk:
Oh take this warm Kiſs on thy pale cold Lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy Blood-ſtain'd Face;
The laſt true Duties of thy Noble Son.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, Tear for Tear, and loving Kiſs for Kiſs,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay,
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in Showers, thy Grand-ſire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his Knee;
Sung thee aſleep, his loving Breaſt thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy Infancy.
In that reſpect then, like a loving Child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender Spring,
Becauſe kind Nature doth require it ſo;
Friends ſhould aſſociate Friends, in Grief and Woe:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the Grave,
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.
Boy. O Grand-ſire, Grand-ſire! even with all my Heart,
Would I were dead, ſo you did live again——
O Lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping——
My tears will choak me, if I ope my Mouth.

Enter Romans *with* Aaron.

Rom. You ſad *Andronici*, have done with Woes,
Give Sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath been Breeder of theſe dire Events.
Luc. Set him Breaſt-deep in Earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for Food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the Offence he dies: This is our Doom
Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the Earth.
Aar. O why ſhould Wrath be mute, and Fury dumb?
I am no Baby, I, that with baſe Prayers
I ſhould repent the evil I have done:
Ten thouſand worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my Will:
If one good Deed in all my Life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soul.
Luc. Some loving Friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his Father's Grave.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſholds Monument:
As for that hainous Tygreſs *Tamora*,

No

No funeral Rites, nor Man in mournful Weeds,
No mournful Bell ſhall ring her Burial;
But throw her forth to Beaſts and Birds of Prey:
Her Life was Beaſt-like, and devoid of Pity,
And being ſo, ſhall have like want of Pity.
See Juſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, to order well the State,
That like Events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.